

THE

YOUNG LADIES' ELOCUTIONARY READER;

CONTAINING

A SELECTION OF READING LESSONS,

BY

ANNA U. RUSSELL:

WITH

INTRODUCTORY RULES AND EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION,

ADAPTED TO FEMALE READERS,

BY

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THE YOUNG LADIES' ELOCUTIONARY READER, containing a Selection of Reading Lessons, by Anna U. Russell, and the Rules of Elocution, adapted to Female Readers, by William Russell. Also,

THE INTRODUCTION TO THE SAME, for Younger Classes.

These works are intended to combine, in each volume, the twofold advantage of a series of Reading Lessons, selected under the special influence of *feminine taste and habits*, with a manual of Elocution, *adapted expressly* to the systematic instruction of *females*, in the art of reading.

From Miss A. C. Hasseltine, Principal of Bradford Academy, Bradford, Ms.

"I have examined the manuscript, plan, and contents of the 'Young Ladies' Reader,' and am free to say, that the importance of the various Rules and Exercises in Elocution, and the fine selection of Pieces for Reading Lessons, will render it a very desirable work to be introduced into all our female schools. We shall not hesitate to introduce it into our academy as soon as it is published."

From Mr. George B. Emerson, Instructor, Boston.

"I have carefully examined the plan of the 'Young Ladies' Reader;' and I like it so well — both the introductory portion and the selections — that I say, without hesitation, I should immediately adopt it, as a reading book, in my own school, if it should be published."

From Mr. Asa Farwell, Principal of Abbot Female Academy, Andover, Ms.

"The plan of the 'Young Ladies' Reader,' strikes me very favourably. The Selections are judiciously made; and the Introductory Rules will be exceedingly valuable. Such a work, in schools for young ladies, will occupy a place for which there is not now, so far as my knowledge extends, any suitable text-book. The volume will be looked for with pleasure; and, when published, we shall introduce it into our academy."

From Mr. Joseph Hale Abbot, Instructor, Boston.

"I have examined, with much satisfaction, the plan of the 'Young Ladies' Reader,' and the selection of pieces which it contains. It appears to me to be prepared with much taste and judgment, and to be admirably adapted to the wants of a numerous class of pupils. I have long — in common, doubtless, with many others — felt the need of such a work; and I do not hesitate to express the confident opinion, that it will be extensively used."

From Rev. Hubbard Winslow, Boston.

"I have examined the plan and many of the extracts for the 'Young Ladies' Reader,' and have no doubt of the great merit of the work. I shall introduce it into my school. May it find its deserved success, generally!"

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

PREFACE.

The book now offered as an aid to the education of young ladies, is designed to combine the advantages of a volume of reading lessons, selected under the special influence of feminine taste and habits, and of a manual of elocution, adapted to the instruction of females, in the art of reading. The selection of pieces has been regulated by a regard to their fitness for the exercise of reading *aloud*, — a test which, though inapplicable to many productions of the highest intellectual excellence, becomes indispensable, as the standard of a collection of reading lessons.

A text-book of English literature, may justly contain passages of a character too abstract, or of a beauty too spiritual, for even the most skilful utterance; but, in a reading book, the preference is necessarily given to matter adapted to the cultivation of *a vivid and effective elocution*. — The literary merit of the extracts imbodied in the following pages, has, however, in no instance, been overlooked; as a genial influence on taste, is one of the most desirable results of the various stages and means of education. Nor have the higher considerations of sentiment and principle, been neglected, in the compilation of materials which necessarily become elements of thought and reflection, while repeated for the purposes of appropriate and impressive reading.

The introductory rules and exercises, presented in this volume, will, it is thought, be found sufficiently extensive for the use of readers not yet advanced to the study of elocution, as a distinct branch of education. The systematic training of the voice may be pursued, — in conjunction with the use of the Reader, — on the system of exercises prescribed in a manual compiled by J. E. Murdoch and William Russell, and entitled "Orthophony, or Vocal Culture in Elocution;" and at a later stage of progress, the rules and principles of correct reading, may be studied, to greater extent, in Russell's "American Elocutionist"

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YOUNG LADIES'

ELOCUTIONARY READER.

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE.

[THE following observations on the management of the voice, are intended to be used as exercises in reading, as well as rules of elocution. One or more of the subjects indicated by the "captions," may be taken up, as a daily lesson.]

✓ *Faults in the Mode of Utterance.*

Few young ladies are aware how prevalent, even among the most cultivated of the sex, are some of the worst faults of utterance, as regards the "quality" of the voice. By "quality," is meant the character which the voice assumes in individuals, in consequence of its peculiar sound, as more or less "pure" in tone, and therefore more or less agreeable to the ear. — A few preliminary observations on this subject, may prove serviceable, as aids to the correction or the formation of habit in this particular.

"Pure tone" is the designation used, in the science of music, for that perfectly vocalized and liquid quality of voice, which is free from murmur and from "aspiration," or the roughening effect of the breath escaping, in a whispering style, along with the sound, — and audible apart from it. "Impure tone" is as much a fault in reading and in conversation, as in singing.

Willis, in his essay on "unwritten music," has placed the appropriate sound of the female voice among the most beautiful of its forms; and there is, unquestionably, a fine analogy between the sound of the running brook, the note of the wood-bird, the voice of a happy child, the low breathing of a flute, and the clear, soft tone

of a woman's voice, when it utters the natural music of home,--the accents of gentleness and love.

To a well-tuned ear, there is a rich, deep melody in the distinctive bass of the male voice, in its subdued tones. But the key-note of poetry, seems to have been lent to woman. On the ear of infancy and childhood, her voice was meant to fall, as a winning prelude to all the other melodies of nature; the human nerves are attuned, accordingly, to the breath of her voice; and, through life, the chords of the heart respond most readily to her touch.

Yet how often is this result impeded by the processes of artificial culture,—by the over excitement of mind and nerve, attending excessive application, by that unwise neglect of health, and healthful action, which dims the eye and deadens the ear to beauty, and robs life of the joyous and sympathetic spirit which is native to childhood; and which, otherwise, would ever be gushing forth, in notes of gladness and endearment,—the physical not less than the moral charm of human utterance!

It is one of the serious errors of education, that amidst our innumerable processes for cultivating the intellect, we have so few for developing the sources of health and happiness; that the common results of education, are so meagre and unattractive, compared with the beauty and perfection of unmodified nature. The child has, usually, a full, sweet, and musical tone: the school girl, too often, a hollow pectoral murmur, of exhaustion or reserve; a shrill, sharp, and creaking note; a harsh, grating, guttural utterance, indicating an uncultivated taste, undisciplined emotions, and masculine habits; or, perhaps, a nasal twang, which addresses itself to the risible faculty; a drawl, which even Patience on her monument, could not away with; or a compressed dental articulation, escaping with difficulty from a half-shut mouth.

There are beautiful exceptions, undoubtedly, to this general fact of ungainly habit. But the ground of just complaint, is, that there is no provision made, in our systems of education, for the cultivation of one of woman's peculiar endowments,—an attractive voice. Our girls do not come home to us, after their period of school life, qualified to read with effect in their own language. Far from them seems the power to realize the beautiful vision of fireside happiness, depicted by the muse of Mrs. Hemans, where,

"Lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old."

There is wanting, in their voices, that adaptation of tone to feeling, which is the music of the heart, in reading; there is wanting that clear, impressive style, which belongs to the utterance of cultivated taste and judgment, and which enhances every sentiment, by appropriate emphasis and pause; there is even a want of that distinct articulation, which alone can make sound the intelligible medium of thought.

We evidently need some reforming measures in our modes of early culture for females, by which a vigorous, healthy, organic action, may be secured, as a habit of utterance. We need the aid of systematic training, in this particular,—a discipline, corresponding, in results, to the effects of that thorough practice in the elements of vocal music, of which the schools of continental Europe, furnish so beautiful examples. The organs of speech are evidently susceptible of the same practised excellence in execution, which distinguishes the cultivated from the uncultivated vocalist.

Identity of Musical and Elocutionary Culture.

Dr. Rush's masterly analysis of the human voice, has rendered systematic training in this department practicable to diligence and study; and, in Philadelphia and Boston, there are establishments now expressly devoted to instruction and practice in the elements of vocal culture.

The opportunities thus afforded for the formation of the voice, are invaluable, for the purposes of elocution, and equally so, for the advantages of adequate training in the elements of vocal music; since whatever imparts power and pliancy of organ for the one, must be as useful for the other.

The production of pure and full tone, is the common ground on which elocution and vocal music unite, in elementary discipline. Both arts demand attention to appropriate healthful attitude, and to free, expansive, energetic action in the organs. Both require erect posture, free opening of the chest, full and regular breathing, power of producing and sustaining any degree of volume of voice, and, along with these, the habit of vivid, distinct, articulation. Both equally forbid that imperfect and laborious breathing, which mars the voice, exhausts the organs, and produces disease. Both tend to secure that healthy vigour of organ, which makes vocal exercise, at once, a source of pleasure, and a source of health.

Vocal Culture applicable to Conversation.

It is not merely in elocution and in music, that vocal culture, in systematic forms, is serviceable to the purposes of education, as regards the female sex. The effect of such training, on the most useful of all accomplishments for ladies, — that of conversing well, — is not less valuable, than in those respects which have been mentioned. Whether we regard the sphere of woman's duties and influence in society, or in domestic life, her power to render herself useful, — in the noblest sense of the word, — is dependent on her power of expression. The charm of intellectual refinement cannot be felt but in audible words. The living influence of woman's mind, is in proportion to her power of utterance.

The low, suppressed, and husky voice of timidity, can excite only pity or compassion. The bold and rattling utterance, can create only aversion. The fastidious accents of nervous anxiety, soon cause weariness. The affected elegance of false refinement of enunciation, produces distaste. The measured emphasis of a systematic talker, finds no willing listener. But the melodious utterance of genuine sensibility and spirited expression, wins both soul and sense, and enthrones woman in her rightful and gentle sway over the heart.

Tennyson speaks of the "low melodious thunder," ever sounding from the fountain that gushes up within the poet's mind. You may hear it imbodied in a woman's voice, when she murmurs her approbation of a noble deed, from the depths of a soul "capacious of such things." Claverhouse "lifted up a voice clear as the sound of his own war-trumpet." But it never thrilled the heart like a true-toned woman's voice, "summoning to virtue."— Such is nature's untutored power. Judicious culture catches and secures the purest and the best of nature's tones, opens the ear to the beauty and the power of voice, stamps on it the grace of pure and chastened expression, and imparts to it that liquid clearness of utterance, which makes voice a worthy exponent of mind.

No parent can look, with indifference, on the highly-improved forms in which the rudiments of drawing, and the elements of instrumental music, are now taught in schools. These branches of education have undoubtedly a great effect in promoting all the purposes of mental culture, as regards correctness of eye and ear, and genuine refinement of taste. But neither of these branches approaches, in actual utility and advantage, to the rank of the much-neglected art of using

the voice, — an accomplishment in which every female ought to be thoroughly versed, for its value in promoting the happiness of daily life, by contributing to the noblest sources of mental and moral enjoyment.

The Music of the Female Voice.

"The best music under heaven," says Mr. Willis, in the essay before mentioned, "is the music of the human voice. I doubt whether all voices are not capable of it, though there must be degrees in it, as in beauty. The tones of affection, in all children, are sweet; and we know not how much their unpleasantness, in after life, may be the effect of sin and coarseness, and the consequent habitual expression of discordant passions. But we do know that the voice of any human being becomes touching by distress, and that even on the coarse-minded and the low, religion and the higher passions of the world, have sometimes so wrought, that their eloquence was like the strong passages of an organ.

"I have been much about in the world, and with a boy's unrest and a peculiar thirst for novel sensations, have mingled, for a time, in every walk of life; yet never have I known man or woman under the influence of any strong feeling, that was not utterly degraded, whose voice did not deepen to a chord of grandeur, or soften to cadences to which a harp might have been swept pleasantly. It is a perfect instrument, as it comes from the hand of its Maker; and though its strings may relax with the atmosphere, or be injured by misuse and neglect, it is always capable of being re-strung to its compass, till its frame is shattered.

"Men have seldom musical voices. Whether it is that their passions are coarser, or that their life of caution and reserve shuts up the kindliness from which it would spring, a pleasant masculine voice is one of the rarest gifts of our sex. A good tone is generally the gift of a gentleman; for it is always low and deep; and the vulgar never possess the serenity and composure from which it alone can spring. They are always busy and hurried; and, with them, a high sharp tone becomes habitual.

"A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman. I do not think I can describe it. It can be, and sometimes is cultivated. It is not inconsistent with great vivacity; but it is oftener the gift of the quiet and unobtrusive. Loudness or rapidity of utterance is incompatible with it. It is low, but not guttural, deliberate, but not slow.

every syllable is distinctly heard; but the sounds follow each other like drops of water from a fountain. It is like the brooding note of a dove,—not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with the subdued and touching *reediness* which every voice assumes, in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman. I should be won by it more than by beauty,—more, even, than by talent, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feeling, and of thoughts which have lain in the bosom till their sacredness almost hushes utterance.

"I remember listening, in the midst of a crowd, many years ago, to the voice of a girl,—a mere child of sixteen summers,—till I was bewildered. She was a pure, high-hearted, impassioned creature, without the least knowledge of the world or her peculiar gift; but her own thoughts had wrought upon her like the hush of a sanctuary, and she spoke low, as if with an unconscious awe. I could never trifle in her presence. My nonsense seemed out of place; and my practised assurance forsook me utterly. She is changed now. She has been admired, and has found out her beauty; and the music of her tone is gone! She will recover it by and by, when the delirium of the world is over, and she begins to rely once more upon her own thoughts for company; but her extravagant spirits have broken over the thrilling timidity of childhood, and the charm is unwound."

Faulty Utterance an Indication of Physical and Mental Defects.

An observer, in even our higher establishments for the education of females, will, at once, perceive, on hearing the prevalent style of reading, that, if the voice is a true indication of the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of the individual, culture has failed of effecting its purposes. The feeble, husky tone in which the reading is executed, bespeaks a defective physical organization;—a culpable neglect of bodily exercise;—an ear that has caught no lesson from the pure tone of the running stream, the singing bird, or the joyous child;—an embarrassment which arises from a morbid and unnecessary self-consciousness, or a blamable timidity, and a misplaced diffidence;—the absence of a just moral courage,—of the firmness, which seeks only to maintain a self-balance, in all circumstances,—of that rectitude of soul, which does not swerve or shrink from any true position,—that constancy of spirit, which is the foundation of

genuine modesty and just reserve, and keeps them from sinking into the vice of bashfulness.

Another universal indication of ineffectual culture, in the reading of young ladies, is that hurried manner, which, like the suppressed tone already mentioned, tells of a neglected constitution, as regards the invigorating influence of active exercise in the open air, enfeebled nerves, and an enfeebled brain, the absence of self-possession and self-control, — that lamentable deficiency which leaves the individual not herself, the moment that she begins to read aloud. The reading which results from such conditions of mind and body, is, of course, as untrue to the author read, as to the person who reads. It does not convey the sense of the writer, but only, or chiefly, the embarrassment of the reader. It resembles, in its effect to the ear, that presented to the eye, when the sheet has been accidentally disturbed in the press, and there comes forth, instead of the clear, dark, well-defined letter, executed distinctly on the fair white page, a blur of half-shade, and a haze of double letters, which no eye can reduce to order or clearness, — a page in which there is nothing for the mind, and which the printer, — to use his expressive nomenclature, — lays aside among "imperfections."

One of the acknowledged characteristics of appropriate reading, is, that the voice of the reader varies, in the progress of the theme, with the varying feelings which the language develops. But the reading of most young ladies is, throughout, feeble, flat, and monotonous. It seems, sometimes, designed to verify, so far, Iago's malicious speech about "chronicling small beer."

Intellectual and Moral Effects of Bad Reading.

A liberal education, surely, should produce such results, that, when we hand to a wife, a sister, or a daughter, the page of Milton, of Shakspeare, of Young, or of Cowper, or of a writer who is, perhaps, the ornament of her own sex, and ask her to read a noble sentiment, which a passing occurrence, or a thought in conversation, has called up, in the family circle; her intellectual culture should tell upon her tone, and add the inspiration of a living voice to the words of the departed bard, causing poetry to fulfil its true office, in exalting and adorning our daily life. The reading, however, if it is done in the usual style, will, in such cases, neutralize the effect of both language and sentiment, and prove a most effectual damper to the celestial

fire; the younger hearers will probably soon begin to yawn, and, in a half-audible whisper, propose going to bed; the husband, who has been looking, with grave abstractedness, into the fire, continues his fixed and solemnly-earnest gaze, in the same direction, after the reading has ceased, and wakes up, at last, from his reverie, with, "Have you read it all?"

Mrs. Sigourney's Remarks on Reading.

It may not be inappropriate to introduce, here, the just remarks of Mrs. Sigourney, on reading, as a desirable accomplishment in the female sex. They were elicited by the occasion of hearing Queen Victoria read the customary royal speech to the assembled houses of parliament.

"At first view, it seemed remarkable, that one so young should evince such entire self-possession, nor betray, by the least shade of embarrassment, a consciousness that every eye in that vast assembly, was fixed on her. This, however, is a part of the queenly training in which she has become so perfect. Her voice is clear and melodious, and her enunciation so correct, that every word of her speech was distinctly audible, to the farthest extremity of the House of Lords. She possesses, in an eminent degree, the accomplishment of fine reading.

"I could not help wishing that the fair daughters of my own land, who wear no crown, save that of loveliness and virtue, would more justly value the worth of this accomplishment, and more faithfully endeavour to acquire it. For I remember, how often, in our seminaries of education, I had listened, almost breathlessly, to sentiments, which, I knew from the lips that uttered them, must be true and beautiful; but only stifled sounds, or a few uncertain murmurings, repaid the toil.—I wish that all who conduct the education of young ladies, would insist on, at least, an audible utterance, and not consider their own office to be faithfully filled, unless a correct and graceful elocution is attained."

"My visit to England," said an eminent preacher of our own country, "afforded me no higher gratification of taste than the perpetual pleasure, while mingling with English society, arising from the peculiar beauty in the sound of female voices in conversation." Much

of such effects is owing to early influence on habit, in connection with the fact that rank, in European society, is indicated by refinement in utterance, as much as by other points of taste and culture.

Comparative Value of Reading and Music, as Accomplishments.

An eloquent writer in the North American Review, speaking on the subject of elocution, says,

"We had rather have a child return to us from school a first-rate reader, than a first-rate performer on the piano-forte. We should feel that we had a far better pledge for the intelligence and talent of our child. The accomplishment, in its perfection, would give more pleasure. The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence. And there may be eloquent readers, as well as eloquent speakers. We speak of perfection in this art; and it is something, — we must say, in defence of our preference, — which we have never yet seen.

"Let the same pains be devoted to reading, as are required to form an accomplished performer on an instrument; let us have our *phonasci*, as the ancients had, — the framers of the voice, the music-masters of the reading voice; let us see years devoted to this accomplishment, and then we should be prepared to stand the comparison. It is, indeed, a most intellectual accomplishment. So is music, too, in its perfection. We do by no means undervalue this noble and most delightful art; to which Socrates applied himself, even in his old age. But one recommendation of the art of reading, is, that it requires a constant exercise of mind. It demands continual and close reflection and thought, and the finest discrimination of thought. It involves, in its perfection, the whole art of criticism on language."

ORGANS OF VOICE.

Neglect of the proper Modes of Organic Action.

It is an error too common in the practice of young readers, to overlook the important fact, that utterance is an organic process, executed by appropriate instruments, specially provided in the corporeal frame. The use of the voice, in the daily habit of conversation, is a process so entirely free and natural, that, — like the act of

breathing, — it escapes our notice, or, at least, seldom becomes a matter of consciousness or reflection. We do not think of it as a thing subject to the action of the will; and whilst we feel the importance of devoting the closest attention, and practising with the utmost care, in the execution of a piece of vocal music, we are apt to overlook the fact that every syllable and every letter uttered in reading and conversing, requires an express adjustment and motion of the organs. We contract, consequently, in early life, a negligence of habit in these exercises, which lays the foundation for innumerable errors and defects: our articulation becomes indistinct, our pronunciation slovenly, our emphasis feeble and imperfect, our pauses inappropriate, our inflections inexpressive, our tones monotonous and lifeless, and destitute of the appropriate melody of the human voice, in the utterance of sentiment.

All these faults have undoubtedly their origin in the remissness of the mind; but they have their "local habitation" in the action of the organs; and they are to be avoided or corrected by attention to the latter as well as to the former source of error: we must direct our observation to the organic functions which produce intelligible and impressive utterance: we must analyze the processes of speech, and study the structure and action of the organs of voice

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Proper Attitude for the Exercise of Reading.

If we contemplate the human frame, in relation to the purposes of utterance, as one great speaking instrument, — as, for instance, we might study an automaton, — one of the first peculiarities that must strike our attention, would obviously be its capaciousness, in the great cavity of the *chest*, which, by its extensive space, lends to the voice its volume and resonance. The first condition of full vocal sound, is accordingly found to be the *full expansion of the chest*, — a state of that organ which implies a perfectly *erect attitude* of the body, attended by a backward and downward pressure of the shoulders. The upper part of the chest is thus at once *dilated*, *raised*, and *projected:* all its capacity of space and resonance is thus attained.

But a lounging or stooping posture compresses the chest, impedes the action of its muscles, and diminishes the natural and healthful supply of breath. The vocal instrument is thus *diminished in size; the play of its parts cramped*, and *its quantity of air withheld. A feeble and imperfect sound is the necessary result.*

To all these unfavourable conditions most young ladies subject themselves by habitual stooping postures — particularly in the attitude of study and reading. Such postures, while they impair, to a great extent, the general health of the body, are one principal cause of weak voice and imperfect utterance; as they disable all the primary organs of speech, by cramping those of respiration.

Mode of Respiration required for Appropriate Reading.

Having attended to *the due enlargement* of the vocal instrument, the next step in execution, obviously, is to provide it with *a full supply of air.* The habit of deep and full inspiration, is at once indispensable to the healthy action of the whole corporeal frame, and to the formation of adequate sound. Let the "blower" fail to do his duty of supplying the instrument with air, and no skill, in the organist, can produce music.

Young ladies, in general, whether from constitutional imperfection or defective habit, fail in the great requisite of voice, — a full supply of breath. The habitual practice of exercise in the open air, and a special attention to the mode of breathing, are indispensable prerequisites to the right use of the voice.* The organs of respiration, it should never be forgotten, are also, by their constitution, the primary organs of voice; and without their free and vigorous action, no adequate vocal sound can be produced.

Appropriate Mode of producing Vocal Sound.

The next stage, in the organic processes, is to give free scope and action to the organs which serve to *expel the breath* from the lungs, and to form vocal sound. — The preparatory step of deep and full inspiration having been taken, and a full supply of the material of sound having been secured, it is not less important that the remaining condition of effective voice should be fulfilled, which is that the great expulsory muscles, extending, in front of the body from the chest downward, should be made to play with due energy.

These muscles, by an *impulsive* motion, participated in and ren-

* The appropriate exercises for regulating the breath and forming the voice, are prescribed in detail in the volume entitled, "Orthophony, or Vocal Culture in Elocution."

dered *expulsory* by the diaphragm, the pleuræ, and the lungs, throw up the breath from the air-cells of the lungs, through the bronchial tubes, which connect these with the trachea, or windpipe, into the larynx, or the upper part of the windpipe, to the glottis, or opening of the larynx, where the issuing breath is converted into voice. The vigorous condition, the unembarrassed posture, and the energetic action of these expulsory muscles, evidently must be of the utmost consequence to the formation of full vocal sound. We are thus reminded, once more, of the great importance of healthy vigour, of true position, and energetic action, in the appropriate organs of voice. In imperfect health, the expulsory muscles are incapable of the activity adequate to produce a firm and clear tone; as may be observed in the habitual utterance of the sick, the feeble, the languid, or the exhausted person. By a stooping posture, the expulsory muscles are curved, and, consequently, incapacitated for effective action.

In coughing, and in sneezing, which are *mechanical* expulsory acts, and in the utterance of a sudden interjection of *fear*, *joy*, or any other strong emotion which causes an abrupt *involuntary* expulsive act, we may observe how powerful the exertion of these muscles, in such circumstances, becomes. In vehement speaking, it is,—although not so violent,—yet quite perceptible. But, in the usual forms of speech and of reading, it escapes our notice; as the effort with which it is attended is so slight in comparison, and so easy to the organs. The motion is, in these cases, one of which we are scarcely conscious, and which we are apt to think of as wholly involuntary. It is only in part so, however; and the vividness and expressive character of the human voice, are more dependent on the vigorous action of the expulsory muscles, than on any other condition.

What is required of the reader, in regard to the play of these muscles, is, that there be a voluntary effort, a consentaneous action of the will, added to the habitually unconscious movement of the organs,—in order to give efficacy to the function of voice.

Management of the Breath.

Another stage in the management and control of the vocal organs, is to be attentive to *very frequent renewal of the breath*,—to keep a supply always in advance of the demand, and thus never to "get out of breath," or to become feeble in voice.—A person of very delicate

organization, who is duly attentive to an upright, expanded, and projected position of the chest, and to breathe frequently, can easily give forth a full and resonant tone of the voice. But the prevalent habit, — among female readers especially, — is to neglect all these conditions, — particularly that of renewing the breath at every pause, and inhaling a little frequently; instead of which, the opposite practice is customary, — that of drawing in a long breath, at distant intervals. In consequence of this neglect, there is not at command the only means of giving out a full and true vocal sound, — an adequate supply of air. The voice, accordingly, betrays this fact in feeble and husky sound; and the tender air-cells of the lungs suffer, at the same time, to the great and lasting injury of health. The rule of vocal exertion in reading, is, *a little breath at every pause*, to keep the air-cells of the lungs always full, — never empty or approaching to exhaustion. Reading, without frequent breathing, is, in degree, an unconscious process of self-destruction, by partial deprivation of the great means of life, — air.

Having paid due attention to the use of the vocal organs, in those forms of action which are common to respiration and to speech or reading, it remains that the reader should see to it that the smaller organs of speech be appropriately exerted. We can, by careful practice, gain a great power over these.

Utterance as modified by the Glottis.

At the top of the larynx, the upper portion of the windpipe, is situated its opening, called the *glottis*. The force and the precision of sound, are greatly dependent on the power to shut and open, forcibly and effectually, this aperture. The acts of opening and closing the glottis, and the *mode* of these acts, make vocal sounds forcible or feeble, abrupt or gradual, definite or indefinite, high or low. — The most useful form of exercise, for securing a perfect command over the glottis, is that of practising, in all degrees of force, from whispering to shouting, from the most abrupt to the most gentle and gradual formation of sound, and on every note from the lowest to the highest, the various sounds of vowels and diphthongs, with perfect exactness of execution,* at the opening and the close, and with perfect purity of vocal sound.

* See the manual on Orthophony. "Radical" and "vanishing" "movements," in Enunciation.

Articulation, as dependent on the Minor Organs.

A course of exercise and discipline should be practised, next, on the various classes of consonants which call into action the minor, or smaller organs of speech, the palate, the tongue, the lips, &c. The requisite elementary exercises for this purpose, are arranged, at full length, in the "Introduction" to this Reader, as well as in the manual on Orthophony. But classes or individuals who have not practised these exercises, will derive much benefit from the custom of daily pronouncing a few lines, from any reading lesson, in inverted order, so as to detach, for the moment, each word from its connection in the sense, and thus more easily and more precisely observe its component sounds. The exercise should be pursued thus: 1st, Begin at the last word in a line, sentence, or paragraph, and pronounce every word loudly, clearly, and distinctly, — by itself; — 2d. Enunciate every syllable of each word, apart from another, with perfect precision, and distinctness; — 3d, Articulate every letter, that is not properly a silent one, in each syllable or word. — In this way, the common tendency of young readers, to imperfect utterance and defective articulation, may, in a few weeks, be entirely overcome.

"QUALITY" OF THE VOICE.

"Pure Tone."

WHEN the requisite attention has been given to obtaining a control over the organs of voice, and the character of vocal sounds, in enunciation, the next stage of practice is properly that which regards the "*quality*" of the voice. The term, "quality," in elocution, as in music, signifies, as formerly mentioned, the distinctive *quality* or property of the voice, which characterizes its sound in individuals, — somewhat as the peculiar sound of one species of musical instrument differs from that of another. Hence the poetic and descriptive epithets applied to different human voices, when we speak of agreeable ones being "bell-like," "silver-toned," "flute-like," "flageolet-sounding;" and of disagreeable ones being "clarinet-toned," "fiddle-like," &c.

The appropriate "quality" of the human voice, is an effect produced by the due and proportioned action of all the organs. It consists in the *full, even, and smooth sound*, which musicians designate by the terms

"pure tone." This designation implies a figurative resemblance between perfectly formed, undisturbed sound, to the ear, and a perfectly pure or transparent substance to the eye; and the analogy is a very instructive one. The difference suggested to the mind, is that which exists between the water of a perfectly pellucid lake, and that of a muddy pool. As the one delights, and the other offends, the eye; so is it with vocal sound: pure tone soothes and pleases the ear; impure tone jars and grates it.

In perfectly "pure tone," all the vocal organs blend their effect The sound issues directly and freely from the *mouth*, but carries with it the resonance of the chest and of the head, combined;—the latter predominating: hence, the phrase "head tone," is, in music, sometimes employed as synonymous with "pure tone."

We shall find, on examination, that this property of voice is dependent, to a great extent, on the true position of the body;—the chest expanded and projected,—the head erect,—the throat and mouth freely opened,—all aided by a full supply of breath inhaled, but a gentle and equable emission of it. These conditions secure to the voice *the resonance* of the *chest*, the *firmness* of the *throat*, and the *clearness* and *softness* of the effect of the *head* and *mouth*,—all blending into one pure stream of round, smooth, even sound; or,—to compare the voice to an object of art,—it then becomes a pure, transparent, and crystalline sphere, perfectly free from impurities, projections, and inequalities.

Faults in the "Quality" of the Voice.

The common faults of vocal "quality," in young ladies, are the following,—all usually connected with incorrect postures of the body·—1st, the *faint, hollow, murmuring, "pectoral"* voice, of feebleness. languor, reluctance, or negligence,—which seems pardonable in a sick student of the other sex; but,—unless in the utterance of deep and solemn emotion, in which case, it becomes a part of appropriate effect in "expression,"—it sounds unnatural and disagreeable in a female, and hinders every thing like appropriate effect in utterance.

2d, *a hard, dry, barking effect;* as if the throat had no pliancy, and the feelings of the individual no suavity; or *a false, guttural swell*, seeming to issue from the lower instead of the upper part of the windpipe, and causing an effect which is more or less disgusting to the ear. Such modes of utterance belong properly to impassioned

and burlesque expression. Hence an additional reason why they should be avoided as inappropriate, on other occasions.

3d, the very common fault of *a nasal twang*, resembling the sound of the violin, when not skilfully played on, — an effect which can be tolerated only in humour and mimicry.

4th, *a feeble and ineffectual* voice, which seems to exist in the *mouth* alone, and derives no depth of sound from the chest, or firmness from the throat. This fault of quality renders all the tones of reading and of conversation light and trivial in their style. It is accordingly used, on the stage, as the appropriate tone of silliness or of affectation.

We see, by this analysis, that the faults of "impure tone" consist in exerting unduly one class of the vocal organs, at the expense of the rest. The wrong position or the disproportioned action of the muscles connected with the vocal organs, causes the sound of the voice to fall upon the ear as if it issued from the chest, the throat, the nose, &c., and has led to the designations of "pectoral," "guttural," "nasal," and "oral" tones, as descriptive of the effect and characteristic of the "quality" arising from errors in the position and action of the vocal organs. — These terms, it is to be understood, are used, in elocution, merely as convenient designations of faults; for, strictly speaking, the human voice is formed in the larynx only, — not in the circumjacent parts. The opening or the occlusion, however, of adjoining cavities, has necessarily an effect on the character of sound issuing from whatever source. — Hence, once more, the great importance of attending to the proper posture of the body, and the free play of the organs, in the exercise of reading. — A full, round, and agreeable voice depends, to a great extent, on the free opening of the mouth, by the due lowering of the under jaw, and the full raising of the veil of the palate. The former of these acts is necessarily attended by that opening of the ear-tubes, interiorly, which gives the voice the clear and pure resonance by musicians termed "head tone:" the latter produces that full, ringing, and ample effect, which, in elocution, is termed "orotund." Free utterance requires, farther, in the acts of reading and speaking, a slight rounding and projection of the lips, to give the voice an emissive and projectile force.

"*Pure* tone," while it forms an indispensable property in the habitual sound of the voice, is one important element of effect, in "expression," — the modification of the voice under the influence of feeling or emotion. All subdued and softened "expression," all *quiet*, *gentle*, and *moderate* forms of utterance, and the *sustained voice* and

prolonged notes of *calling*, — when the sound is meant to reach to a great distance, — require "pure tone," as their natural language. — The following exercises should be practised with strict reference to this quality. The extracts should be repeated till the command of a perfectly pure, smooth, and liquid utterance is fully attained.

EXERCISES IN "PURE TONE."

I.—"SUBDUED," OR SOFTENED, FORCE

I. — PATHOS,

including *Tenderness*, *Compassion*, and *Pity*, — together with *Regret*, *Melancholy*, and *Grief* and *Sorrow*, when gentle and not impassioned.

Exercise 1. — *Tenderness.*

[*To an Infant.*] Coleridge.

"Dear babe! that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies,
And momentary pauses of the thought, —
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee!"

2. — *Compassion.*

[*To an Aged Beggar.*] Coleridge.

"Sweet Mercy! — how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor old man! and thy gray hairs,
Hoar with the snowy blast; while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.
My father! throw away this tattered vest,
That mocks thee shivering! Take my garment, — use
A young man's arm. I'll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard, and numb thy breast
My Sara too shall tend thee, like a child!"

3. — *Pity.*

[*The Leper.*] Willis.

"'Room for the leper!' And aside they stood, —
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood, — all

Who met him on his way, — and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering; — stepping painfully and slow;
And with a difficult utterance, — like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down, —
Crying, 'Unclean! Unclean!' . . . .
"And he went forth — alone! Not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of his heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, — he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone, — to die!
For God had cursed the leper!"

4. — *Regret.*

[*The Death of the Flowers.*] Bryant.

"Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, —
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie;
But the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again."

5. — *Melancholy.*

[*From Verses to a Departed Friend.*] O. W. B. Peabody.

"The sun hath set in folded clouds, —
Its twilight rays are gone;
And, gathered in the shades of night,
The storm is rolling on.
Alas! how ill that bursting storm
The fainting spirit braves,

When they, — the lovely and the lost, —
Are gone to early graves!"

6. — *Grief.*

[*From the Same.*]

"How sadly on my spirit then,
That fatal morning fell!
But oh! the dark reality
Another voice may tell;
The quick decline, — the parting sigh, —
The slowly moving bier, —
The lifted sod, — the sculptured stone, —
The unavailing tear."

7. — *Sorrow.*

[*Lady Randolph, lamenting the Death of her Husband and Child.*] Home.

"Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewell a while! — I will not leave you long,
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who, from the chiding stream or groaning oak,
Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.
O Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And, with the passion of immortals, hear'st
My lamentation; hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost!"

8. — *Example of all the preceding Emotions, in Prose Style.*

[*The Captive.*] Sterne.

"I looked through the twilight of the captive's grated door, to take his picture.

"I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is, which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; — he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time: — nor had

the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice:—his children—

"But here my heart began to bleed;—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

"He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon,—which was alternately his chair and his bed. A little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there:—he had one of these little sticks in his hand; and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery, to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down,—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle:—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul.—I burst into tears:—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn."

II.—TRANQUILLITY.

Exercise 1.—*Repose in external Objects.*

[*A Day in August.*] Wilcox.

"O'er all the woods the topmost leaves are still;
Even the wild poplar leaves,—that pendent hang
By stems elastic, quivering at a breath,—
Rest in the general calm. The thistledown,—
Seen high and thick, by gazing up beside
Some shading object,—in a silver shower
Plumb down, and slower than the slowest snow,
Through all the sleepy atmosphere descends;
And where it lights, though on the steepest roof,
Or smallest spire of grass, remains unmoved.
White as a fleece, as dense and as distinct,
From the resplendent sky, a single cloud,
On the soft bosom of the air becalmed,
Drops a lone shadow, as distinct and still,
On the bare plain, or sunny mountain's side,
Or in the polished mirror of the lake,
In which the deep-reflected sky appears
A calm, sublime immensity, below."

2. — *Serenity of Feeling.*

[*To a Bird of Passage.*] Mrs. J. H. Abbot.

"I saw thee guide thy rapid flight
  Along the azure sky,
Then, on a crested wave alight, —
Bathing thee where it sparkled bright, —
  And soar again on high.

"Onward, to some far-distant isle,
  Thou'st urged thy trackless way,
Where fruits and flowers forever smile,
And soft and balmy airs beguile
  All fears of thy decay.

"Oh! I would fain have flown with thee,
  And deemed my lot were blest,
Could I thus mount on wing so free,
To share thy flight o'er land and sea,
  And share with thee thy rest!"

3. — *Repose of Nature and of Feeling.*

[*Twilight.*] Margaret Davidson.

"Twilight! sweet hour of peace!
  Now art thou stealing on;
Cease from thy tumult, thought! and fancy, cease!
  Day and its cares are gone!
    Mysterious hour!
    Thy magic power
Steals o'er my heart like music's softest tone.

"The golden sunset hues
  Are fading in the west;
The gorgeous clouds their brighter radiance lose,
  Folded on evening's breast.
    So doth each wayward thought,
    From fancy's altar caught,
Fade like thy tints, and muse itself to rest.

"Wearied with care, how sweet to hail
Thy shadowy, calm repose,
When all is silent but the whispering gale
Which greets the sleeping rose;
When, as thy shadows blend,
The trembling thoughts ascend,
And borne aloft, the gates of heaven unclose!"

4. — *Calm and soothing Sentiment.*

[*From a Dirge.*] Moir.

"Weep not for her! — her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light, —
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night: —
Weep not for her!

"Weep not for her! — there is no cause for woe,
But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back:
So when a few fleet severing years are flown,
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate, — and lead thee on!
Weep not for her!"

5. — *Example of Tranquillity of Effect in Prose Style.*

[*The Sabbath Bell, in the country.*] Willis.

"Beautiful and salutary, as a religious influence, is the sound of a distant Sabbath bell, in the country. It comes floating over the hills, like the going abroad of a spirit; and, as the leaves stir with its vibrations, and the drops of dew tremble in the cups of the flowers, you could almost believe that there was a Sabbath in nature, and that the dumb works of God rendered visible worship for His goodness. The effect of nature alone is purifying; and its thousand evidences of wisdom are too eloquent of their Maker, not to act as a continual lesson; but combined with the instilled piety of childhood, and the knowledge of the inviolable holiness of the time, the mellow cadences of a church bell give to the hush of the country Sabbath, a holiness to which only a desperate heart could be insensible."

III. — SOLEMNITY.

Exercise 1. — Emotion inspired by Scenery.

[*Sonnet.*] J. H. Abbot.

"What time have died the vesper antheming,—
The low-toned murmurs of repose that rise,
When sunset's glow is fading in the skies,
From the blest myriads of living things;
When the low evening wind,—its balmy wings
Laden with dewy freshness,—mournful sighs;
And the lone whip-poor-will, in plaintive cries,
Its ceaseless lay to night and echo sings;
While sleeps the lake, holding in calm embrace
The star-gemmed arch, pure counterpart and bright,—
Gleaming reflected from her glassy face,—
Of that which heavenward lures the heart and sight;
Oh! how intensely glow through soul and sense
Night's boundless beauty and magnificence!"

2. — Emotion inspired by Sentiment.

[*The Funeral Bell.*] Margaret Davidson.

"A spirit from the world hath fled,
A soul from earth departed;
While mourners weep above the dead,
Despairing,—broken-hearted!
Through the vast fields of viewless time
That conscious soul hath gone,—
To answer for each earthly crime,
At God's eternal throne!

"There at His mighty bar it stands,
A trembling, guilty thing,
To answer all its Judge demands,
Or his dread praises sing!
Dust to its kindred dust returns!
Earth to its mother earth!
Stilled are its passions and its cares,
And hushed its voice of mirth!"

3. — *Blended Emotions arising from Scenery and Sentiment.*

[*Manfred's Soliloquy.*] Byron.

"The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. — Beautiful! —
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, — upon such a night
I stood within the Colosseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome:
The trees which grew along the broken arches,
Waved dark in the blue midnight; and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watchdog bayed beyond the Tiber; and,
More near, from out the Cæsar's palace came
The owl's long cry; and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses, beyond the time-worn breach,
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot, — where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths;
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth; —
But the Gladiator's bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. —
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion; and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old! —
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns." —

4.—*Prose Example of the preceding Emotions.*

[*Reflections on Westminster Abbey.*] Irving.

"The shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly-waning day. I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. . . . .

"The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me: the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadow; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles, like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk; and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

"I endeavoured to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating; but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of Death; his great shadowy palace; where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name!

"History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand—and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust?

"What then is to insure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower,—when the garish sunbeam shall break into these

gloomy mansions of death; and the ivy twine round the fallen column and the fox-glove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told; and his very monument becomes a ruin."

II.—MODERATE FORCE.

I. — GRAVE STYLE.

Example in Didactic Composition.

[*Heroism of the Pilgrims.*] Choate.

"To play the part of heroism on its high places, and its theatre, is not, perhaps, so very difficult. — To do it alone, as seeing Him who is invisible, was the stupendous trial of the pilgrim heroism.

"A peculiarity in their trials was, that they were unsustained, altogether, by every one of the passions, aims, stimulants, and excitations, — the anger, the revenge, the hate, the pride, the awakened, the dreadful thirst of blood, the consuming love of glory, the feverish rapture of battle, — that burn, as in volcanic isles, in the heart of mere secularized heroism. — Not one of all these aids, did or could come in use for them. Their character and their situation both excluded them. Their enemies were disease walking in darkness, and destroying at noonday; famine, which, more than all other calamities, bows the spirit of a man, presses his radiant form to the dust, and teaches him what he is; the wilderness; spiritual foes on the high places of the unseen world."

II. — SERIOUS STYLE.

Didactic Composition.

[*Tyranny of Fashion.*] Mrs. Barbauld.

"To break the shackles of oppression, and assert the native rights of man, is esteemed by many among the noblest efforts of heroic virtue. But vain is the possession of political liberty, if there exist a tyrant of our own creation, who, without law or reason, or even external force, exercises over us the most despotic authority; whose jurisdiction is extended over every part of private and domestic life, controls our pleasures, fashions our garb, cramps our motions, fills

our lives with vain care and restless anxiety. The worst slavery is that which we voluntarily impose upon ourselves; and no chains are so cumbrous and galling, as those which we are pleased to wear, by way of grace and ornament."

III.—ANIMATED, OR LIVELY, STYLE.

Descriptive Composition.

[*The Martin.*] Jardine.

"In summer comes the dark, swift-winged martin, glancing through the air, as if afraid to visit our uncertain clime: he comes, though late, and hurries through his business here, eager again to depart,—all day long in agitation and precipitate flight. The bland zephyrs of the spring have no charms with these birds; but, basking and careering in the sultry gleams of June and July, they associate in throngs, and screaming dash round the steeple or the ruined tower, to serenade their nesting mates; and glare and heat are in their train."

IV.—GAY, OR BRISK, STYLE.

Descriptive Composition.

[*The Court of Fashion.*] Mrs. Barbauld.

"The courtiers of Alexander, it is said, flattered him by carrying their heads on one side, because he had the misfortune to have a wry neck; but all adulation is poor, compared to what is practised in the court of Fashion. Sometimes the queen will lisp and stammer; and then none of her attendants can 'speak plain:' sometimes she chooses to totter as she walks;—and then they are seized with sudden lameness. According as she appears half undressed, or veiled from head to foot, her subjects become a procession of nuns, or a troop of Bacchanalian nymphs."

V.—HUMOROUS, OR PLAYFUL, STYLE.

Example in Burlesque Verse.

[*Artificial Education.*] Jane Taylor.

"'Tis thus Education, (so called in our schools,)
With costly materials and capital tools,

Sits down to her work, if you duly reward her,
And sends it home finished 'according to order.'

"See French and Italian spread out on her lap;
Then Dancing springs up, and skips into a gap;
Next Drawing and all its varieties come,
Sewed down in their place by her finger and thumb.

"And then, for completing her fanciful robes,
Geography, Music, the Use of the Globes,
&c. &c., which,—match as they will,—
Are sewed into shape, and set down in the bill.

"Thus Science, distorted, and torn into bits,
Art, tortured, and frightened half out of her wits;
In portions and patches,—some light and some shady,—
Are stitched up together, and make—'a young lady.'"

III.—"SUSTAINED" FORCE, OR CALLING.

Example of Earnest Emotion.

[*From a Ballad.*] Heber.

"O captain of the Moorish hold,
  Unbar thy gates to me!
And I will give thee gems and gold,
  To set Fernando free."

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*"Orotund" Voice.

THIS "quality," though, in many instances, perfectly "pure" to the ear, implies a greater exertion of force, in the action of the organs, than is required for the sole effect of "purity." It demands, likewise, a position of the palate quite different from what is requisite for the production of "pure tone." The latter property belongs to *calm* and *gentle* emotions, and needs attention chiefly to a perfectly tranquil posture and undisturbed play of the organs, with a reserved and

* The word "orotund" implies, by its etymology, round and full utterance.

delicate emission of the breath. The "orotund" utterance, on the contrary, is the appropriate mode of expressing *full, forcible*, and *sublime* emotions. It requires special attention to the *wide expansion and full projection of the chest, the free and powerful action of the organs of respiration and of speech, with the peculiar round and ringing effect of voice* which belongs to *inspiring* and *expressive* feeling. It demands, in addition to the expanding of the chest, a peculiar enlargement and tension of the *interior* of the mouth, *a full and energetic raising of the veil of the palate*, somewhat as in the act of coughing, and *a wider opening of the lips*, than in the ordinary use of the voice.

This "quality" of tone is naturally produced in uttering *a shout of joy*, of *triumph*, of *courage*, or of *admiration*, and extends throughout the poetic expression of such emotions. It is the natural mode of expressing all feelings characterized by *force*, *sublimity*, or *grandeur*. It accordingly takes the place of "pure tone," when utterance passes from mere pathos, repose, or solemnity, to powerful excitement.— The "orotund quality" is, in a word, *the full and perfect form of the human voice, when under the influence of strong feeling*. Eloquence and poetry adopt this mode of utterance, in all their characteristic forms of expression which do not imply excess, or unchecked preponderance of passion,—a mood which is indicated by the addition of "aspiration," or a partially hoarse and whispering sound.

It is to the "orotund" form of voice, as the appropriate mode of full and vivid effect, that culture and training should bring the action of the organs in every individual. It is only when brought to this mode of utterance, as a habit, that the vocal capacities of a learner may be justly said to be cultivated; and instruction and practice should never stop short of this full development of organic power; as it is only when "orotund quality" is perfectly at command, that the voice is entirely secured against the disagreeable effects of nasal, guttural. and other false or defective properties of tone.*

The principal object of attention, in the practice of the following exercises. should be, to give up the feelings entirely to the "expression,"—to enter with full and vivid sympathy into the predominating emotion of each passage. It is in this way that the "orotund" quality will be most effectually secured, and most expressively uttered. No extent of mere artificial repetition can ever yield the fresh and living effect of actual feeling.

* An extensive course of practice on "orotund" voice, is prescribed in the volume entitled "Orthophony, or Vocal Culture in Elocution."

EXERCISES IN "OROTUND QUALITY."

I.—*"EFFUSIVE" UTTERANCE.

1.—*Pathos and Sublimity.*

[*From a Dirge.*] Moir.

"WEEP not for her!—Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright;
Like flowers that know not what it is to die;
Like long-linked, shadeless months of polar light;
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flowery brake:—
Weep not for her!

"Weep not for her!—She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floor of Paradise;
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,—
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes;
Victorious over death; to her appear
The vista'd joys of Heaven's eternal year:—
Weep not for her!"

2.—*Repose and Sublimity.*

[*Evening.*] Milton.

"Now came still evening on; and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale.
She, all night long, her amorous descant sang.
Silence was pleased.—Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

* That mode of voice in which sound is *effused*, or gently emitted, in a smooth and even stream, without energetic expulsion or abrupt explosion.

3.—*Solemnity and Sublimity.*

[*From the Hymn to Mont Blanc.*] Coleridge.

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course?—so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvė* and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark,—substantial black,—
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone."

4.—*Repose, Solemnity, and Sublimity, exemplified in Prose Composition.*

[*Sound of Sabbath Bells, in the City.*] Willis.

"I know few things more impressive than to walk the streets of a city, when the peal of the early bells is just beginning. The deserted pavements, the closed windows of the places of business, the decent gravity of the solitary passenger, and, over all, the feeling in your own bosom, that the fear of God is brooding, like a great shadow, over the thousand human beings who are sitting still in their dwellings around you, were enough, if there were no other circumstance, to hush the heart into a religious fear. But when the bells peal out suddenly with a summons to the temple of God, and their echoes roll on through the desolate streets, and are unanswered by the sound of any human voice, or the din of any human occupation, the effect has sometimes seemed to me more solemn than the near thunder."

* The letter *e* when sounded in final syllables, is distinguished by a dot, instead of the acute or the grave accent, to avoid confusion, in the notation of elocution

II.—*"EXPULSIVE" UTTERANCE.

I.—† "IMPASSIONED EXPRESSION."

Joy, Sublimity, and Adoration.

[*From the Hymn to Mont Blanc.*] Coleridge.

"Awake, my soul! . . . .
. . . . Awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn!
"Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!"

II.—‡ "DECLAMATORY" STYLE.

Wonder and Admiration.

[*Results from the Sufferings of the Pilgrims.*] Everett.

"Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.—Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children,—was it hard labour and spare meals,—was it disease,—was it the tomahawk,—was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken

* In this mode of voice, the sound is not merely suffered to escape in a delicate and gentle current, as in "pure tone," nor emitted, in a full but soft stream, as in "effusive orotund:" it is *expelled*, though not violently, by a special force of the will, acting upon the organs, and producing a partial "swell," or slightly perceptible increase and diminution of volume, on accented and emphatic syllables.

† The term "impassioned" is employed, in elocution, in its poetic sense of high-wrought feeling, transcending all limits of ordinary emotion, but has no reference to violence or ungoverned excess. It designates the ecstasy of poetic *inspiration*. The "expression" of *malignant* emotion, though sometimes comprehended under the word "impassioned," is not necessarily implied by it.

‡ The word "declamatory" is here used as a technical term of elocution It designates the full-toned utterance of *eloquent public speaking*.

heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; — was it some or all of these united, — that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

"And is it possible that not one of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?"

III. — SHOUTING.

Exultation.

[*From the Ode on Immortality.*] Wordsworth.

"Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!"

III.—*"EXPLOSIVE" UTTERANCE.

Alarm.

[*The Eve of Waterloo.*] Byron.

"And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
While the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, 'The foe! they come, — they come!'"

"Aspirated" Utterance.

When the intensity of emotion is such that the organs of speech are, as it were, partially paralyzed, for the moment, and unable to

* The voice, in this style of expression, bursts forth with the force of abrupt and instantaneous *explosion*. This is the usual mode of utterance, in the highest moods of excitement arising from emotions which have a sudden and startling effect, as *anger*, *alarm*, *fear*, &c.

produce "pure" or "expressive" vocal sound, one of the following effects, according to the degree of feeling, is produced on the voice 1st, an absolute whisper, as in extreme *fear*; 2d, a partial or half whisper, as in extreme *earnestness*; 3d, an "aspirated" or partially hoarse utterance accompanying the "orotund quality," and occasionally, in the tones of impassioned emphasis, transcending it, so as to leave the harsh effect of the breath predominating on the ear. This form of voice belongs to the characteristic utterance of *anger revenge*, *fear*, *awe*, and similar emotions.

EXERCISES IN "ASPIRATED" UTTERANCE.

I. — WHISPERING.

Fear.

[*Caliban approaching the Cave of Prospero.*] Shakspeare.

"Pray you, tread softly,— that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall:
Speak softly!
All's hushed as midnight yet."

II. — HALF-WHISPER.

Extreme Earnestness.

[*From a Fragment.*] Margaret Davidson.

"I see her seraph form, her flowing hair,
Her brow and cheek so exquisitely fair,
Her smiling lips, her dark eye's radiant beam!—
A dream?— This is not, cannot be a dream!"

III. — "ASPIRATED OROTUND."

"Suppressed" Force.— Awe.

[*From the Hymn of the Sea.*] Bryant.

"But who shall bide Thy tempest? who shall face
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?
O God! Thy justice makes the world turn pale,
When on the armèd fleet that royally
Bears down the surges, carrying war, to smite
Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm,

Descends the fierce tornado. — The vast hulks
Are hurled like chaff upon the waves; the sails
Fly, rent like waves of gossamer; the masts
Are snapped asunder; downward from the decks, —
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,
Their cruel engines; and their hosts, arrayed
In trappings of the battle-field, are whelmed
By whirlpools, or dashed dead upon the rocks.
Then stand the nations still with awe, and pause,
A moment, from the bloody work of war."

"Impassioned" Force. — Anger and Scorn.

[*Helen M'Gregor to Morris.*] Scott.

"But you — wretch! you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed, — while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long-descended, — you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, battening on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of: you shall die, base dog! and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun."

FORCE, OR "VOLUME" OF VOICE.

THE force of the voice is usually in the ratio of feeling. The intensity of emotion, — except in cases which exemplify the force of passion as overcoming the power of utterance, — is indicated by the comparative force of the voice, on emphatic and expressive sounds, through all stages, from *whispering* to *shouting*. The exercises prescribed under the head of "quality," comprise all these gradations of force. But a distinct perception of the nature and effect of force, as an element of "expression," will be much aided by reviewing these exercises for the special purpose of watching the result of the various stages of force implied in the examples of "quality" arranged as follows:

1. Whispering. — 2. The half-whisper. — 3. The successive examples of "Pure Tone," under Subdued and Moderate Force. — 4. The examples of "Effusive, Expulsive, and Explosive Orotund;" reserving for the last stage, the example of "Sustained Force of Pure Tone," in Calling, and the example of "Expulsive Orotund," in Shouting.

Passages, such as the example of "Expulsive Orotund" in Declam-

atory Style, should be frequently practised for the purpose of training the voice to that gradual and successive increase of force, which belongs to all eloquent and impressive utterance in which the principle of climax prevails. The volume of voice, in such practice, should be moderate, at first, but swell out, by successive stages, till it becomes ample and powerfully impressive to the ear.

The daily repetition of a few lines of each class of examples, will, in a few weeks, secure a clear, firm, round, and full tone, and will impart a healthy force to the vocal organs.*

"STRESS."

"*Radical Stress.*"

THE word "stress," as a term in elocution, is used to denote the location of force of voice, in single and successive sounds. It regards force as perceptibly more intense at the beginning, middle, or end of a vocal sound, or at more than one of these points.

Some emotions, *fear*, *anger*, and *courage*, for example, cause the voice to strike the ear with great force, at the first or initial part of a characteristic or emphatic sound. The mode of utterance, in these cases, is explosive in its character, and instantaneous in its effect,—the very opposite to the gradual swell of musical expression. The *maximum* of the force being on the first part of the sound, has induced Dr. Rush, the great authority in elocution, to denominate this mode of utterance "*radical* stress."

Repeat, for illustration, the examples given under the head of "explosive orotund."

"Radical stress" is reduced to the slightest and most delicate shade, when it is not used for impassioned effect, but merely for distinct and vivid articulation, as in the utterance of the ordinary language of narrative, descriptive, or didactic style, when no effect of impressive emotion is intended, but only a clear, exact communication of thought to the understanding. This mode of stress may be appropriately denominated the "unimpassioned radical." For examples and practice, refer to all the exercises given under the Moderate Force of "Pure Tone." These should be repeated till the voice has acquired a perfect command of the clear, exact utterance which arises from the vivid effect of the appropriate "radical stress."

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* A more extensive course of organic training, will be found by referring to the Manual on Orthophony.

"Median Stress."

When the main force of the voice, comes on with a gradual increase, reaching its height at the *middle* of an accented sound, it exemplifies what is termed "*median* stress." This mode of utterance belongs to the *slow* "movement" and *prolonged* tones of *tranquillity, pathos, solemnity*, and *grandeur*, or to the swelling force of bold and impassioned language, in the style of *triumph, exultation*, and *admiration*. In the expression of the former class of emotions, it is deliberately *expanded* and *amplified:* in that of the latter it is *compressed* and *compacted*.

Repeat, for illustrations of the *expanded* "stress" exemplified in the first-mentioned emotions, the exercises under "Pure Tone," on Tenderness, Grief, and Sorrow, with those on Tranquillity, and those on Solemnity, — the exercises, also, on "Effusive Orotund." Repeat, as illustrations of the *compressed* "median stress," the examples of "Expulsive Orotund."

"Vanishing Stress."

Impatient feeling and strong *determination*, are expressed by a "stress" which lies upon the "*vanish*" or last part of a sound, and is accordingly denominated "vanishing stress." It comes on the ear with a peculiar *jerking* effect, contrasting with the steady, unimpassioned tenor of the voice, as the action of tugging does with that of pulling.

EXAMPLES OF "VANISHING STRESS."

Strong Determination.

[*Battle Song of the Greeks.*] Campbell.

"Earth may hide, waves ingulf, fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us!"

Impatience.

[*Hotspur's Impatience at the Fop.*] Shakspeare.

"For he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
Of drums, and guns, and wounds — Heaven save the maik
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise."

"Compound Stress."

Surprise and *contempt* are expressed by what is termed "*compound* stress,"— a mode of voice in which the force strikes both upon the *first* and *last* part of a sound. It is, in fact, "radical" and "vanishing stress" applied to the same syllable.

EXAMPLES OF "COMPOUND STRESS."

Surprise and Astonishment.

[*Lord Chatham's Indignation at the Proposal of Lord Suffolk.*]

"What! to attribute the sacred sanctions of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!"

Contempt.

[*Queen Constance to the Archduke of Austria.*] Shakspeare.

"Thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!—
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!"

"Thorough Stress."

Extremes of violent emotion are expressed by a force which is powerfully impressed on all the parts of a sound which can receive effect to the ear,—the *beginning*, the *middle*, and the *end*. This form of utterance is, in coincidence with its effect, termed "*thorough* stress."

EXAMPLE OF "THOROUGH STRESS."

[*From Macbeth's Adjuration.*] Shakspeare.

———— "Though the treasure
Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till Destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you!"

"Tremor."

When the "stress" peculiar to any emotion, is interrupted by a tremulous action of the organs, it is termed, in elocution, the "*tremor.*" This mode of utterance belongs to *fear*, *grief*, *joy*, and other emotions, in their excess.

EXAMPLE OF "TREMOR."

Grief.

[*From Lines on the Death of a Child.*] Anon.

"Pale mourned the lily where the rose had died;
And timid, trembling, came he to my side."

Repeat, also, the closing lines of the examples of Grief and Sorrow, under the head of "Pure Tone," "Subdued Force."

"MELODY."

"*Pitch.*"

The word "melody" applies, in elocution, as in music, to all those modifications of voice which are founded, not on force or "movement," — not on "soft" or "loud," "fast" or "slow,"— but on the relations which sounds bear to each other, as high or low on the musical scale.

"Melody" necessarily implies, in the first place, an initial or commencing note, high or low, to which the successive sounds of a strain may be referred, as the first of a series, or sequence, taking their departure from it. This initial sound is termed the *pitch* of the voice. Hence we say that a strain expressive of *awe* or *solemnity*, has a *low pitch*, or that the voice, in giving it utterance, strikes a low note. We say, also, that the sounds expressive of *joy* have a *high pitch.*

The word "pitch," as used in elocution, is applied, likewise, to the *prevailing* high or low sounds which pervade an expressive strain of utterance. Thus, when we say that *awe* has a *low pitch*, we mean not only that the voice, in giving it utterance, strikes a low note, at the commencement of the strain, but that it continues comparatively low on the scale, during the whole passage which contains that emotion.

The terms "high" and "low" are liable to a misapplication, in negligent popular usage, which makes them synonymous with "loud" and "soft." But in elocution, as in music, these words should be restricted to the sense of *shrill* or *grave*, as in speaking of the difference between the voices of women and of men.

"High," "low," and "middle" pitch, with the addition of the extremes of "highest," or "very high," and "lowest," or "very low," are the distinctions in current use in elocution.

The deepest emotions of the soul, as *despair*, *horror*, and *awe*, and others of similar character, are distinguished in utterance by a "very low" pitch. *Reverence* and *solemnity*, in their usual effect, are ex-

pressed by "low" notes of voice. All *moderate* emotions incline to "middle" pitch; and *joyous* feeling, is, according to its degree, "high" or "very high." *Anger*, when it is *sharp* and *keen*, is *high-pitched;* when *grave* and *stern*, it is *low*.

To observe the varying shades of voice, caused by the changes of emotion, and consequent change of "pitch," is indispensable to true expression in reading. Without these variations, the style of utterance becomes flat and dead, from its monotony; and the composition to which this lifeless reading is applied, loses its true character and effect.

The examples and exercises which have been used as illustrations in preceding pages, should be carefully repeated for the distinctions of "pitch," classified as follows: "*Lowest*," or "*very low*," the 2d example of Solemnity, under "Pure Tone," "Subdued" Force;—"*Low*," the 3d, 1st, and 4th, of the same, the 3d of Tranquillity, and the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of Pathos, and the 1st, 3d, and 4th of Solemnity;—"*Middle*," the 1st of Pathos, the 1st, 2d, 4th, and 5th of Tranquillity, 1st, 2d, and 3d examples of "Pure Tone," "Moderate" Force, and the example of "Declamatory" Style, under "Expulsive Orotund;"—*High*, the 2d example of Pathos under "Pure Tone," "Subdued" Force, the 4th and 5th of "Pure Tone," "Moderate" Force, the examples of "Expulsive Orotund," "Impassioned Expression," and Shouting;—*Very high*, the example of "Pure Tone," "Sustained" Force, in Calling.*

"MOVEMENT."

The term "movement" applies, in elocution, as in music, to the *rate* of utterance, as *fast*, *slow*, or *moderate*. The gradations of "movement," in elocution, are the following: "Slowest," or "Very Slow," including *Awe* and *deep Solemnity;*—"Slow," *Reverence*, *Solemnity*, *Pathos;*—"Moderate," *Tranquillity*, *Seriousness*, *Gravity;*—"Lively," *Animation*, *Cheerfulness;*—"Brisk," or "Quick," *Gayety*, *Humour;*—"Rapid," or "Very Quick," *Haste*, *Hurry*. Repeat, for practice, the examples already given of the above emotions.

* The other constituents of "melody," beside "pitch,"—as the intervals traversed by the voice in skips, "slides" and "waves," together with the effects of "diatonic" and "chromatic melody,"—may be found exemplified in the volume on Orthophony. Teachers and students who wish for a more extensive course of study, in this and other departments of elocution, as presented by Dr. Rush, are referred to the "Philosophy of the Voice," for full statements of theory, and to the "Orthophony," and the "American Elocutionist," for practical applications.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

EXERCISE I.

THE PINE AND THE OLIVE, A FABLE. *Mrs. Barbauld.*

[This exercise exemplifies "moderate" *force*, "middle" *pitch*, and "moderate" *movement*. The style of reading, as regards "expression," is that of *serious conversation*. The common error of young readers, in such pieces, is that of *rapidity* of utterance, — a fault in consequence of which *enunciation* is rendered *indistinct*, and the whole *style* of reading, *unimpressive*.]

A Stoic, swelling with the proud consciousness of his own worth, took a solitary walk; and, straying amongst the groves of Academus,* he sat down between an olive and a pine tree. His attention was soon excited by a murmur which he heard, among the leaves. The whispers increased; and, listening attentively, he plainly heard the pine say to the olive as follows:

"Poor tree! I pity thee. Thou now spreadest thy green leaves, and exultest in all the pride of youth and spring. But how soon, will thy beauty be tarnished! The fruit which thou exhaustest thyself to bear, shall hardly be shaken from thy boughs, before thou shalt grow dry and withered; thy green veins, now so full of juice, shall be frozen; naked and bare, thou wilt stand exposed to all the storms of winter; whilst my firmer leaf shall resist the change of the seasons. '*Unchangeable*,' is my motto; and, through the various vicissitudes of the year, I shall continue equally green and vigorous as I am at present."

The olive, with a graceful wave of her boughs, replied: "It is true thou wilt always continue as thou art at present. Thy leaves will keep that sullen and gloomy green in which they are now arrayed; and the stiff regularity of thy branches,

* Accented, *Acadēmus*

will not yield to those storms which will bow down many of the feebler tenants of the grove. Yet I wish not to be like thee. I rejoice when nature rejoices; and, when I am desolate, nature mourns with me. I fully enjoy pleasure in its season; and I am contented to be subject to the influences of those seasons and that economy of nature by which I flourish. When the spring approaches, I feel the kindly warmth; my branches swell with young buds, and my leaves unfold; crowds of singing birds, which never visit thy noxious shade, sport on my boughs; my fruit is offered to the gods, and rejoices men; and, when the decay of nature approaches, I shed my leaves over the funeral of the falling year, and am well contented not to stand a single exemption from the mournful desolation I see everywhere around me."

The pine was unable to frame a reply; and the philosopher turned away his steps, rebuked and humbled.

EXERCISE II.

THE TWO MOTHERS. *Translated from De Custine.*

[The first part of this piece requires "*moderate*" utterance, merely; but the latter part, the vivid style of *deep and earnest emotion*, with all its natural *changes* of "expression." The common fault exemplified in the reading of such pieces, is a *monotony* which indicates *the absence of feeling*.]

During the darkest period of the French Revolution, occurred the following incident, so characteristic of the sympathy of one mother with another, in whatever condition of life. The grandfather of the present Marquis De Custine, was on trial before one of the sanguinary tribunals of the day. The father of the marquis, was absent, as ambassador in Prussia; and his mother hastened to Paris, to save, if possible, the life of her father-in-law.

"Every day," says the marquis, "she was present in the court, during my grandfather's trial, — sitting at his feet. Mornings and evenings, she visited personally the members of the revolutionary tribunal, and the members of the committee; and so great was the power of her beauty, and the interest excited by her presence, that, at one of the last sittings of the tribunal, the women in the gallery, though unused

to tears, were seen to weep. The marks of sympathy which these furies gave to the daughter-in-law of Custine, irritated the president so much, that, during the session, he gave private orders, that the life of my mother should be secretly taken, by the public assassins, as she descended the steps of the hall.

"The accused was reconducted to his prison. His daughter-in-law, on leaving the tribunal, prepared to descend the steps of the palace, to regain, alone, and on foot, the carriage which was awaiting her, in a distant street. No one dared to accompany her, at least openly, for fear of increasing the danger. Timid and shy as a hare, she had, all her life, an instinctive dread of a crowd. Imagine the steps of the Palace of Justice, — that long flight of stairs, — covered with the crowded masses of an angry populace, gorged with blood, and already too much accustomed to performing their horrid office, to draw back from one murder more.

"My mother, trembling, stopped at the head of the steps. Her eyes commanded the place where Madame Lamballe had been murdered some months before. A friend of my father had succeeded in getting a note to her, while in court, to warn her to redouble her prudence; but this advice increased the danger, instead of averting it. My mother's alarm being greater, she had less presence of mind; she thought herself lost; and this idea was almost fatal to her. If I tremble and fall, as Madame Lamballe did, thought she, it is all over with me. The furious mob thickened incessantly about her path. 'It is Custine, it is the daughter-in-law of the traitor!' — cried they, on every side. Every outcry was seasoned with oaths and atrocious imprecations.

"How should she descend, — how should she pass through this fiendlike crowd? Some, with drawn swords, placed themselves before her; others, without vests, their shirt sleeves turned up, were driving away their wives. — This was the precursor of an execution. — The danger increased. My mother thought that if she exhibited the slightest weakness, she should be thrown to the ground, and her fall would be the signal for her death.

"At last, casting her eyes around, she perceived one of the fish-women, a most hideous-looking creature, advancing in the middle of the crowd. This woman had a nursing infant in her arms. Impelled by the God of mothers, the daughter of 'the traitor' approached this mother, — a mother is some-

thing more than a woman,—and said to her, 'What a pretty child you have there!'—'Take it,'—replied the mother, who, degraded as she was, understood every thing with a word,—a look,—'You can give it back to me at the bottom of the steps.'

"Maternal electricity had acted on the two hearts:—the crowd felt it. My mother took the child, embraced it, and made use of it as an ægis against the enraged crowd.

"The man of nature resumed his rights over the man brutalized by the effects of social disease:—the barbarians calling themselves civilized, were conquered by two mothers. Mine, rescued, descends into the court of the Palace of Justice,—crosses it,—goes towards the square, without receiving a blow, or the least injury. She reached the grating, and gave back the child to the person who had lent it to her; and, in the same moment, they separated without speaking a single word. The place was not favourable for thanks or explanations. They said nothing to each other of their secret. They never saw each other again!—*The souls of these two mothers will meet somewhere else.*"

EXERCISE III.

A MOTHER'S LOVE. *Emily Taylor.*

[*Feeling* being the great element of *sentiment*, and *poetry* always giving more scope to feeling than *prose*, the following exercise demands attention, in the first place, to the tone of *full and deep* though *gentle emotion*, and, next, to the comparatively *long pauses* which feeling always produces.]

HAST thou sounded the depth of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then mayest thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talked with the blessed, of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ?
Then mayest thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
Go forth on her errands of industry?
The bee for *herself* hath gathered and toiled;
But the mother's cares are all for her *child*.

Hast thou gone with the traveller thought afar?
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast; — but on ocean, earth, or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever since earth began, that look
Has been to the wise, an open book,
To win them back from the lore they prize,
To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air;
The heavens the glory of God declare:
But more loud than the voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

EXERCISE IV.

CHURCH BELLS. *N. P. Willis*

[*Poetic description*, in *prose*, requires the same fulness of *feeling*, as when the composition is in the form of *verse*. *Pathos*, *solemnity*, and *beauty*, are the predominating modes of *expression*, in the following piece. The voice should be *gentle* and *low*, throughout the reading; the "movement" *slow;* the *articulation*, *delicate* but *distinct*.]

The music of church bells has become a matter of poetry. I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the church bells of a town in Italy, which had become famous, all over Europe, for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian artisan, and were his heart's pride. During the war, the

place was sacked, and the bells carried off, no one knew whither. After the tumult was over, the poor fellow returned to his work; but it had been the solace of his life to wander about at evening, and listen to the chime of his bells; and he grew dispirited and sick, and pined for them till he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to wander over the world, and hear them once again before he died. He went from land to land, stopping in every village, till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter; and he knew, at last, that he was dying.

He lay, one evening, in a boat that was slowly floating down the Rhine, almost insensible, and scarce expecting to see the sun rise again, that was now setting gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany.* Presently, the vesper bells of a distant village began to ring; and, as the chimes stole faintly over the river, with the evening breeze, he started from his lethargy. — He was not mistaken. It was the deep, solemn, heavenly music of his own bells; and the sounds that he had thirsted for years to hear, were melting over the water.

He leaned from the boat, with his ear close to the calm surface of the river, and listened. They rung out their hymn, and ceased; — and he still lay motionless in his painful posture. His companions spoke to him; but he gave no answer: — his spirit had followed the last sound of the vesper chime.

There is something exceedingly impressive in the breaking in of church bells on the stillness of the Sabbath. I doubt whether it is not more so in the heart of a populous city, than anywhere else. The presence of any single, strong feeling, in the midst of a great people, has something of awfulness in it, which exceeds even the impressiveness of nature's breathless Sabbath.

I know few things more imposing than to walk the streets of a city, when the peal of the early bells is just beginning. The deserted pavements, the closed windows of the places of business, the decent gravity of the solitary passenger, and, over all, the feeling, in your own bosom, that the fear of God is brooding, like a great shadow, over the thousand human beings who are sitting still in their dwellings around you, were enough, if there were no other circumstance, to hush the heart into a religious fear. But when the bells peal out suddenly with a summons to the temple of God, and their

* There is a similar tradition regarding the bells of St. Mary's Church, in Limerick, Ireland.

echoes roll on through the desolate streets, and are unanswered by the sound of any human voice, or the din of any human occupation, the effect has sometimes seemed to me more solemn than the near thunder.

Far more beautiful, and, perhaps, quite as salutary as a religious influence, is the sound of a distant Sabbath bell in the country. It comes floating over the hills, like the going abroad of a spirit; and as the leaves stir with its vibrations, and the drops of dew tremble in the cups of the flowers, you could almost believe that there was a Sabbath in nature, and that the dumb works of God rendered visible worship for His goodness. The effect of nature alone is purifying; and its thousand evidences of wisdom are too eloquent of their Maker, not to act as a continual lesson; but combined with the instilled piety of childhood, and the knowledge of the inviolable holiness of the time, the mellow cadences of a church bell give to the hush of the country Sabbath, a holiness to which only a desperate heart could be insensible.

EXERCISE V.

MY MARY. *Cowper.*

[An example of *pathos*, which produces "*pure tone*," in the form of "subdued" force. A *softened utterance*, *gentle* "*median stress*," *prolonged* "*quantity*," and prevailing *semitone*, *a high pitch*, and *slow* "*movement*," are the chief characteristics of the style of reading required in this piece.]

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast; —
Ah! would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow;
I see thee daily weaker grow: —
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly would'st fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the * housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now, at every step, thou mov'st
Upheld by two, — yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

* Pronounced, *huzzwifs*.

EXERCISE VI.

EARLY TRAITS OF MARGARET DAVIDSON.

Washington Irving.

[An example of the style of *description* and *narration* in the manner of *serious and elevated conversation. A clear, distinct utterance*, and *a lively* but *gentle tone*, deepening into *tenderness and solemnity*, are the chief characteristics of the appropriate style of reading, in this extract.]

Among the earliest indications of the poetical character in this child, were her perceptions of the beauty of natural scenery. Her home was in a picturesque neighbourhood, calculated to awaken and foster such perceptions. The following description of it is taken from one of her own writings:

"There stood on the banks of the Saranac, a small, neat cottage, which peeped forth from the surrounding foliage,—the image of rural quiet and contentment. An old-fashioned piazza extended along the front, shaded with vines and honey-suckles; the turf on the bank of the river, was of the richest and brightest emerald; and the wild rose and sweet brier, which twined over the neat enclosure, seemed to bloom with more delicate freshness and perfume, within the bounds of this earthly paradise.

"The scenery around was wildly yet beautifully romantic: the clear blue river glancing and sparkling at its feet, seemed only the preparation for another and more magnificent view, when the stream, gliding on to the west, was buried in the broad white bosom of Champlain, which stretched back, wave after wave, in the distance, until lost in faint blue mists, that veiled the sides of its guardian mountains,—seeming more lovely from their indistinctness."

Such were the natural scenes which presented themselves to her dawning perceptions; and she is said to have evinced, from her earliest childhood, a remarkable sensibility to their charms. A beautiful tree, or shrub, or flower, would fill her with delight: she would note, with surprising discrimination, the various effects of the weather upon the surrounding landscape;—the mountains wrapped in clouds; the torrents roaring down their sides, in times of tempest; the "bright, warm sunshine," the "cooling showers," the "pale, cold

moon,"—for such was already her poëtical phraseology. A bright starlight night, also, would seem to awaken a mysterious rapture in her infant bosom; and one of her early expressions, in speaking of the stars, was, that they "shone like the eyes of angels."

One of the most beautiful parts of the maternal instruction which she received, was the guiding of these kindling perceptions from nature up to nature's God.

"I cannot say," observes her mother, "at what age her religious impressions were imbibed. They seemed to be interwoven with her existence. From the very first exercise of reason, she evinced strong devotional feelings; and although she loved play, she would, at any time, prefer seating herself beside me, and, with every faculty absorbed in the subject, listen while I attempted to recount the wonders of Providence, and point out the wisdom and benevolence of God, as manifested in the works of creation. Her young heart would swell with rapture, and the tear would tremble in her eye, when I explained to her, that He who clothed the trees with verdure, and gave the rose its bloom, had also created her with capacities to enjoy their beauties;—that the same Power which clothed the mountains with sublimity, made her happiness His daily care. Thus a sentiment of gratitude and affection towards the Creator, entered into all her emotions of delight at the wonders and beauties of the creation."

EXERCISE VII.

TO MY SISTER LUCRETIA. *Margaret Davidson.*

[*Admiration* and *joy*, blended with *tenderness* and *solemnity*, are the chief elements in the style of the following piece. The voice is *soft* but *vivid*, throughout, and sustained by *a gentle warmth of feeling*.]

My sister! With that thrilling word
What thoughts unnumbered wildly spring!
What echoes in my heart are stirred,
While thus I touch the trembling string!

Thy glance of pure seraphic light
Sheds o'er my heart its softening ray;

Thy pinions guard my couch by night,
  And hover o'er my path by day.

I cannot weep that thou art fled,—
  For ever blends my soul with thine;
Each thought, by purer impulse led,
  Is soaring on to realms divine.

Thy glance unfolds my heart of hearts,
  And lays its inmost recess * bare;
Thy voice a heavenly calm imparts,
  And soothes each wilder passion there.

I hear thee in the summer breeze,
  See thee in all that's pure or fair;
Thy whisper in the murmuring trees,
  Thy breath, thy spirit everywhere.

Thine eyes, which watch when mortals sleep,
  Cast o'er my dreams a radiant hue;
Thy tears,—"such tears as angels weep,"—
  Fall nightly with the glistening dew.

Thou wert unfit to dwell with clay,
  For sin too pure, for earth too bright!
And Death, who called thee hence away,
  Placed on his brow a gem of light!

A gem, whose brilliant glow is shed
  Beyond the ocean's swelling wave,
Which gilds the memory of the dead,
  And pours its radiance on thy grave.

When Day hath left his glowing car,
  And Evening spreads her robe of love;
When worlds, like travellers from afar,
  Meet in the azure fields above;

When all is still, and fancy's realm
  Is opening to the eager view,
Mine eye full oft, in search of thee,
  Roams o'er that vast expanse of blue.

* Accented *récess*,—not, in general, appropriately,—but, in this case, forming an example of "poetic license."

I know that here thy harp is mute,
And quenched the bright poetic fire;
Yet still I bend my ear, to catch
The hymnings of thy seraph lyre

Teach me to fill thy place below,
That I may dwell with thee above;
To soothe, like thee, a mother's woe,
And prove, like thine, a sister's love!

EXERCISE VIII.

VOICES OF ENGLISH BIRDS. *Jardine.*

[An example of "*pure tone*," in the form of "*animated*" utterance.]

RURAL sounds, the voices, the language of the wild creatures, as heard and recognized by the naturalist, are in concord with the country only. Our sight, our smell may perhaps be deceived, for an interval, by conservatories, horticultural arts, and bowers of sweets; but our hearing can in no way be beguiled by any semblance of what is heard in the grove or the field. The hum, the murmur, the medley of the mead, is peculiarly its own, admits of no imitation; and the voices of our birds convey particular intimations, and distinctly notify the various periods of the year, with an accuracy as certain as they are detailed in our calendars.

The season of spring is always announced as approaching by the notes of the rookery, by the jangle or wooing accents of the dark frequenters of its trees; and that time having passed away, these contentions and cadences are no longer heard. The cuckoo then comes, and informs us that spring has arrived; that he has journeyed to us, borne by gentle gales, in sunny days; that fragrant flowers are in the copse and the mead, and all things telling of gratulation and of joy: the children mark this well-known sound, spring out, and "cuckoo! cuckoo!" as they gambol down the lane: the very ploughboy bids him welcome in the early morn. It is hardly spring without the cuckoo's song; and having told his tale, he has voice for no more, — is silent or away.

Then comes the dark, swift-winged marten, glancing

through the air, that seems afraid to visit our uncertain clime: he comes, though late, and hurries through his business here, eager again to depart, all day long in agitation and precipitate flight. The bland zephyrs of the spring have no charms with these birds; but basking and careering in the sultry gleams of June and July, they associate in throngs, and screaming dash round the steeple or the ruined tower, to serenade their nesting mates; and glare and heat are in their train. When the fervour of summer ceases, this bird of the sun will depart.

The evening robin from the summit of some leafless bough, or projecting point, tells us that autumn is come, and brings matured fruits, chilly airs, and sober hours; and he, the lonely minstrel now that sings, is understood by all. These four birds thus indicate a separate season, have no interference with the intelligence of each other, nor could they be transposed, without the loss of all the meaning they convey, which no contrivance of art could supply; and, by long association, they have become identified with the period, and in peculiar accordance with the time.

Those sweet sounds, called the song of birds, proceed only from the male; and, with a few exceptions, only during the season of incubation. Hence the comparative quietness of our summer months, when this care is over, except from accidental causes, where a second nest is formed; few of our birds bringing up more than one brood in the season.

The red-breast, blackbird, and thrush, in mild winters will continually be heard, and form exceptions to the general procedure of our British birds; and we have one little bird, the wood-lark, that, in the early part of the autumnal months, delights us with its harmony; and its carols may be heard in the air, commonly, during the calm sunny mornings of this season. They have a softness and quietness perfectly in unison with the sober, almost melancholy, stillness of the hour.

The sky-lark also sings now; and its song is very sweet, full of harmony, cheerful as the blue sky and gladdening beam in which it circles and sports, and known and admired by all; but the voice of the wood-lark is local, not so generally heard, and from its softness must almost be listened for, to be distinguished, and has not any pretensions to the hilarity of the former. This little bird sings likewise in the spring; but at that season, the contending songsters of the grove, and the variety of sound proceeding from every thing that has utterance, confuse and almost render inaudible the placid

voice of the wood-lark. It delights to fix its residence near little groves and copses, or quiet pastures, and is a very unobtrusive bird, not uniting in companies, but associating in its own little family parties only, feeding in the woodlands on seeds and insects. Upon the approach of man, it crouches close to the ground, then suddenly darts away, as if for a distant flight, but settles again almost immediately.

The sky-lark will often continue its song, circle in the air, a scarcely visible speck, by the hour together; and the vast distance from which its voice reaches us in a calm day, is almost incredible. In the scale of comparison, it stands immediately below the nightingale in melody and plaintiveness; but greater compass of voice is given to the linnet, a bird of very inferior powers.

The strength of the larynx, and of the muscles of the throat, in birds, is infinitely greater than in the human race. The loudest shout of the peasant, is but a feeble cry, compared with that of the golden-eyed duck, the wild goose, or even this lark. The sweet song of this poor little bird,—with a fate like that of the nightingale,—renders it an object of capture and confinement, which few of them comparatively survive.

EXERCISE IX.

MY MOTHER'S SIGH. *Mrs. Osgood.*

[An example of *serious* and *grave* style, mingling with *pathos.* The mode of voice in the reading, is that of "pure tone,"—"subdued" and "moderate" force,—"*pitch*" inclining to *low*,—"*movement*," *slow*, with gentle "median stress," and prevailing "*semitone*." A *tender* but *earnest* and *vivid expression of feeling*, should characterize the whole reading.]

I've felt it oft in childhood's hour,—
The magic of a mother's sigh:
I've yielded to its gentle power,
With heart subdued, and drooping eye.

When full of glee,—a wayward child,—
I've stolen from my task away,

That sound, amid the frolic wild,
Would check and quell my careless play.

I've read, with rapt and earnest look,
O'er pages filled with wild romance,—
My mother sighed! — I closed the book,
And broke, at once, the idle trance.

If passion flushed my youthful cheek,
And pride and gloom were on my brow,
When others' frowns were vain and weak,
Her sigh could bid my spirit bow.

If, checked in folly's wayward whim,
I've turned away with laughing eyes,—
My mother's sigh that smile could dim,
And tears, repentant tears, would rise.—

My dream has fled; — and wearying care
Has silenced folly's childish strain:
The thoughtless mirth that revelled there,
May never, never come again!

But still I feel that holy power;
It thrills my heart, and fills my eye
With tears, as when, in "childhood's hour,"
I yielded to *my mother's sigh!*

EXERCISE X.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS. *Jane Taylor.*

[An example of "*gay* and *humorous*" style, requiring *moderate loudness*, *high pitch*, and *brisk* "*movement*;" the whole effect resembling that of the *liveliest conversation*, in the mood of *raillery* and *burlesque*. The common faults in the reading of such pieces, are *dulness* and *monotony*.]

How is it that masters, and science, and art,
One spark of intelligence fail to impart;
Unless in that chemical union combined,
Of which the result, — in one word, — is a *mind?*

A youth may have studied, and travelled abroad,
May sing like *Apollo*, and paint like a *Claude*,
And speak all the languages under the pole,
And have every gift in the world, — but a soul.

That drapery wrought by the leisurely fair,
Called *patchwork*, may well to such genius compare,
Wherein every tint of the rainbow appears,
And stars, to adorn it, are forced from their spheres

There, glows a bright pattern, (a sprig, or a spot,)
'Twixt clusters of roses full-blown and red hot;
Here, magnified tulips divided in three,
Alternately shaded with sections of tree.

But when all is finished, this labour of years,
A mass unharmonious, unmeaning appears;
'Tis showy, but void of intelligent grace;
It is not a landscape, — it is not a face.

'Tis thus Education, (so called in our schools,)
With costly materials, and capital tools,
Sits down to her work, if you duly reward her,
And sends it home finished "according to order."

See French and Italian spread out on her lap;
Then Dancing springs up, and skips into a gap;
Next Drawing and all its varieties come,
Sewed down in their place by her finger and thumb.

And then, for completing her fanciful robes,
Geography, Music, the use of the Globes,
&c. &c., which, — match as they will, —
Are sewed into shape, and "set down in the bill."

Thus Science, distorted, and torn into bits,
Art, tortured, and frightened half out of her wits;
In portions and patches, — some light and some shady, —
Are stitched up together, and make — "a young lady."

EXERCISE XI.

THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER. *Mrs. Hofland.*

[An example of *serious conversational* manner, requiring attention chiefly to *distinct* and *spirited* utterance.]

Agnes was the eldest of five children, as the two children who succeeded her were both taken off by diseases incident to infancy. This circumstance was an advantage to her; as by rendering her, for some time, the object of her father's attention, it secured for her all the instruction such a companion could bestow; so that before she was called to participate her mother's duties in the household department, she had gained as much knowledge of the rudiments of education, as was necessary to give her a taste for improvement,—a taste which never fails to lead youth into such a disposition of their time, as to enable them to seize every precious moment circumstances allow, for mental cultivation. The little thus acquired, is too dear, too valuable, to be wasted and misapplied.

Thus, amidst incessant occupation, and various petty cares, Agnes became mistress of much estimable knowledge, notwithstanding the obscurity in which she lived, and the necessity of attending to all the common cares of life inseparable from narrow circumstances.—She was well read in the Bible. She thoroughly understood the prayers and the doctrines of her own church, and had a sufficient knowledge of the various modes in which others professed the Christian faith, to feel charity for *all*, and respect for *many*. She had likewise read the history of the Jews, that of her own country, and as much of the Greek and Roman, as enabled her to converse with her father, on the subjects to which he occasionally referred, relative to the power and influence of those remarkable nations. She was likewise conversant in Thomson's Seasons, Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and Gray's Poems; had read three volumes of the Spectator, one of the Rambler, and all Tillotson's Sermons.

This stock of erudition,—however humble it may appear to those more highly favoured,—had left a mind of native strength and energy by no means poorly endowed She added to it a knowledge of her needle, above the com-

mon standard; she had an excellent ear, and sang, and read, with singular sweetness and fluency; she wrote a neat hand, and understood her own language, and was not ignorant of Latin; to which it may be added that she understood mineralogy, botany, and natural philosophy, sufficiently to render her entertaining to her father, and useful to her mother. But as these were endowments received in the way of chit-chat, it never entered the mind of Agnes to class them amongst her attainments. Within the limits of her own parish, there were a few young women similarly instructed by her father, or other friends; so that her mind was neither left to the dangerous contemplation of its own superiority, which is often the case in secluded situations; nor, as she saw no one superior to her, was she led to repine at their advantages, or sink under the consciousness of humiliating inferiority. Hence arose a proper estimation of herself, a solidity of character, a temperance, propriety, and self-possession, which, combined with deep and fervent piety, unaffected sensibility, and true modesty, rendered her not less estimable than engaging, and promised that the virtuous woman would succeed to the duteous and tender daughter.

EXERCISE XII.

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND. *O. W. B. Peabody.*

[*Deep* but *gentle pathos*, as exemplified in the "subdued" form of "pure tone," is the predominating form of utterance, in the reading of this piece. *Slowness*, *long pauses*, and *full feeling*, should characterize the whole.]

Too lovely and too early lost!
  My memory clings to thee;
For thou wast once my guiding-star
  Amid the treacherous sea;—
But doubly cold and cheerless now,
  The wave too dark before,
Since every beacon-light is quenched
  Along the midnight shore.

I saw thee first, when hope arose
  On youth's triumphant wing,
And thou wast lovelier than the light
  Of early dawning spring.
Who then could dream, that health and joy
  Would e'er desert the brow,
So bright with varying lustre once,—
  So chill and changeless now?

That brow! how proudly o'er it then,
  Thy kingly beauty hung,
When wit, or eloquence, or mirth,
  Came burning from the tongue;
Or when upon that glowing cheek
  The kindling smile was spread,
Or tears, to thine own woes denied,
  For others' griefs were shed.

Thy mind! it ever was the home
  Of high and holy thought;
Thy life, an emblem of the truths
  Thy pure example taught;
When blended in thine eye of light,
  As from a royal throne,
Kindness, and peace, and virtue, there,
  In mingled radiance shone.

One evening, when the autumn dew
  Upon the hills was shed,
And Hesperus far down the west
  His starry host had led,
Thou said'st how sadly and how oft
  To that prophetic eye,
Visions of darkness and decline,
  And early death were nigh.

It was a voice from other worlds,
  Which none beside might hear;—
Like the night breeze's plaintive lyre,
  Breathed faintly on the ear;
It was the warning kindly given,
  When blessed spirits come,
From their bright paradise above,
  To call a sister home.

How sadly on my spirit then,
  That fatal warning fell!
But oh! the dark reality
  Another voice may tell;
The quick decline, — the parting sigh, —
  The slowly moving bier, —
The lifted sod, — the sculptured stone, —
  The unavailing tear! —

The amaranth flowers that bloom in heaven,
  Entwine thy temples now;
The crown that shines immortally,
  Is beaming on thy brow;
The seraphs round the burning throne
  Have borne thee to thy rest,
To dwell among the saints on high,
  Companion of the blest.

The sun hath set in folded clouds, —
  Its twilight rays are gone;
And, gathered in the shades of night,
  The storm is rolling on.
Alas! how ill that bursting storm
  The fainting spirit braves,
When they, — the lovely and the lost, —
  Are gone to early graves!

EXERCISE XIII.

THE OLD ELM OF NEWBURY. *H. F. Gould.*

[This piece forms an example of *lively style* requiring *spirited utterance, free, flowing* "*expression*," *brisk* "*movement*," and all the other natural characteristics of *animated and gay conversation*. In the reading of such pieces, it is important to guard the style of *enunciation* against *colloquial negligence*.]

Did ever it come in your way to pass
The silvery pond with its fringe of grass,
And, threading the lane hard by, to see
The veteran "*Elm of Newbury?*"

You saw how its roots had grasped the ground,
As if it had felt the earth went round,
And fastened them down, with determined will
To keep it steady, and hold it still.—
Its aged trunk, so stately and strong,
Has braved the blasts as they've rushed along,
Its head has towered, and its arms have spread,
While more than a hundred years have fled!

Well, that old elm, that is now so grand,
Was once a twig in the rustic hand
Of a youthful peasant, who went, one night,
To visit his love, by the tender light
Of the modest moon and her twinkling host,—
While the star that lighted his bosom most,
And gave to his lonely feet their speed,
Abode in a cottage beyond the mead!

'Twas the peaceful close of a summer's day;
Its glorious orb had passed away;
The toil of the field, till the morn, had ceased,
For a season of rest to man and beast.
The mother had silenced her humming wheel,
The father returned, for the evening meal,
The thanks of one who had chosen the part
Of the poor in spirit, the rich in heart,—
The good old man in his chair reclined,
At an humble door, with a peaceful mind,
While the drops from his sunburnt brow were dried
By the cool, sweet air of the eventide.

The son from the yoke had unlocked the bow,
Dismissing the faithful ox to go
And graze in the close. He had called the kine
For their oblation at day's decline.
He'd gathered and numbered the lambs and sheep,
And fastened them up in their nightly keep.
He'd stood by the coop till the hen could bring
Her huddling brood safe under her wing;
And made them secure from the hooting owl,
Whose midnight prey was the shrieking fowl.
When all was finished, he sped to the well
Where the old gray bucket hastily fell,

And the clear cold water came up to chase
The dust of the field from his neck and face,
And hands and feet, till the youth began
To look renewed in the outward man;
And soon arrayed in his Sunday's best,
The stiff new suit had done the rest;
And the hale, young lover was on his way,
Where, through the fen and the field it lay,
And over the bramble, the brake, and the grass,
As the shortest cut to the house of his lass.

It is not recorded how long he staid
In the cheerful home of the smiling maid;
But when he came out, it was late and dark,
And silent, — not even a dog would bark,
To take from his feeling of loneliness,
And make the length of his way seem less:
He thought it was strange, that the treacherous moon
Should have given the world the slip so soon;
And, whether the eyes of the girl had made
The stars of the sky in his own to fade,
Or not, it certainly seemed to him,
That each grew distant, and small, and dim;
And he shuddered to think he now was about
To take a long and a lonely route;
For he did not know what fearful sight
Might come to him through the shadows of night!

An Elm grew close by the cottage eaves;
So he plucked him a twig well clothed with leaves,
And sallying forth with the supple arm, —
To serve as a talisman parrying harm, —
He felt that, though his heart was so big,
'Twas even the stouter for having the twig
For this, he thought, would answer to switch
The horrors away, as he crossed the ditch,
The meadow and copse, wherein, perchance,
Will-o'-the-wisp might wickedly dance;
And wielding it, keep him from feeling a chill
At the menacing sound of "Whip-poor-will!"
And his flesh from creeping, beside the bog,
At the harsh, bass voice of the viewless frog: —
In short, he felt that the switch would be
Guard, plaything, business, and company!

When he got safe home, and joyfully found
He still was himself, and living, and sound,—
He planted the twig by his family cot,
To stand as a monument marking the spot
It helped him to reach; and,—what was still more,—
Because it had grown by his fair one's door.

The twig took root; and as time flew by,
Its boughs spread wide, and its head grew high;
While the priest's good service had long been done,
Which made the youth and the maiden one;
And their young scions arose and played
Around the tree, in its leafy shade.

But many and many a year has fled
Since they were gathered among the dead.
And now their names, with the moss o'ergrown,
Are veiled from sight on the churchyard stone,
That leans away, in a lingering fall,
And owns the power that shall level all
The works that the hand of man hath wrought,
Bring him to dust, and his name to nought;
While, near in view, and just beyond
The grassy skirts of the silver pond,
In its "green old age," stands the noble tree,
The veteran "*Elm of Newbury.*"

EXERCISE XIV.

THE FARMER. *Anonymous.*

[An example of *animated conversational style*, requiring attention, principally, to *easy, lively*, and *fluent utterance.*]

Of all the conditions of men,—and I have mingled with every variety,—I believe that none is so independent as that of an industrious, frugal, and sober farmer. None affords more the means of contentment and substantial enjoyment; none,—where early education has not been neglected,—presents better opportunities for moral and intellectual improvement; none calls more loudly for religious gratitude; none is suited to give a more lively and deeper impression of the goodness of God.

Some years since, I was travelling on horseback, in the most rugged parts of New Hampshire, among its craggy cliffs and rude and bold mountains, when I came suddenly upon a plain and moss-covered cottage, in the very bosom of a valley, where the brave settler had planted himself on a few acres of land, which alone seemed capable of cultivation. Every thing about the residence bespoke industry and care. Being fatigued, I stopped to ask refreshments for my horse.

A hale young girl, of about fifteen, bareheaded and barefooted, but perfectly modest and courteous, with all the ruddiness of Hebe, and all the nimbleness and vigour of Diana, went immediately for an armful of hay and a measure-full of oats, for my horse, and then kindly spread a table with a cloth as white as the snow-drift, and a bowl of pure milk and brown bread, for his rider. I never enjoyed a meal more. I offered the family pay for their hospitality; but they steadily refused, saying that I was welcome.

I was not willing thus to tax their kindness, and therefore took out a piece of money, to give to one of their children that stood near. "No," said one of the parents, "he must not take it; we have no use for money." "Heaven be praised," said I, "that I have found people without avarice! I will not corrupt you;" and, giving them a hearty thank-offering, wished them God's blessing, and took my leave.

Now here were these humble people, with a home which, if it were burned down to-day, their neighbours would rebuild for them to-morrow, — with clothing made from their own flocks by their own hands; with bread enough, and beef, pork, butter, cheese, milk, poultry, eggs, &c., in abundance; a good school for six months in the year, where their children probably learned more, because they knew the value of time, than those who were driven to school every day in the week and every week in the year; with a plain religious meeting on Sunday, where, without ostentation or parade, they meet their neighbours to exchange friendly salutations, to hear words of good moral counsel, and to worship God in the most simple, but not in the less acceptable, form; and, above all, here were hearts at peace with the world and with each other, full of hospitality to the passing stranger, uncankered by avarice, and undisturbed by ambition. Where upon earth, in an humble condition, or in any condition, shall we look for a more beautiful example of true independence, — for a brighter picture of the true philosophy of life?

EXERCISE XV.

THE IRON MINE OF DANNAMOURA. *Anon.*

[The following piece has the same general characteristics with the preceding, but rises, occasionally, to more vividness of style.]

The following description of this celebrated mine, is given in the letter of an American lady:

"The very curious and justly celebrated iron mine of Dannamoura, is situated about thirty miles from * Upsala, or about seventy-five north of Stockholm. You must not suppose that our curiosity led us ladies so far in order to see an *iron mine;* but as the gentlemen were so desirous of visiting it, we, not wishing to remain at Upsala without them, went to the great 'black hole' of Sweden. Nor have I now to regret that fatiguing day's ride of sixty miles, or the perils and alarms of the descent into those nether regions.

"This mine is the oldest in Sweden, and produces by far the best iron in Europe. It has been regularly worked for more than *four hundred years!* and many millions of tons of its precious ore, have been drawn up from its deep caverns. I say *precious ore,* because so eagerly sought after by the shrewd manufacturers of England. We were told that a company in Hull made a contract with the proprietors of the mine, for its whole produce, for *one hundred years,* which contract expired a short time since. A new one, for another *century* in prospective, has just been concluded with the same company.

"Formerly, this mine was worked in the usual manner, by sinking perpendicular shafts to a certain depth, and then excavating horizontally, leaving huge pillars of the ore to support the superincumbent stratum of rock. In the process of time, the immense depth of the mine made it more profitable to take off the whole roof of rock, and cut the vast columns down for other uses. Therefore, the mine which was once an immense subterranean arcade, with arches and pillars *three hundred feet high,* is now a yawning gulf, *five hundred feet deep,* by seven hundred long. Having long since extracted all the materials of the original pillars, they have again already worked their horizontal way far beneath the upper rocks, presenting a portico of jetty columns, hundreds of feet high, along the now lighted *façade* of the gulf.

* Pronounced, *Oop'sălă.*

"The refracted rays of daylight penetrate but a short way into the black corridors of this region of * Erebus. In the distant perspective were seen, by the lurid glare of a hundred torches, the Vulcan-like deities of the place, plying their huge hammers; the ring and clank of which, reverberating through the vaulted labyrinth, echoed louder than a thousand anvils, forging arms for a host of Titans.

"The mode of descent into these dominions of Chaos and Nox, is as singular as it is appalling, to one so unaccustomed as myself to such masculine enterprises.

"Curiosity! they say thy name is Woman; — and never shall I forget into what madcap scrapes thou hast often led me! Imbued with a full share of the weakness of my sex, I could not refrain from accompanying the gentlemen in their explorations. From the verge of an overhanging cliff of rock, a platform is projected, on which is erected a horse power machine, to which are attached two buckets, of about three feet diameter, into one of which two persons enter, and descend, while the other elevates ore. A miner stands on the rim of the bucket, in order to keep it from striking the rock.

"You can very readily imagine the difference between a descent down a *dark* shaft, where, when once one has dared to make the first step into the bucket, nothing is to be seen of the depths below, or of the dangers around, and that of being suspended over the brink of such an abyss, open to the daylight, where all the reality can be seen at a glance.

"After descending about one hundred feet along the perpendicular side of the upper crust of rock, one suddenly glides past its under surface, and in a minute is suspended in *mid air;* having no *terra firma* within hundreds of feet, — there, swinging about, like Montgolfier in the little basket of his first balloon.

"The sensation produced by this descending process, I should think is more like that felt by Monsieur Guille, when he cut loose in the first parachute that ever floated between earth and sky.

"We descended thus about five hundred feet, and then touched the pure ore at the bottom of the mine. Here we walked under the stupendous arches, and visited the extremity of the mine by torch-light. At the bottom, and exposed to the light, we saw a quantity of *ice*, which had lain there all the summer, and which never melts.

* Pronounced, *Ĕr'ebus.*

"Before I entered the dark caverns in front of me, I turned to look up, with a sort of regret for the pleasant world I had been so suddenly torn from, when, instead of being converted for my frailty, like her of old, into a pillar of salt, or iron, I was transfixed with surprise by the singular and unique scene I beheld.—When I was in the upper world, the sun shining brightly, the sky had its usual midday brilliancy.—From where I now stood, it assumed the dark azure of the early dawn; and I almost fancied I could see the faint twinkling of the stars. The blue canopy over my head was not like the light and concave firmament, seen from the *surface* of our sphere, with its extended horizon, either perfectly unbroken, or indented with the wavy lines of the distant hills. On the contrary, it seemed a dense, opaque, and flat cover to my black prison, shutting me out forever from the rest of creation; the steep, black walls, with their jagged skylines, resembling a wild cloud driven before the hurricane.

"The projecting points of rock above, with the persons moving on them, as seen through this hazy and uncertain medium, seemed to me like watchtowers and sentinels placed over the condemned. The torches, and the din below and around, with the swarthy forms of the genii of the place flitting across my path, saluting each other in their unknown jargon,—and, every now and then, the explosion of a blast, echoing from the yet unexplored depths, caused me almost to realize, in imagination, the *Inferno of* **Dante*."

EXERCISE XVI.

TO A FLOWER. *Procter.*

[This piece is an example of "pure tone," in the *subdued* forms of *tenderness* and *pathos*: the *utterance* is *gentle*, *low*, and *slow*; the articulation delicate, but distinct.]

DAWN, gentle flower,
From the morning earth!
We will gaze and wonder
At thy wondrous birth!

* Pronounced, *Dântay*.

Bloom, gentle flower!
 Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
 Fondled by the night!

Fade, gentle flower!
 All thy white leaves close;
Having shown thy beauty,
 Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,
 In the silent sun!
So, — all pangs are over,
 All thy tasks are done!

Day hath no more glory,
 Though he soars so high;
Thine is all *man's* story,
 Live, — and love, — and die!

EXERCISE XVII.

THE POET, THE OYSTER, AND THE SENSITIVE PLANT

Cowper.

[An example of *gay* and *humorous* style, requiring "*pure tone*," *full force*, *middle pitch*, and "*brisk movement*," with "*vanishing stress*," in the dialogue part.]

An oyster, cast upon the shore,
Was heard, though never heard before,
Complaining in a speech well worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded, —
"Ah! hapless wretch! — condemned to dwell
Forever in my native shell;
Ordained to move when others please, —
Not for my own content or ease;
But tossed and buffeted about, —
Now *in* the water and now *out*. —
'Twere better to be born a stone,
Of ruder shape, and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibilities so fine!

I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast-rooted against every rub." —
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough;
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied. —
("When," cry the botanists, and stare,
"Did plants called sensitive grow there?"
"No matter when: — a poet's muse is
To make them grow just where she chooses.")
"You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you;
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unlettered spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says, — 'Well, 'tis more than one would think!' —
Thus life is spent, (oh! fie upon't!)
In being touched, and crying — Don't!"
A poet, in his evening walk,
O'erheard and checked this idle talk.
"And your fine sense," he said, "and yours, —
Whatever evil it endures, —
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes, though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong:
Your feelings, in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.
You, in your grotto-work enclosed,
Complain of being thus exposed;
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at your throat,
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from every ill beside.
And as for you, my Lady Squeamish, —
Who reckon every touch a blemish, —
If all the plants that can be found
Embellishing the scene around,

Should droop and wither where they grow,
You would not feel at all, — not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love:
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine."
His censure reached them as he dealt it,
And each, by shrinking, showed he felt it.

EXERCISE XVIII.

FATA MORGANA. *Anon.*

[The following extract forms an example of *animated description*, implying "*pure tone*," *moderate force, and rate*, with *distinct pauses*.]

The singular aërial phenomenon, to which the name of **Fata Morgana* has been given, is observed in the Straits of Messina. This atmospherical refraction is not, however, altogether confined to that locality, it having occasionally been seen on our own coasts. But we will describe it as it there appears.

When the rising sun shines from that point whence its incident ray forms an angle of about 45° on the Sea of †Reggio, and the bright surface of the water in the bay is not disturbed either by the wind or current, — when the tide is at its height, and the waters are pressed up, by currents, to a great elevation in the middle of the channel, — the spectator being placed on an eminence, with his back to the sun, and his face to the sea, — the mountains of Messina rising like a wall behind it, and forming the background of the picture, — on a sudden, there appear on the water, as in a catoptric theatre, various multiplied objects, — numberless series of pilasters, arches, castles, well-delineated regular columns, lofty towers, superb palaces, with balconies and windows, extended alleys of trees, delightful plains, with herds and flocks, armies of men on foot, and on horseback, and many other things, in their natural colours and proper actions, passing rapidly in succession along the surface of the sea, during the whole of

* *A*, in these words, sounds as in *arm*. † Pronounced, *Raidjo*.

the short period of time while the above-mentioned causes remain.

All these figures, which are exhibited in the *Fata Morgana*, are proved by the accurate observations of the coast and town of Reggio, by * Minasi, to be derived from the reflection of objects on shore.

If, in addition to the circumstances we before described, the atmosphere be highly impregnated with vapour and dense exhalations, not previously dispersed by the action of the wind and waves, or rarefied by the sun, it then happens, that in this vapour, as in a curtain extended along the channel to the height of above forty palms, and nearly down to the sea, the observer will behold the scene of the same objects not only reflected from the surface of the sea, but likewise in the air, though not so distinctly or well defined as the former objects of the sea. Lastly, if the air be slightly hazy and opaque, and at the same time dewy, and adapted to form the iris, then the above-mentioned objects will appear only at the surface of the sea, as in the first case; but all vividly coloured or fringed with red, green, blue, and other prismatic colours

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EXERCISE XIX.

THE INSTRUCTIONS OF JESUS. *Hannah Adams.*

[An example of "*serious* and *grave* expression," in *didactic* style. Didactic compositions require, usually, *a very distinct enunciation*, a *firm* and *regular* style of *utterance*, rising, in *dignity* and *expression*, above the character of mere conversation.]

Our Lord cautions his hearers against extreme anxiety respecting their earthly subsistence, and gives a striking exhortation to trust in the providential care of our heavenly Father. It added a peculiar force to our Saviour's words, that they were delivered in view of the surrounding beauties of nature. He could point to the fowls of the air, and the flowers of the field, and show his auditors, that the whole creation attested the truth of his instructions. "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor

* Pronounced, *Meendzee.*

gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feedeth them; are ye not much better than they?" The ravens, in particular, are mentioned in Luke's Gospel, and our Lord, in directing his disciples to trust in God for their subsistence, bids them consider the ravens.

It may appear to some surprising, that so abject a creature should be so frequently recognized in Scripture, as an object of care to the Maker and Preserver of all things. When the Most High challenged Job out of the whirlwind, he demanded, "Who provided for the raven his food? When his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat." The Psalmist uses it as an argument for praising God. "The Lord giveth food to the young ravens which cry."

The ravens are sometimes driven rather prematurely from their nest, before they are all able to subsist by their own industry. In this case, pinched with hunger, and abandoned by their parents, they fill the air with their cries; as it were complaining to God concerning their destitute and helpless condition. Nor do they cry in vain; the almighty Benefactor supplies all their wants. But the care of Providence is not confined to the young. It extends also to their parents, (who "neither sow nor reap, have neither storehouse nor barn,") and provides food for them from His inexhaustible stores.

Even the meanness of the character of this bird, may serve the more strongly, in a considerate mind, to excite and establish a firm reliance on the wise and bountiful arrangements of Providence. The argument of our Lord is exceedingly strong and pointed. If the Almighty hear not in vain the croaking of a young raven, he surely will not turn a deaf ear to the supplications of his people.

Our divine Instructor again turns our attention to the beauties of nature, to demonstrate the providential care of our heavenly Father. "Consider," says he, "the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." "It is," says Sir J. E. Smith, "natural to presume that our Saviour, according to his usual custom, called the attention of his hearers to some object at hand; and as the fields of the Levant were overrun with the *amaryllis lutea*, whose golden liliaceous flowers, in autumn, afford one of the most brilliant and gorgeous objects in nature, the expression of, '*Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these*,' is peculiarly appropriate."

A description of probably the same species of flower, is

given by Mr. Salt, in his Voyage to Abyssinia. "At a few miles from Adowa," says he, "we discovered a new and beautiful species of *amaryllis*, which bore from ten to twelve spikes of bloom on each stem, springing from the common receptacle. The general colour of the corolla was white; and every petal was marked with a single streak of bright purple in the middle. The flower was sweet-scented; and its smell, though more powerful, resembled that of the lily of the valley."

Our Saviour's words, "Consider the lilies," &c. acquire additional force and beauty, when we call to mind, that they were suggested by the sight of the splendid species of lily which abounds in Palestine. We may imagine our Lord, when delivering his divine Sermon on the Mount, pointing to those superb flowers, which decked the surrounding plain, and deducing from their beauty lessons of contentment, and reliance on the bounty of our heavenly Father.

EXERCISE XX.

EVENING HYMN OF MIRIAM, IN THE "FALL OF JERUSALEM." *Milman.*

[This piece furnishes an example of the union of *solemnity* and *sublimity*. Its tone of utterance is "orotund" in the "effusive" form. The reading requires *a full-toned swell of voice*, and, at the same time, the most delicate attention to the form of *metre*, so as to render it *distinctly perceptible* to the ear, and yet *not to obtrude it*, or mark it *mechanically*.]

For thou wert born of woman! Thou didst come,
O Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strewed
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burned before thee on thy way.
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;

Nor stooped their lamps the enthronèd fires on high:
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky;
The eastern sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hushed to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub quires,
And seraphs' burning lyres,
Poured through the host of heaven the charmèd clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began, —
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone
That soft hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible angels mourned with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high,
From fatal Calvary,
With all thine own redeemed outbursting from their tombs.
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth;
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake:
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay,
Then basked in bright repose, beneath the cloudless sun
While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere yet the white-robed angel shone
Upon the sealèd stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,

Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew;
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few
Then calmly, slowly, didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

EXERCISE XXI.

A HYMN OF THE SEA. *Bryant.*

[This example of *blank verse* requires attention to the *full, slow,* and *stately* utterance, which is its appropriate characteristic. The style of the piece, throughout, is that of *sublimity,* mingled with *solemnity.* Deep notes, prolonged "*quantity,*" and full "*median stress,*" sustained by *perfectly distinct articulation,* are the main elements of *expressive effect,* in the reading of this piece. The "quality" is "effusive orotund."

The sea is mighty; but a Mightier sways
His restless billows.—Thou, whose hands have scooped
His boundless gulfs and built his shore, Thy breath,
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves,
To its strong motion roll, and rise, and fall.
Still from that realm of rain Thy cloud goes up,
As at the first, to water the great earth,
And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms
Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind,
And, in the dropping shower, with gladness hear
Thy promise of the harvest. I look forth
Over the boundless blue, where, joyously,
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun, at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung
In acclamation. I behold the ships
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening home
From the old world. It is Thy friendly breeze
That bears them, with the riches of the land,

And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
The shouting seaman climbs, and furls the sail.
But who shall bide Thy tempest, who shall face
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?
O God! Thy justice makes the world turn pale,
When on the armèd fleet, that royally
Bears down the surges, carrying war, to smite
Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm,
Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulks
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the sails
Fly, rent like waves of gossamer; the masts
Are snapped asunder; downward from the decks,
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,
Their cruel engines; and their hosts, arrayed
In trappings of the battle-field, are whelmed
By whirlpools, or dashed dead upon the rocks.
Then stand the nations still with awe, and pause,
A moment, from the bloody work of war.
These restless surges eat away the shores
Of earth's old continents; the fertile plain
Welters in shallows; headlands crumble down;
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets
Of the drowned city. Thou, meanwhile, afar
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters, and the line
Sinks deepest,—where no eye beholds thy work,—
Creator! Thou dost teach the coral worm
To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age,
He builds beneath the waters, till, at last,
The bulwarks overtop the brine, and check
The long wave rolling from the southern pole
To break upon Japan. Thou bidd'st the fires,
That smoulder under ocean, heave on high
The new-made mountains, and uplift their peaks,
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
The birds and wafting willows plant the rifts
With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush; sweet airs
Ripple the living lakes, that, fringed with flowers,
Are gathered in the hollows. Thou dost look
On Thy creation, and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,
Praise Thee, in silent beauty; and its woods,
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

EXERCISE XXII.

EVENING. *Margaret Davidson.*

[An example of perfect *tranquillity* and "*pure tone*," in its "*subdued*" form. A *soft*, but *clear* and *distinct* utterance prevails, throughout the reading. The "movement" is "*slow*;" and the *pauses* are *long*.]

O'ER the broad vault of heaven, so calmly bright,
Twilight has gently drawn her veil of gray,
And tinged with sombre hue the golden clouds,
Fast fading into nothing.——————
Fair empress of the sky! while viewing thee,
A sweet and pensive calm o'erspreads my soul;—
Unerring Memory hastens to my aid:
With her, I view again my own dear home,—
My native village, 'neath thy cloudless sky
Serenely sleeping:——————
Thy rays are dancing on the gentle river,
In one unbroken stream of molten silver,
And marking, in the glassy Saranac,
Thy graceful outline; while the fairy isles
Which on its bosom rest, are slumbering
In thy light, and the fair branches, bending
O'er the wave, turn their green leaves above,
And bathe in one celestial flood of glory.
There, on its banks, I view the dear old home,
That ever loved and blooming theatre,
Where those I most revered have borne their parts,
Amid its changing scenes. Before the threshold
Tower the lofty trees; and each high branch
Is gently rocking in the summer breeze,
And sending forth a low, sweet murmur,
Like the soft breathings of a seraph's harp.
Around its humble porch entwines the vine;
While the sweetbrier and the blushing rose
Now hang their heads in slumber, and the grass
And fragrant clover scent the loaded air.
O my loved home! how gladly would I rove
Amid thy soft retreats, and from decay
Protect thy mouldering mansion, tend thy flowers,
Prune the wild boughs, and there in solitude

Listless remain, unknowing and unknown! —
Oh! no, not quite alone, for memory,
And hope, and fond delight, shall mingle there

EXERCISE XXIII.

THE RHINE. *Anon.*

[The following extract is an example of *lively* and *beautiful description:* it requires the "*animated*" utterance of "*pure tone,*" in its *moderate* force. The "*movement*" is varied with the character of the scene, — *slow,* where it is *majestic,* — *rapid,* where it is *abrupt.*]

My second day upon the Rhine was more interesting than my first. The scenery was wilder; the castles were gloomier. The rush of water was more rapid, and in a narrower bed, through narrower defiles.

An excellent road runs all along the banks of the river, at the foot of the mountains. The Englishman's coach was often seen upon it. The bugle of the Prussian postilion would sound now and then, and echo from hill to hill. Here and there was a cross, with some woman kneeling at its foot. The church bell would strike at times; the drum of the soldier was often rolled. Here, a chateau; there, the thickly clustering vineyards. Here, peeping over the cliffs on the plains above, the rich golden harvests waving in the breeze; — and there, the hills feathered with little trees. Now the Rhine would branch off into the broad lake in quiet beauty, and, pent up among the mountains, hiding its ingress and egress too, quite deceive you; — and anon it would foam, and fret, and chafe, in anger as it were, that it was passing in such a wild defile.

Glorious river! — glorious in fact, and in fancy, too. Of all the things around, thou art alone unchanged. Castle has fallen; nations have thrown their flags upon thy cliffs; war has often vexed thy bosom; — but thou art the same as ever, in perpetual youth and beauty; and one does not marvel why feudal lord and fiery chief should seek thy sweet repose.

All now is ruins, ruins, on the peak of almost every lofty cliff, — prettier, lighter, more classic, than the Gothic ruins of English castles. What dens for robbery on the far-reaching Rhine, its petty lords threw up! What a state of society,

too, that must have been, when man was only safe within thick wall and moated ditch! These petty castles ever put me in mind of the Indian warfare, and the little block-houses to which our fathers rushed for safety from the tomahawk. Barbarian man here was but little better than the savage. If it had not been for Christianity, with its voice of peace, to soften the ferocity of the times, would man have ever advanced, and would the college and the scholar have ever divided sway with the axe and blunderbuss?

The ancient fort of * Rheinfelz is now in view. The best comment I can make upon it, is — none at all; for silence often speaks what words cannot. Wilder and wilder the country is. An enormous rock, called Lurleyberg, is on our left. A curious echo is here. Some workmen on the road blew a blast on the bugle to astonish us. Our captain fired off a small piece of cannon; the boatmen of the Rhine here crying, "Lureley," "Lureley!" invoking the water-spirit that has dominion here; — and "Lureley" responds from her rocky mouths.

I love these little superstitions. They make us think of others than ourselves. They show that we are not all of earth.

And yet wilder and wilder the scenery is. The early messengers of Heaven made their first lodgments here among these rocks, and spread Christianity among the fishermen of the Rhine.

The Rhine narrows, and the whirlpools form. Our steamer staggered in the current. The boatmen ran their rafts through this wild pass in safety, by attaching a large trunk of a tree to the left side of one; which trunk is loosened when the whirlpool is approached, so as to be only connected with the prow. The whirlpool swallows this up; and thus the raft is attracted to the left bank, and kept in the proper stream. The river here opens into a lake enclosed in rocks. Oberwessel is in sight, with its Gothic church and chapel.

The castle of † Pfalz is situated in the centre of the river. Pfalz was probably built on this island as a toll-house of the Rhine, to stop the boats that would not pay the tolls. It is a queer place, — with a curious staircase to the door of the castle, which is high up, — to be free from the river floods. Here ‡ Blucher crossed the Rhine, when on his way to make an end, at Waterloo, of the robber of a world.

* *Rinefailts* † *Pfâlts*, — *a*, as in *arm*. ‡ *Blooher*, — *h* guttural.

Just as I began to be weary of being pent up among the hills, with only vineyards on the rocks in my eye, and I might say I had seen enough of castles, as we passed a cluster of them at * Asmannhausen, and as six horses took our steamer in tow over a ridge of rocks which cross the river at the † Bingerloch,—the open, broad-spread vale of the ‡ Rheingau, was in sight, stretching as far onward as I could see, —towns and chateaux on the right and left, —vineyards as famous as any in the world, — and the rich mellow cornfields, now thoroughly ripened by the long summer sun.

The Rhine seems to have been formed for the purpose of charming the eye, in exhibiting delightful contrasts. As you begin your voyage towards its source, all is dull; and your expectations are sadly damped. All at once, comes the Drachenfelz, and ruin and ragged cliff. Then the wild passes of which I have written, with their whirlpools and wilderness of rocks; and then, as you have had enough of this, the Rheingau opens with the panorama of every thing you have seen before, specimens of each, all grouped for one glance of the eye. Wealth, taste, power, rank, in all times have sought a home within the Rheingau, or near about it

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EXERCISE XXIV.

THE FERRYMAN'S DAUGHTER. *T. C. Grattan.*

[The following narrative is designed as an exercise in *vivid* and *varied* "expression." It commences with the *tones* of *repose* and *tranquillity*, proceeds to those of *awe*, *fear*, and *intense agitation*. The force varies from "*subdued*" "*pure tone*" to "*shouting*,"—the "*pitch*," from "*middle*" or "*high*" to "*very low*,"—the "*movement*," from "*slow*" to "*rapid*:" the "*stress*" shifts from "*medium*" to "*radical*" and "*vanishing*." The latter part of the piece demands *the most powerful effect* of every "*expressive*" element of voice.]

It is a pleasant arrangement among the peasantry of all countries, that the "daily bread" for which the fathers work so hard, is brought to them by one of their children. This may appear a small matter; but time and circumstances

* *Asmanhousen.* † *ng*, as in *singer*; *ch*, as a guttural *h*. ‡ *Rinegow.*

often give great importance to small matters. The precision with which the German labourers rest from their toil, at ten o'clock in the morning, would of itself make one attach an exclusive value to that chosen hour. The thought that so many thousands of rural workmen are at that given moment reposing on the broad lap of nature, picturesquely served by their sons or daughters, and taking their simple refreshment, with wholesome appetites and thankful hearts, is a pleasant thought. It is pleasanter still to look closely on some group in your field or your garden, so employed; and the preparatory hand-washing in the nearest fountain or stream, might prepare you to expect a ceremony more elaborate than that of sitting down to eat a section of dry brown bread, — poetically called *black;* — for the national motto of Germany, — "Black-bread and Freedom," — is as much an exaggeration of fancy with regard to the *food* as to the *freedom.*

This is the morning lunch of Germany; and the afternoon lunch is at four o'clock, — a connecting link between dinner and supper. Now happy is the man whose wife can afford to send him a jug of coffee, at these middle meals; and happy was * Johan Reisacher. Not that he had a wife, at the time I knew him, but just a maiden sister, who made his bed, his soup, and his coffee, with due attention and regularity. He *had*, however, a daughter, — the child of his old age, the consolation of the widower, his every-day companion out of school-hours, the knitter and mender of his stockings, and the Hebe of his afternoon repast.

Susannah Reisacher was one of those hardy, straight-forward, strong-built, and sober-minded children that we meet with now and then; and, at the first glance, we assure ourselves that, be their condition what it may, they will inevitably make the best of it, and thrive progressively through life, without any other distinction than that of always doing their duty. Susannah fully bore out the promise of her countenance. She was one of the most diligent and orderly scholars of Sasbach school, the most attentive to the duties of household affairs, and steady, beyond comparison, in those she owed to her old father and her elderly aunt. She was twelve years old, when she first attracted my notice; and her father had been ferryman of Sasbach, in the district or parish of Breisach, for more than double that number of years. And it must be confessed that old Reisacher had the appearance of

* Pronounced, *Yohân Risacher*, — *ch* sounding like a very harsh *h*.

one who had been blown about by the *east* winds of life. He looked more worn than his thread-bare gray jacket; and yet there was an air of precaution and economy about him, that promised an unusual length of days, both to himself and to his wardrobe. He was the oracle of his village, and a remarkable man in his way. He could ascertain when a dog or a cow had been looked at by an evil eye, and, if invoked, would counteract this spell, by burning certain withered leaves at midnight, in presence of the afflicted quadruped. He could, moreover, stop the gaping mouths of insignificant wounds by the mysterious utterance of two or three sentences, (which no one ever heard;) and these, (when assisted by cobwebs, or certain chewed leaves,) have been known to produce miraculous results.

But I must not trust myself with the precise detail of his many superfluous accomplishments. Let those already mentioned suffice; and let him stand out in my picture as a part and parcel of a group in which he does not form the principal figure, — an adjunct of that deep-rolling river on which my scene is laid, in which he enthusiastically gloried, from a conviction that he somehow, — he knew not *how*, — belonged to it, or it to him. He often used to say, as he looked on it in its angry moods, that it was "horribly beautiful;" and such it certainly was on the day that forms the epoch of my *sketch*.

It was, within a few minutes more or less, just four o'clock, on the 15th of September, 1831, when I resolved to cross by the Sasbach ferry, and resume my evening walk on the other side of the river; for the midday meal had been long over, and like all eaten bread, soon forgotten. But, on approaching the well-known boat, I paused to observe the innocent appropriation of the hour, on the part of my old acquaintance and his young attendant. There stood Susannah in the middle of the boat, — her feet and legs unconscious of shoes and stockings; and there sat old Johan, at one end of it, indulging in all the garrulous greetings common to the proprietors of wrinkles and gray hairs. The coffee-jug, which he at times applied to his lips, seemed to liquidize his imagination; and from his smiles and gestures, I could fancy him in a diluted state of feeling altogether amiable. The black bread remained beside him for graver discussion. But, just at this moment, I was unfortunately perceived, and the meal came to an untimely end.

With all the ready bustle of one who wisely and habitually considers his business as of more importance than his ease,

friend Reisacher rose from his seat, laid his hand on the oar, declared himself ready, with his usual obstinate activity; and, on my stepping into the boat, he proceeded to make his angular transit, first against the current, and then with it, with geometrical precision; and, in five minutes, we were at the opposite side of the river, which moved on in a sullen swell, reflecting the dark and heavy autumn clouds that rolled slowly above. During those five minutes, I had succeeded in tempting the venerable *connoisseur* to accompany me to a village not quite half a league from the ferry, for the purpose of looking at a wood-ranger's horse, which, making liberal allowance for the errors of its education, and its potato diet, was very much the sort of an animal that I had a mind to purchase.

To ask the opinion of Johan Reisacher, on such a matter, was to bind him to you forever.

"Susannah, child," said the old man, "keep the boat here, and wait for me. I shall be back in *three little half-hours.* Let no one persuade you to cross; for the wind is rising, and the current is very strong; and the weather seems upon the change: I feel that we shall have a squally evening. But I shall be with you in time to take you home, and excuse you from your good aunt Lena's scolding for staying out so long." And so saying, he drew up, coiled the rope round a tree hard by; and away we went, the weather-seer carefully avoiding to look up at the sky, (which could have told any fool that bad weather was coming,) lest his atmospheric sagacity might appear less profound than he meant me to believe it.

Susannah took out her blue worsted stocking, and multiplied its parallelograms, comfortably indifferent to the cold gusts that swept across the valley.

But after a time, the heavy cloud which old Reisacher preferred not seeing, and the chilling wind which his daughter seemed determined not to feel, began to burst and hiss; and a sudden stop was put to one of my companion's vainglorious panegyrics on his own infallibility of judgment in matters of horse-flesh, by a loud crash of thunder.

"There will be a storm," said I.

"Ay, indeed there will; but I scarcely thought it would be so bad as what is coming," replied Johan, thoughtfully, and staring full in the face of the lowering sky. "Yet the child need not get wet for all that, unless she likes it; for is not there the old tarpauling and the oars, whereof she may make a covering?"

I saw clearly that old Reisacher was appealing to himself, rather than to me; so I waited until his inclination prompted him to step out faster on our way to the wood-ranger's house, which we at last reached, as nearly wet through as it was possible to be. The wood-ranger was at home, but the horse was not; and the storm increased, and so, at last, did the father's anxiety about his only child.

* "I must go back," said he, gazing from the eminence we stood on, back towards the Rhine; "Susannah will be frightened. Pray look at the river, sir; I never saw it more furious, and never so suddenly aroused."

"It is a fine sight to look at, from this safe distance," said I; "but it has few charms for the poor fellows in that boat, that is tossed about so roughly."

"'Tis true, sir; I doubt if it be not in great danger," observed Johan, eying keenly the wave-buffeted little craft to which I called his attention. It was heavily laden with a large freight of firewood, so heavily that even in the smoothest weather, the gunwale would have touched the water's edge. It was in the middle of the river, endeavouring to force its way up against the stream, by the aid of a square and tattered-looking sail; but every effort of the men who managed it was baffled by the extreme violence of the waves, which we could plainly see washing clean over it from stem to stern.

"I'll just wish you good evening, sir, and hurry on to the ferry: and I hope the boat may have succeeded in passing it before I arrive; for that ledge of rock, just above the station, is hard to steer past in such a dreadful squall," said my companion, with benevolent anxiety. But I was not disposed to part with him thus. The danger to which the unhappy boatmen were exposed, was attraction sufficient to lead me closer to the scene; and old Johan and I proceeded rapidly together on our way back, hurried silently forward by the force of mere excitement, and never losing sight of the struggling vessel, which, though it made scarcely any way, was nevertheless gaining on us, as we approached the ferry in a now nearly parallel line with the river.

Every moment that led us nearer, showed us the increasing peril of the frail craft; and I thought I could distinguish at times a despairing cry for aid, from the two men who were

* If the arangement of lessons in a school, should not allow time to read the whole of this piece, at once, it may be divided here.

imperfectly managing her, and whose gestures, as she was heavily tossed to and fro by the angry swell, spoke a plain story of terrified helplessness. — A hollow in the road made us lose sight of her, for a few minutes; and as we ascended again, in breathless impatience, we caught a new view, which confirmed our worst forebodings. The boat, either from the rudder being unshipped, or the man at the helm being washed down by a wave, had turned completely round, and was swept across to almost the other side of the river, by the strong side wind, and the violent eddy. Every wave threatened to swamp it altogether; and it was drifting fast into the ledge of rocks alluded to by Reisacher, and over which there was now a foam of breakers scarcely to be believed by any one who has not seen the Rhine in one of its angriest moods. We were now within a few hundred yards of the ferry.

The cries for help were less frequent; for there was, to all appearance, no help at hand. — Four or five peasants, men and women, stood at different points on the banks, throwing up their hands, and screaming unavailing advice or consolation to the poor boatmen; and, now and then, the dismal echo of their shouts was felt rather than heard, as I and my old companion ran along the slippery road.

In a few minutes more, the boat drifted into an eddy most particularly dreaded by the old ferryman.

"It's all over with her now; and there she goes, sure enough!" exclaimed Reisacher, as a powerful wave caught the boat under the side, and turned it keel upwards.

"They must be lost before we can reach the river," added he, catching at the railing by the roadside, overcome by agitation and exertion, while I stopped to recover my breath, and stared down into the river from the precipitate bank. The rain now swept in sheets up the stream, and almost hid every object upon it; but I fancied I distinguished, like a phantom boat in the mist, old Johan's little skiff, striving to plunge through the waves, and rocked like a cradle by the opposing influence of wind and tide.

"No, it cannot be! Yet — yes, it is, it is Susannah, striving to steer towards the wreck!" exclaimed I, involuntarily. The old man's eyes, dim from age, but their vision quickened by affection, were fixed, like mine, in straining scrutiny; and when his gaze was sure of its object, he cried out in a tone of bitterest anguish, —

"Oh! my child! my Susannah! — It *is* she, — it *is* the boat.

She will perish. Oh! save her! save her! great God!" And, with incredible speed, he darted away from our resting-place. I soon overtook him, and supported him on my arm, as he tottered, panting and exhausted, to the tree against which his little skiff had been erewhile coiled. We now saw it within fifty yards of us, on the boiling surf, and the heroic child,—her young heart buoyant with pity's life-blood,—working her helm-like oar with all her strength, and looking pale and stern at the rain and the waves, which drenched her through and through,—at the furious wind, which had loosened her long hair, and sent it streaming around her,—and at the broad lightning, which gave, at intervals, a supernatural hue to her whole person. She was, in a minute or two more, in the power of the formidable current, in which the half-drowned men now clung to their boat; and she was in nearly as much danger as they were. It was a moment of actual distraction for her father, and of indescribable awe to me. I never shall forget the sensation of that fearful interval of suspense.

The gray-headed old man now gasped convulsively; and, wildly stretching forth his arms, he flung himself on the earth, as if to shut out the scene of almost inevitable death. The despairing men were, with hoarse, faint voices, hailing and cheering on the intrepid girl, and giving what snatches of instruction they could utter, as to the means of approaching them. But, alas! the utmost strength of a child, fortified, as it must have been, by a powerful feeling of religious confidence and a noble courage, was insufficient for so severe a struggle; and I had the deep anguish of seeing the wreck, and the forlorn brothers who hung upon it with a fierce yet enfeebled grasp, sweep by, within a dozen yards of the ferry-boat.

At this moment old Reisacher started up, and he would have plunged into the merciless river, had I not forcibly held him back; but, screaming louder than the storm, his voice now reached Susannah; and it seemed at once to paralyze all her power and skill. She cast her looks by turns on the wretched objects she would have saved, and on the half-maddened parent who seemed rushing in a frantic effort to assist her.

At this crisis, Martin * Buckholz, one of the brothers, perceiving that their combined hope of safety depended entirely

* Pronounced, *Bookholts.*

on the possibility of his gaining the ferry-boat, — for his companion could not swim, — resolved to trust himself, inexpert, exhausted, and encumbered as he was, to the chances of the torrent. He slipped down into the water, struck out his new-nerved arms, to buffet every wave; and rolling and plunging with the fierce energy of despair, he, little by little, approached the skiff. Susannah regained her presence of mind; and she laboured at her oar with renewed strength and redoubled efforts. She soon met the bold swimmer: he grasped the prow, — heaved himself up the side, — caught the oar from his preserver's hands, — and though now a considerable distance from the heavy-rolling wreck, he came up with it just as his brother was fainting from exhaustion and terror, and lifted him safely into the skiff.

And how to describe old Reisacher's delight, quick following his despair, as he saw the ferry-boat bounding triumphantly across the waves, with its miraculously-rescued freight! — the tears, the blessings, the thanksgivings, — the love, the pride, the gratitude, — all fell down in plenteous showers upon the head of his child, or rose up to Heaven in fervent but silent thought.

Susannah, — calm, modest, and apparently unconscious in the midst of all our united praise and admiration, — was destined to the conviction that she had done a virtuous and heroic action without knowing, at the time, its uncommon merit.

The Grand Duke of Baden, on hearing the circumstance, was pleased to bestow a gratuity of two hundred florins on our little heroine, together with a medal, as a special mark of distinction, bearing the inscription, "She trusted in God." She was, when I last saw her, a year after the adventure, receiving the full benefit of an excellent education; for some voluntary subscriptions procured her many additional advantages; and she walked at the head of her village schoolfellows, in their daily promenades, with a step as composed, and a look as unassuming, as before the event which has given her name its local immortality.

Since the year 1831, my friend Reisacher has lost his old sister, and given up the ferry. But the gratitude of Martin and George Buckholz does not allow him to want the comforts of a house in his old age; and I should not be at all surprised to hear at any day, — for Susannah is now seventeen, — that the gratitude of Martin, who is still unmarried,

was about to give a still more permanent expression of his attachment to the younger remaining member of the female branch of the Reisacher family.

EXERCISE XXV

STANZAS. *R. H. Wilde.*

[An example of *pathos*, requiring the "*subdued*" force of "*pure tone*," "*semitonic*" "*slides*," and "*minor*" cadences, throughout. The "*movement*" is "*slow*," — the "*stress*," *prolonged and gentle* "*median*."]

My life is like the summer rose
  That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
  Is scattered on the ground — to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see; —
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
  That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, — its date is brief, —
  Restless, — and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree; —
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
  Have left on Tampa's desert strand:
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
  All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea; —
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

EXERCISE XXVI.

THE CHILD ANGEL. — A DREAM. *Charles Lamb.*

[The *gentle tone* of *tranquillity* and *poetic beauty*, of *tenderness* and *admiration*, prevail throughout this piece. The "*movement*" is *moderately slow*, — the "*stress*" a *very delicate* "*median*." "*Pure*" "*oral*" tone characterizes the "*quality*" of voice.]

I CHANCED upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream, the other night, that you shall hear of. — I had been reading the "Loves of the Angels," and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and, I remember, the last waking thought which I gave expression to, on my pillow, was a sort of wonder, "what would come of it!"

I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could scarcely make out, — but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither, — but a kind of fairy-land heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

Methought — what wild things dreams are! — I was present, — at what would you imagine? — at an angel's "gossipping!"

Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely out of its own head, neither you nor I know; — but there lay, sure enough, wrapped in its little cloudy swaddling-bands, — a child angel.

Sun-threads, — filmy beams, — ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes; which, when it did, first one, and then the other, — with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dim the expanding eyelids of mortal infants, but as if to explore its path, in those its unhereditary palaces, — what an inextinguishable titter, that time, spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my seeming, — oh! the inexplicable simpleness of dreams! — bowls of that cheering nectar,

"Which mortals *caudle* call below."

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants, — stricken in

years, as it might seem, — so dexterous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet with terrestrial child-rites the young *present* which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony, as those by which the spheres are tutored, but, as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes, muffled; so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And, with the noise of those subdued soundings, the angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiment of pinions, — but forthwith flagged, and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven, — a year in dreams is as a day, — continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings; but, — wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, — anon it was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering, — still caught by angel hands, — forever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigor of heaven.

And a name was given to the babe angel, and it was to be called *Ge-Urania*, because its production was of earth and heaven.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces: but it was to know weakness and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings, (like the human,) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those intuitive essences, — with pain and strife to their natures, (not grief,) put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their ethereal minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination, (as must needs be,) of the half-earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repel, (by reason that their nature is, to know all things at once,) the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that humility and aspiration went on even-paced, in the instruction of the glorious *amphibium*.

But, by reason that mature humanity is too gross to breathe the air of that super-subtile region, its portion was, and is, to be a child forever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-

matured angels tended it by turns, in the purlieus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came. So Love, with voluntary humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted.

And myriads of years rolled round, — in dreams time is nothing, — and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the tutelar genius of childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone-sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Adah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A mournful hue overcast its lineaments; nevertheless, a correspondence is between the child by the grave and that celestial orphan whom I saw above; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is a shadow or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestrial. And this correspondence is not to be understood but by dreams.

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love, — such power had parental love, for a moment to suspend the else irrevocable law, — appeared, for a brief instant, in his station; and, depositing a wondrous birth, straightway disappeared; and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same babe, who goeth lame and lovely; — but Adah sleepeth by the river Pison.

EXERCISE XXVII.

CHARACTER OF LUCRETIA DAVIDSON. *Miss Sedgwick.*

[An example of "*serious*" style, requiring the "*moderate*" force of "*pure tone*," — "*pitch*," *moderately* "*low*," — "*movement*," *deliberate*. The style of *enunciation* should be *gentle*, but perfectly *clear* and *distinct*.]

We copy the subjoined paragraph from the biographical sketch of Lucretia, prefixed to her poem, "Amir Khan." "Her poetical writings, which have been collected, amount in all to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces of various lengths. When it is considered that there are among these

at least five regular poems, of several cantos each, some estimate may be formed of her poetical labors. Besides these were twenty-four school exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age, and about forty letters, in a few months, to her mother alone." This statement does not comprise the large proportion, — at least one third of the whole, — which she destroyed.

The genius of Lucretia Davidson has had the meed of far more authoritative praise than ours. The following tribute is from the "London Quarterly Review," — a source whence praise of American productions is as rare as springs in the desert. The notice is by Mr. Southey, and is written with the earnest feeling that characterizes that author, as generous as he is discriminating. "In these poems," ("Amir Khan," &c.) "there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons, and the friends and parents, of the deceased, could have formed."

But, prodigious as the genius of this young creature was, still marvellous, — after all the abatements that may be made for precociousness and morbid development, — there is something yet more captivating in her moral loveliness. Her modesty was not the infusion of another mind, not the result of cultivation, not the effect of good taste; nor was it a veil cautiously assumed and gracefully worn; but an innate quality, that made her shrink from incense, even though the censer were sanctified by love. Her mind was like the exquisite mirror, that cannot be stained by human breath.

Few may have been gifted with her genius, but all can imitate her virtues. There is a universality in the holy sense of duty, that regulated her life. Few young ladies will be called on to renounce the muses for domestic duties; but many may imitate Lucretia Davidson's meek self-sacrifice, by relinquishing some favourite pursuit, some darling object, for the sake of an humble and unpraised duty; and, if few can attain her excellence, all may imitate her in gentleness, humility, industry, and fidelity to her domestic affections. We may apply to her the beautiful lines, in which she describes one of those

"——— forms, that, wove in fancy's loom,
Float in light visions round the poet's head."

"She was a being formed to love and bless,
With lavish nature's richest loveliness;

Such I have often seen in fancy's eye,
Beings too bright for dull mortality.
I've seen them in the visions of the night,
I've faintly seen them, when enough of light
And dim distinctness, gave them to my gaze,
As forms of other worlds, or brighter days."

EXERCISE XXVIII.

TO MY MOTHER. *Lucretia Davidson.*

[This extract exemplifies the emotions of *pathos* and *tenderness*, expressed in the "*subdued*" form of "*pure tone*." The "*force*" of utterance, in the reading of the following lines, is *gentle*,—the "*pitch*" *high*,—the "*movement*" *slow*. "*Median stress*," with *a prolonged and delicate swell*, prevails throughout.]

O THOU whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove;—

To thee my lay is due,—the simple song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

Oh! say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbbed, like thine, for me?
Who would have smiled responsive?—who, in grief,
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieved like thee?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart, with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and woe?

None but a mother,—none but one like tnee,
  Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
  Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
  By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom,—
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
  That woe hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

Oh! then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
  Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
  Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

EXERCISE XXIX.

THE PLANET JUPITER. *Anon.*

[*Descriptive style*, of *serious* and *sublime* character, as in the following passage, requires a *firm* and *distinct utterance*, "*grave*" *tone*, *slow* "*movement*," and *long pauses*. The closing part is in "*orotund quality*," owing to the increased *force* and *depth of feeling*.]

JUPITER is the largest of all the planets of our system; it surpasses the Earth in superficies more than 120 times. This immense body revolves about its axis in the short period of not quite ten hours; and this rapid rotation, common to the three greater planets, Jupiter, Saturn, and U'rănus, seems to be one of the means by which nature calls forth in their atmospheres, processes conducive to the generation of light and heat by the solar rays, which operate in these planets with less force, owing to the increased distance. The day of these three planets, is, accordingly, far shorter than our day; for instance, Jupiter's day is not half so long as ours; but the splendid illumination of Jupiter's nights by four moons, to which subject I shall advert presently, seems to do away, to a certain degree, with the difference between day and night.

The plane of the equator of this planet, forms with the plane of its orbit an angle which the most careful observations have determined to be only three degrees; and the trop-

ics are nearly coincident with the equator. Hence it follows that the state of the atmosphere, in Jupiter, must constantly resemble that which takes place on the Earth, at the time of the equinox, when the sun enters the equator. The climate, therefore, must be uniformly mild, as with us in spring or autumn. On our Earth, the torrid zone extends twenty-three degrees on each side of the equator; and the two frigid zones occupy the like number of degrees; whereas, in Jupiter, according to the above data, the torrid zone comprehends altogether only six degrees; and the two frigid zones embrace, between them, but the same space; so that nearly the whole of the surface of this remarkable planet belongs to the temperate zones. Its vegetation consequently enjoys uninterruptedly that equinoctial temperature which authorizes us to attribute to it the equally uninterrupted production of flowers and fruit. In short, this planet must be covered with everlasting verdure, and enjoy a mild climate, all the year round.

This invariable state of the atmosphere, at least in an astronomical sense, combined with the almost constant equality of day and night, must impart a similar character of equality to the affairs of life; and it thus announces something more constant, more permanent, and more nearly perfect. We must likewise take into account the length of Jupiter's year, which is nearly twelve times as long as ours; from which circumstance Schubert draws the conclusion, that life in Jupiter must be very different from life upon the Earth. "There," says he, "a girl of sixteen has the experience of nearly two centuries; and whoever has seen eighty revolutions of the sun, has attained the age of Methuselah."

If Jupiter appears to us, from what has been already stated, in a very agreeable light, the four moons attached to this planet, contribute greatly to its further embellishment; and there are arrangements connected with them, which leave no room for doubt respecting the beneficent intentions of Providence for the uninterrupted illumination of Jupiter's nights. By the most sublime analysis, Laplace has incontestably demonstrated that these moons can never be dark, or new, at one and the same time, and that, consequently, the inhabitants of Jupiter are always sure of the light of at least one of these luminaries.

This provision of Supreme Intelligence furnishes an additional ground for our conjecture of an increased perfection of things in Jupiter; and, as far as we can form any conception of the physical constitution of this planet, and the econ-

omy of life resulting from it, we are forced to admit that at least many of its arrangements are on a larger and grander scale. Jupiter, as we have already intimated, forms the commencement of a totally different planetary existence; and science cannot forbear deploring those barriers which oppose its progress, and confine it to conjecture, when, urged by awakened curiosity, it would fain penetrate, with all its attributes of sense, into the magic scenes, into the delicious plains, of this vast and beautiful planet, lighted by four moons, and shaded by a luxuriant and ever-flourishing vegetation.

EXERCISE XXX.

FATE OF MISSOLONGHI. *Fabre.*

[In historical narration, and, particularly, in the description of scenes of military achievement, or of warlike character, the style of reading demands an utterance varying from the "*grave*" and "*serious*" to the "*animated*" and the *powerfully expressive*, as the natural language of *intense excitement.*]

In the revolutionary struggle which terminated in the independence of modern Greece, the garrison of *Missolonghi, — after having been disappointed in all their hopes of aid, feeling their ramparts crumbling under their feet, seeing their fathers, their wives, and their children perishing by famine, — sent a communication to the only corps able to give them any succour, that of †Kairaskaki, requesting it to attack the rear of the enemy, on a certain day, and to announce its arrival by a general discharge of musketry; at which moment the garrison would make a sortie, and endeavour to cut their way through the besieging army. On the appointed day, the population of Missolonghi was assembled. There remained three thousand soldiers, including those who, although sick or wounded, were capable of marching with the assistance of their comrades, a thousand artificers, or other men unused to fighting, and about five thousand women and children.

The Grecian women, who fancied themselves strong enough to brave the fatigue and danger of the sortie, dressed themselves in men's clothes, in order that if they were unable

* Pronounced, *Missolonghee.* † Pronounced, *Kīras'kăkee.*

to escape the enemy, they might be mistaken for soldiers, and put to death instantly. Many of them hung round their necks, and round the necks of their children, as a protecting talisman, the revered relics of their ancestors; and wore concealed daggers, with which either to strike the enemy, or to secure their not being taken alive.—Those whose weakness forbade them to follow the troops, joined the desperately wounded, the sick, the aged, and the infants, and resolved to bury themselves in the ruins of the town.—It was a terrible moment.

Almost all the families of Missolonghi were divided into two parts;—those who remained in expectation of death, and those who were on the point of rushing forth to vengeance and to new dangers. The hardiest warriors were subdued to tears; and the bravest hearts quailed at the approaching separation. All these preparations were, however, rendered abortive by the infamous treachery of a Bulgarian soldier, who had deserted to Ibrahim, the Turkish commander, and disclosed the whole plan. The Turks suddenly attacked the town, and bathed themselves in Christian blood. The scene that followed was hideous. "But one voice was heard among the despairing women," says an eye-witness:—"To the sea! to the sea!" Many precipitated themselves into the wells, into which they first threw their children. But the wells at length became full; and it was a long way from the ramparts to that part of the harbour which was sufficiently deep for the purpose of death. The conquerors, anxious for slaves, followed close on their victims. Several women, and even several children, had the address and the good fortune to free themselves by throwing themselves on the naked swords of the Arabs; others plunged into the flames of the burning houses; twelve thousand, who could discover no way of destroying themselves, fell into the hands of the enemy.

The attention of the conquerors was soon drawn to the powder magazine. The size and the solidity of the building induced them to believe that the wealth of the inhabitants had been there deposited. It contained, however, only women and children, and * Capsalis, one of the primates of the town, who, having obstinately refused to accompany the garrison in their projected sortie, conducted to the powder magazine a crowd of women and children, saying, "Come, and be still; I will myself set fire to it." They wept not:

* Pronounced, *Cap'sălis.*

they had no parting to apprehend; the grave was about to unite them forever. The mothers tranquilly pressed their infants to their breasts, relying on Capsalis. In the meantime, the enemy crowded round their asylum; some attempted to break open the doors; some to enter by the windows; —some climb to the roof, and endeavour to demolish it. At length, Capsalis, perceiving that a number had assembled, uttered a brief prayer, familiar to the Greeks,—"Lord, remember me!"—and applied the match.—The explosion was so violent, that the neighbouring houses were thrown down; large chasms were produced in the earth; and the sea, moved from its bed, inundated one part of the town. Two thousand barbarians were blown up with Capsalis. Such was the catastrophe of this terrible drama.

EXERCISE XXXI.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER. *Southey.*

[*The style of familiar dialogue* requires attention, principally, to *easy, natural change of voice*, accommodated to the appropriate style of each speaker. In the following instance, the tone of the male speaker is "*grave*" and "*tranquil*,"—that of the female, *feeble* and *plaintive*. The prevalent error in the reading of dialogue, is *monotony*; while the great use of such exercises, is, to aid the reader in complying with the primary condition of good reading,—that of *throwing one's self into the situation of the supposed speaker*,—and thus to insure *natural and appropriate* "*expression*."]

Woman.

SIR! for the love of God, some small relief
To a poor woman!

Traveller.

Whither are you bound?
'Tis a late hour to travel o'er these downs;—
No house for miles around us, and the way
Dreary and wild. The evening wind already
Makes one's teeth chatter; and the very sun,
Setting so pale behind those thin white clouds,
Looks cold. 'Twill be a bitter night!

Woman.

Ay, sir,
'Tis cutting keen! I smart at every breath: —
Heaven knows how I shall reach my journey's end;
For the way is long before me, and my feet, —
God help me! — sore with travelling: I would gladly,
If it pleased God, at once lie down and die.

Traveller.

Nay, nay, cheer up! a little food and rest
Will comfort you; and then your journey's end
May make amends for all. You shake your head,
And weep. Is it some mournful business, then,
That leads you from your home?

Woman.

Sir, I am going
To see my son at Plymouth, sadly hurt
In the late action, and in the hospital
Dying, I fear me, now.

Traveller.

Was he your only child?

Woman.

My only one,
The stay and comfort of my widowhood,
A dear, good boy! — When first he went to sea,
I felt what it would come to: — something told me
I should be childless soon. But tell me, sir,
If it be true that for a hurt like his
There is no cure. Please God to spare his life,
Though he be blind, yet I should be so thankful!
I can remember there was a blind man
Lived in our village, — one, from his youth up,
Quite dark; — and yet he was a merry man;
And he had none to tend him half so well
As I would tend my boy!

Traveller.

Of this be sure, —
His hurts are looked to well; and the best help
The land affords, — as rightly is his due, —

Ever at hand. How happened it he left you?
Was a seafaring life his early choice?

Woman.

No, sir! poor fellow, — he was wise enough
To be content at home; and 'twas a home
As comfortable, sir! — even though I say it, —
As any in the country. He was left
A little boy, when his poor father died, —
Just old enough to totter by himself,
And call his mother's name. We two were all,
And as we were not left quite destitute,
We bore up well. We had kind neighbours too,
And never felt distress. So he grew up
A comely lad, and wondrous well disposed.
I taught him well: there was not in the parish
A child who said his prayers more regular,
Or answered readier through his Catechism. —
If I had foreseen this! — but 'tis a blessing
We don't know what we're born to!

Traveller.

But how came it
He chose to be a sailor?

Woman.

You shall hear, sir.
As he grew up, he used to watch the birds
In the corn, — child's work, you know, and easily done.
'Tis an idle sort of task: so he built up
A little hut of wicker work and clay,
Under the hedge, to shelter him in rain;
And then he took, for very idleness,
To making traps to catch the plunderers, —
All sorts of cunning traps that boys can make, —
Propping a stone, to fall, and shut them in,
Or crush them with its weight, or else a spring
Swung on a bough. He made them cleverly; —
And I, poor foolish woman! I was pleased
To see the boy so handy. You may guess
What followed, sir, from this unlucky skill.
He did what he should not, when he was older: —
I warned him oft; but he was caught
In wiring hares at last, and had his choice, —
The prison or the ship.

Traveller.

The choice at least
Was kindly left him; and for broken laws
This was, methinks, no heavy punishment.

Woman.

So I was told, sir. And I tried to think so;
But 'twas a sad blow to me. I was used
To sleep at nights, as sweetly as a child: —
Now, if the wind blew rough, it made me start,
And think of my poor boy, tossing about
Upon the roaring seas. And then I seemed
To feel that it was hard to take him from me
For such a little fault. But he was wrong,
Oh! very wrong, — a murrain on his traps!
See what they've brought him to!

Traveller.

Well! well! take comfort.
He will be taken care of, if he lives;
And should you lose your child, this is a country
Where the brave sailor never leaves a parent
To weep for him in want.

Woman.

Sir, I shall want
No succour long. In the common course of years,
I soon must be at rest; and 'tis a comfort,
When grief is hard upon me, to reflect
It only leads me to that rest the sooner.

EXERCISE XXXII.

FAIR SUFFERERS. *Anon.*

[*Humorous style*, requires a *playful freedom* and *flow* of utterance, which *indulges every trait of "expression" to the utmost* extent. *Raillery* borders often on *laughter* itself, and has usually a degree of that quality of voice.]

The following satirical sketch may be thought not inapplicable to the victims of fashion in other places than London.

It is drawn from the papers of a plain-spoken but cordial friend to the sex, who takes a fancy to the diminutive name of Punch.

"By fair sufferers we mean about ninety-nine out of every hundred of those poor dear young ladies, condemned, through the accident of their birth, to languish, in silk and satin, beneath the load of a fashionable existence.

"'Ah! little think the gay licentious' paupers, who have no plays, operas, and evening parties to be forced to go to, and no carriages to be obliged to ride about in, of the miseries which are endured by the daughters of affluence!

"It is a well-known fact, that scarcely one of those tender creatures can be in a theatre or a concert-room ten minutes without being seized with a violent headache, which, more frequently than not, obliges her to leave before the performance is over, and drag a brother, husband, lover or attentive young man, away with her. If spared the headache, how often is she threatened with a fainting fit, — nay, now and then seized with it, — to the alarm and disturbance of her company! Not happening to feel faint exactly, still there is a sensation, 'a something,' as she describes it, 'she doesn't know what,' which she is almost sure to be troubled with. Unvisited by these afflictions, nevertheless, either the cold, or the heat, or the glare of the gas, or some other source of pain, oppresses or excruciates her susceptible nerves. And when we take one such young lady, and put together all the public amusements which she must either go to, — or die, — in the course of a London season; and when we add up all the headaches, and swoons, and the 'somethings-she-does-n't-know-what'; the shiverings, burnings, and other agonizing sensations which she has undergone by the end of it; the result is an aggregate of torture truly frightful to contemplate.

"Suppose she is obliged to walk, — this is sometimes actually the case: — happy is she if she can go twenty yards without some pain or other, in the side, the back, the shoulder, the great toe. Thus the pleasure of shopping, promenading, or a pic-nic, is imbittered.

"If she reads a chapter in a novel, the chances are that her temples throb for it. She tries to embroider a corsair: — doing more than an arm of him at a time, strains her eyes. Employ herself in what way she will, she feels fatigued afterwards, and may think herself well off if she is not worse.

"Without a care to vex her, save, perhaps, some slight misgivings respecting 'the captain,' she is unable to rest

though on a couch of down. Exercise would procure her slumber; but oh! she cannot take it.

"Whether a little less confinement of the waist, earlier hours, plainer luncheons, more frequent airings in the green fields, and mental and bodily exertion, generally, than what, in these respects, is the fashionable usage, would in any way alleviate the miseries of our 'fair sufferers,' may be questioned. It may also be inquired how far such miseries are imaginary, and to what extent a trifling exercise of resolution would tend to mitigate them. Otherwise supposing them to be ills that woman is necessarily heiress to,—unavoidable, irremediable,—what torments, what anguish, must fishwomen, washerwomen, charwomen, and hay-makers,—to say nothing of servants of all work,—and even ladies' maids, endure every day of their lives!"

EXERCISE XXXIII.

THE DESERT. *Translated from Countess Han-Han.*

[An example of "*grave*" tone, sinking to *melancholy*. The "*pitch*" of the voice, in such passages, is "*low*,"—the "*force*," "*moderate*,"—the "*movement*," *slow*. A degree of "*monotone*" pervades all the sentences which express the deeper feelings of the soul, called forth by *solitude* and *desolation*.]

Never did the pilgrim tarry willingly upon this waste of sand. The great caravans of devotees on their pilgrimage to Mecca, and others of a trading character, leave behind them here no traces, save graves and scattered bones. Dead camels, in all the stages of decay, from those lately fallen to those of which the white skeletons are alone remaining, mark out the way. The graves of pilgrims who have died in the desert, from want, disease, or exhaustion, are marked out by little heaps of sand, with the bones of animals stuck around them, and are common objects.

In the air, large birds of prey sail slowly round and round; crows, with wild, harsh croakings, and heavy, flapping wings, are seen in great numbers; and cat-like beasts of prey lurk among the low shrubs,—all seeking for corpses! The desert is a graveyard in its most disconsolate form.

The sea, the mountains, are solitary, and sometimes seem melancholy in their lone dreariness; but if there is no life in

them, there are no memorials of death. On the granite peaks, and on the foaming billows, there are no marks of human decay. The rocks and waves are undefiled with the dust of mouldering bones, and present to us, in their vastness, infinitude, and unbroken calmness, a symbol of eternity, in contrast with which this short earthly life seems but like a morning dream. There is something more than a mere pleasure for the eye in such solitudes. The heart beats more peacefully there. But here, in the desert, death keeps house; and all around are the remains of a once restless and miserable life.

Death is sublime, when we consider him as the conqueror, and at the same time, the supporter of a life which he only overcomes that it may arise again. But here it is "dust to dust:" — that is all.

I tried to find a source of brighter thoughts in recurring to history; but here what a contrast between the sea and the desert! On the waves, how manifold the crossing tracks of gay fleets, armadas, and naval heroes! what a crowd of great thoughts and undertakings, colossal speculations, and adventurous enterprises! No passion, good or bad, is there that has not urged men over the waves. Gold, happiness, dominion, love, freedom, — all have been pursued on the sea; avarice, love of glory, thirst for discovery, philanthropy, science, misery, restlessness, — all have played their part and sought to be carried to their desired objects on the waves. Of all these there is no trace left in the desert. Great armies have crossed the sands, it is true; — Cambyses with his Persians, Alexander, Zenobia, the proud woman, who degraded her husband, just as the oriental men now degrade their women, — and other conquerors, have passed through the desert; but they have left only desolation behind them.

EXERCISE XXXIV.

FALSEHOOD. *Mrs. Opie.*

[*Didactic* style, requiring "*serious*" and "*grave*" utterance, — *firm*, and moderately "*low*" and "*slow;*" — the *enunciation perfectly distinct.*]

The *tolerated* sin, denominated "*white lying,*" is a sin which I believe that some persons commit, not only without

being conscious that it is a sin, but, frequently, with a belief that, to do it readily, and without confusion, is often a merit, and always a proof of *ability*. Still more frequently, they do it unconsciously perhaps, from the force of habit; and, like *Monsieur Jourdain, the "Bourgeois gentil-homme," who found out that he had talked prose all his life without knowing it, these persons utter lie upon lie, without knowing that what they utter deserves to be considered as falsehood.

I am myself convinced, that a passive lie is equally as irreconcilable to moral principles as an active one; but I am well aware that most persons are of a different opinion. Yet, I would say to those who thus differ from me, "If you allow yourselves to violate truth,—that is, to *deceive*, for any purpose whatever,—who can say where this sort of self-indulgence will submit to be bounded? Can you be sure that you will not, when strongly tempted, utter what is equally false, in order to benefit yourself at the expense of a fellow-creature?"

All mortals are, at times, accessible to temptation; but, when we are not exposed to it, we dwell with complacency on our means of resisting it, on our principles, and our tried and experienced self-denial: but, as the life-boat, and the safety-gun, which succeeded in all that they were made to do, while the sea was calm, and the winds still, have been known to fail, when the vessel was tossed on a tempestuous ocean; so those who may successfully oppose principle to temptation, when the tempest of the passions is not awakened within their bosoms, may sometimes be overwhelmed by its power, when it meets them in all its awful energy and unexpected violence.

But in every warfare against human corruption, habitual resistance to little temptations, is, next to prayer, the most efficacious aid. He who is to be trained for public exhibitions of feats of strength, is made to carry small weights at first, which are daily increased in heaviness, till, at last, he is almost unconsciously able to bear, with ease, the greatest weight possible to be borne by man. In like manner, those who resist the daily temptation to tell what are apparently trivial and innocent lies, will be better able to withstand

* It is impossible to present, in any English combination of letters the sounds of some French words. The reader's best resort, if she cannot direct herself, is to obtain the exact pronunciation of such words from *a native of France*. Accuracy can seldom be attained otherwise.

allurements to serious and important deviations from truth, and be more fortified, in the hour of more severe temptation, against every species of dereliction of integrity.

EXERCISE XXXV.

THE WAKEFIELD FAMILY. *Goldsmith.*

[*Quiet humour* is expressed, as in the following example, by the *gentle tone of* "*tranquillity.*" The utterance in such pieces, is "*moderate*" in "*force*" and "*movement:*" the *pitch*, is that of "*serious*" conversation. The easy negligence of the style, leads to partially prolonged "*quantities.*"

The common faults, in the reading of such passages, are *monotony*, and *dulness.*]

I HAD scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who showed more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer, with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly; and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world, or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusement; in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us, to taste our gooseberry-wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and

came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table: so that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of,—upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value; and I always had the satisfaction to find he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by schoolboys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually, in three or four days, began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children,—the offspring of temperance,—as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well-formed and healthy: my sons, hardy and active; my daughters, beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign, as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor.

Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle who left

us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grizzel; but my wife, who had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. When we had another daughter, I was determined that Grizzel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was by her directions called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next; and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife, were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country," — "Ay, neighbour," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them, — handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is, that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had the lúxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features; at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia, to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fear to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity, when I was gay; the other, with sense, when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either; and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude; and a new set of ribands has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of

young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and, — properly speaking, — they had but one character, — that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

EXERCISE XXXVI.

ALPINE SCENERY. *Reade.*

[The prevailing characteristic of the following extract, is *sublimity:* the prevailing emotion is *awe,* which requires *partially* "*aspirated quality,*" "*low note,*" "*suppressed force,*" and "*slow movement.*" The "*falling inflection*" predominates, where, otherwise, the "*rising*" would exist.]

To throw the more prominent features of landscape before the eye, by a few bold strokes of the pen or pencil, is easy; — but how to describe objects which hold nothing in common with the lower world? How can we impress the mind of the hearer with the feelings of awe and of wonder, which are inspired by those immense masses of ice, girded in and over-crested by rocky pyramids still more enormous, — by the contrast of the snow's dazzling whiteness with their sombre colours, — by the purity of the air, and the clearness of the sunlight, which makes every object to stand out to the eye, — by the profound silence of the solitude, broken, perhaps, at intervals, by the distant reverberation of falling granite or avalanches, — and even by the very barrenness of the rocks themselves, which support not animal, tree, nor verdure?

I stood looking on this scene of savage desolation until I felt almost startled, as I recalled the green and lovely field which lay but a few hours' walk behind: I almost thought I was forgotten by Nature, in a chaos where she had never smiled! — that I was "the last man," looking on the skeleton of a world. — Yet this was said too hastily; for before my eyes was a rock, whose tabular summit rose like an island among the sea of snows. The frosts which cover all else, seem scarcely to linger there; it is crowned with the verdure of delicious green, and with the prettiest Alpine flowers; and hence the Savoyards have called it the Garden. Indeed, it

has the exact form; for the glacier has fenced it round with enclosing walls; — and there it rises, like some bright remembrance, smiling amidst the frosts of old age.

How delighted I was that I had descended on the * Mer de Glace! for when first standing on Montanvert, I felt little inclined to the descent, — partly from fatigue, partly from the effect of the air. I have said how impossible it is to judge of its wonders at a distance: — the eye, as ever, deceives us; and, as we look down, its inequalities appear but like the undulating ridges of the sea, after a storm. Descend into it, and how wonderfully the scene is changed! Those waves are magnified into hills, and the hollows between them into valleys. How astonished was I, when I found myself standing amidst a sea of petrified waves, — icy and motionless! — when I found myself sunk and buried among them; when I looked along them, rising everywhere around me, like a tumbling ridge of hills, — half hiding from me the rocky and precipitous shores around them!

I stood, and observed everywhere the beautiful accidents of nature; — how thickly they gathered around me! I saw profound chinks, vast caverns, and little narrow lakes of palest blue water, enclosed among crystal or azure walls; rivulets of sparkling green, rolling along icy canals, and precipitating themselves, (mocking the greater streams of earth,) into abysses below. I drank a little from my hand; it was indeed "clear, — but oh! how cold!"

I felt exhausted; and I reposed on what I saw around me. I was standing by the shore of the Mer de Glace, which was covered with heaps of *débris*, lying under precipitous rocks, which rocks again were but the bases of the peaks above them; they forming the footstool to Mont Blanc. As I stood, I placed one hand on the ice of ages; the other, on the flowers of yesterday! I plucked one of them, for I felt how much they resembled ourselves; — they were blooming, while round them gigantic pines were lying in every state of ruin and decay; like empires, they had had their centuries, and were gone, as these will have their hours.

Nature is here one eternal metamorphosis. One sees the efforts of all times and of all seasons, met together: — the snows and the frost of Lapland, the flowery vegetation, and the brightest suns of Italy, — mosses and ice, — waters frozen

* For pronunciation, see remark formerly made with regard to French words.

into glaciers, forming glorious rainbow-arches of rivers, which one afterwards beholds bounding like youth exultingly along happier plains, and "rejoicing to run their course." The harshness of winter, — the softness of summer, — the glowing hues of autumn, — all are manifested here! One looks down, with an expanding heart, on a very paradise of a hundred leagues of plains covered with spire-crowned villages, and with joyous vintages: — one turns round, — chilled and shuddering, — to twenty thousand feet of ice, which form their line of horizon.

I left the beaten track, and struck up immediately against the side of the mountains, in a part where I think few or none might have been before me. I clambered incessantly, for one hour, up a ridge nearly inaccessible, I should think, to any, excepting to him whose head turns not on the edge of precipices. I threw myself, at last, on a sort of platform, under a lofty peak, which I know not by name; but, what a moment to me was that when I saw what my vision had gained by the ascent! I was there, among the ruins of nature, — or rather, I seemed to look upon the world ere the Almighty had called it into order. I stood above all: around me was a broken sea of mountains; and the clouds were breaking around their highest tops. The glorious sun was above; and the voices of the thousand torrents were heard below, breaking the almighty silence! What a thrill of exultation, of joy, of wonder, of love, and of gratitude, ran through me! I looked along it all, with a sidelong glance, and half reclining myself, — you know not the pleasure of this; but Coleridge knew it well, and he has described it, — thought I really was looking on another world. I felt alone as the Arab in his desert, on a spot perhaps untrodden by the foot of man.

I sprang up, and caught firm hold of one solitary pine, which overhung a dizzy precipice. One arm of it was hanging broken, over a depth which I would not have hung over for all beneath the sun; and yet, — there was a butterfly sporting! I trusted to the trunk of the tree, and I swung myself forward. —

I saw mountains behind, around, and beneath me: fronting me, across the abyss, where lay the Vale of Chamounix, rose the range of the Breven, and a host of mountains; close at my right, across the Mer de Glace, were the red pinnacles of the Dru; and behind me, the Blanc in his clouds. A sea of clouds also, beneath me, was silently opening, and disclos-

ing lovely spots of landscape, and then softly veiling them over, as the breeze fitfully entered into the veil of silvery mist, and shook its dewy folds. Then suddenly, and as it were, in the midst of the sky, a bold craggy peak, like a spear, would reveal itself, apparently based on nothing, and then become filmy and dim, and vanish away: all was motion;—all was life;—all was progression;—which is life—even here. The winds were abroad; and the birds of prey flew screaming past me;—the waters were calling to each other; and flowers were bursting into life. Over this face of chaos, Life and Death were met,—production and devastation,—beauty and decay! All the energies and powers of nature were here in their first strength; all warring on each other, and living on devastation; the life of each was the other's death; and that death, or change, was the cause of renewed and beautified existence! And here I stood above it all: my only visible companions were the Col du Geant and Mont Blanc; and nothing to interrupt the feeling which was opened between me and the pervading Infinite!

EXERCISE XXXVII.

MORNING HYMN TO MONT BLANC. *Coleridge.*

[The following piece opens with the tones of *sublimity* and *awe, slightly aspirated* "*pectoral quality*," "*low notes*," and "*very slow movement*." The tone of *tranquillity* and *admiration*, succeeds, at "Yet like some sweet beguiling melody." At "Awake my soul," &c. the "*expression*" changes to *increasing loudness and energy*. At "Thou first and chief," &c. the tone of *awe* returns: at "Wake oh! wake," &c. the *full tones of majesty and grandeur*, are resumed. In the invocations which follow, *the style of utterance varies* with the feelings naturally connected with each class of objects in the apostrophes. The close of the piece is in the "*sustained*" style of *a prolonged but solemn shout*.]

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course?—so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvè and Arveiron at thy base

Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, — substantial black, —
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
  Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing, — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

  Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! — not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn!

  Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh! struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, oh! wake, and utter praise.
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

  And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,

Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded, — and the silence came, —
"Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast, —
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me, — rise, oh! ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

———

EXERCISE XXXVIII.

CONTEMPLATION OF THE STARRY HEAVENS. *Young.*

[*Sublimity, solemnity,* and *awe,* are the predominating *emotions* in the following passage: these require the *slightly* "*aspirated*" "*pectoral quality*" of voice, "*very low pitch,*" "*suppressed force,*" and *extremely* "*slow movement,*" with correspondent *pauses of unusual length.*]

Stars teach, as well as shine.—
This prospect vast,—what is it?—Weighed aright,
'Tis Nature's system of divinity,
And every student of the night inspires:
'Tis elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand.
Why from yon arch,—that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,—
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonished sight
Rushes Omnipotence?—To curb our pride,
Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Power
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light,
To draw up man's ambition to Himself,
And bind our chaste affections to His throne.
And see! Day's amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre;—courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye:
With gain and joy, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception in the entendered heart.
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it raised,
For minds of the first magnitude to launch
In endless speculation, and adore?
One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might!
Oh! what a confluence of ethereal fires,

From urns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart:
My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies!
Who sees it unexalted, or unawed?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of omnipotence!
Inanimate, all animating birth!
Work worthy Him who made it! — worthy praise! —
All praise! — praise more than human! nor denied
Thy praise divine!
But though man, drowned in sleep,
Withholds his homage, not alone I wake;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this His universal temple, hung
With lustres, — with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul; at once
The temple and the preacher! Oh! how loud
It calls Devotion! — genuine growth of Night!

EXERCISE XXXIX.

MISS MITFORD. *Miss Sedgwick.*

[An example of "*animated*" *conversational style*, requiring *lively* but *distinct articulation*, "*middle pitch*," "*moderate force*," *gentle emphasis*, and *spirited* "*expression*."]

I HAD written to Miss Mitford my intention of passing the evening with her; and as we approached her residence, which is in a small village near Reading, I began to feel a little tremulous about meeting my "unknown friend." Captain Hall had made us all merry with anticipating the usual *dénouement* of a mere epistolary acquaintance.

Our coachman, — who, after learning that we were Americans, had complimented us on our speaking English, and "very good English too," — professed an acquaintance of some twenty years' standing with Miss M., and assured us that she was one of the "cleverest women in England," and "the doc-

tor, (her father,) an 'earty old boy." And when he reined his horses up at her door, and she appeared to receive us, he said, "Now you would not take that little body there for the great author, would you?"—and certainly we should have taken her for nothing but a kindly gentlewoman, who had never gone beyond the narrow sphere of the most refined social life. My foolish misgivings were forgotten in her cordial welcome.

Miss Mitford is truly a "little body," and dressed a little quaintly, and quite unlike the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which all have a broad humour, bordering on coarseness. She has a pale gray, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow: a wintry sign, that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet, low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness, and affectionateness, that we have been so long familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been indeed a disappointment not to have found them.

She led us directly through her house into her garden, a perfect bouquet of flowers. "I must show you my geraniums while it is light," she said, "for I love them next to my father." And they were indeed treated like petted children, guarded by a very ingenious contrivance from the rough visitation of the elements. They are all, I believe, seedlings. She raises two crops in a year, and may well pride herself on the variety and beauty of her collection. Geraniums are her favourites; but she does not love others less, that she loves these more. The garden is filled,—matted with flowering shrubs and vines; the trees are wreathed with honeysuckles and roses; and the girls have brought away the most splendid specimens of "heart's ease," to press in their journals.

Oh! that I could give some of my countrywomen a vision of this little paradise of flowers, that they might learn how *taste and industry*, and an earnest love and study of the art of garden-culture, might triumph over small space and small means.

Miss Mitford's house is, with the exception of certainly not more than two or three, as small and humble as the smallest and humblest in our village of S.—; and such is the difference, in some respects, in the modes of expense in this country from ours; she keeps two men-servants, (one a gardener,) two or three maid-servants, and two horses. In this

very humble home, which she illustrates as much by her unsparing filial devotion as by her genius, she receives, on equal terms, the best in the land. Her literary reputation might have gained for her this elevation; but she started on vantage ground; being allied by blood to the Duke of Bedford's family. We passed a delightful evening, parting with the hope of meeting again, and with a most comfortable feeling, that the ideal was converted into the real. — So much for our misgivings. Faith is a safer principle than some people hold it to be.

I have not dared to draw aside the curtain of domestic life, and give the particulars of Miss Mitford's touching devotion to her father. "He is all to me; and I am all to him," she said. God help them, in this parting world!

EXERCISE XL.

AUTUMN SCENERY OF ENGLAND. *Miss Mitford.*

[The following piece forms an example of *scenic description*, which usually requires the utterance of "*tranquillity*," and is characterized by "*pure tone*," *softened voice*, and *deliberate enunciation*.]

The weather is as peaceful to-day, as calm, and as mild, as in early April: and, perhaps, an autumn afternoon and a spring morning do resemble each other more in feeling, and even in appearance, than any two periods of the year. There is in both the same freshness and dewiness of the herbage; the same balmy softness in the air; and the same pure and lovely blue sky, with white fleecy clouds floating across it. The chief difference lies in the absence of flowers, and the presence of leaves. But then the foliage of November is so rich, and glowing, and varied, that it may well supply the place of the gay blossoms of the spring, whilst all the flowers of the field or the garden could never make amends for the want of leaves, — that beautiful and graceful attire in which nature has clothed the rugged forms of trees, — the verdant drapery to which the landscape owes its loveliness, and the forests their glory.

If choice must be between two seasons, each so full of

charm, it is at least no bad philosophy to prefer the present good, even whilst looking gratefully back and hopefully forward to the past and the future. And, of a surety, no fairer specimen of a November day could well be found than this, — a day made to wander

> " By yellow commons and birch-shaded hollows,
> And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes."

Nor could a prettier country be found for our walk than this shady and yet sunny Berkshire, where the scenery, without rising into grandeur or breaking into wildness, is so peaceful, so cheerful, so varied, and so thoroughly English.

We must bend our steps towards the water-side, for I have a message to leave at Farmer Riley's; and sooth to say, it is no unpleasant necessity; for the road thither is smooth and dry, retired, as one likes a country walk to be, but not too lonely, which women never like; leading past the Loddon, — the bright, brimming, transparent Loddon, — a fitting mirror for the bright blue sky, and terminating at one of the prettiest and most comfortable farm-houses in the neighbourhood.

How beautiful the lane is to-day, decorated with a thousand colours! The brown road, and the rich verdure that borders it, strewed with the pale yellow leaves of the elm, just beginning to fall; hedgerows glowing with long wreaths of the bramble, in every variety of purplish red; and, overhead, the unchanged green of the fir, contrasting with the spotted sycamore, the tawny beech, and the dry sere leaves of the oak, which rustle as the light wind passes through them: a few common hardy flowers, (for yellow is the common colour of flowers, whether wild or cultivated, as blue is the rare one,) flowers of many sorts, but almost of one tint, still blooming in spite of the season, and ruddy berries glowing through all. — How very beautiful is the lane!

And how pleasant is this hill where the road widens, with the group of cattle by the way-side, and George Hearn, the little post-boy, trundling his hoop at full speed, making all the better haste in his work, because he cheats himself into thinking it play! And how beautiful, again, is this patch of common at the hill-top, with the clear pool, where Martha Pither's children, — elves of three, and four, and five years old, — without any distinction of sex in their sun-burnt faces and tattered drapery, are dipping up water in their little homely cups shining with cleanliness, and a small brown

pitcher with the lip broken, to fill that great kettle, which, when it is filled, their united strength will never be able to lift! They are quite a group for a painter, with their rosy cheeks, and chubby hands, and round merry faces; and the low cottage in the background, peeping out of its vine leaves and China roses, — with Martha at the door, tidy, and comely, and smiling, preparing the potatoes for the pot, and watching the progress of dipping and filling that useful utensil, — completes the picture.

The Loddon at last! the beautiful Loddon! and the bridge where every one stops, as by instinct, to lean over the rails, and gaze a moment on a landscape of surpassing loveliness, — the fine grounds of the "great house," with their magnificent groups of limes, and firs, and poplars, grander than ever poplars were; the green meadows opposite, studded with oaks and elms; the clear winding river; the mill with its picturesque old buildings, bounding the scene; all glowing with the rich colouring of autumn, and harmonized by the soft beauty of the clear blue sky, and the delicious calmness of the hour. The very peasant whose daily path it is, cannot cross that bridge without a pause.

But the day is wearing fast, and it grows colder and colder. I really think there will be a frost. After all, spring is the pleasantest season, beautiful as this scenery is. We must get on. Down that broad yet shadowy lane, between the park, dark with evergreens and dappled with deer, and the meadows where sheep, and cows, and horses, are grazing under the tall elms, — that lane, where the wild bank, clothed with fern, and tufted with furze, and crowned by rich berried thorn, and thick shining holly, on the one side, seems to vie in beauty with the picturesque old paling, the bright laurels, and the plumy cedars, on the other: — down that shady lane, until the sudden turn brings us to an opening where four roads meet, where a noble avenue turns down to the "great house;" where the village church rears its modest spire from amidst its venerable yew trees; and where, — embosomed in orchards and gardens, and backed by barns and ricks, and all the wealth of the farm-yard, — stands the spacious and comfortable abode of good Farmer Riley, — the end and object of our walk.

EXERCISE XLI.

THE VICTOR'S CROWN. *Mrs. Hale.*

[This piece forms an example in *change of "expression;"* — the *first* part of each stanza being in the *bold, joyous,* and *swelling tones of triumph;* the second, in the *grave* tone of *aversion, regret,* and *disappointment,* with "*low notes,*" "*aspirated quality,*" "*suppressed force,*" and "*slow movement.*" The close of the *last* stanza forms an exception, and is read with the tone of *triumph.*]

A CROWN for the victor, — a crown of light! —
From the land where the flowers ne'er feel a blight
Was gathered the wreath that around it blows;
And he, who o'ercometh his treacherous foes,
That fadeless crown shall gain. —
A king went forth on the rebel array,
Intrenched where a lovely hamlet lay;
He frowned, — and there's nought save ashes and blood,
And blackened bones, where that hamlet stood,
Yet his treacherous foes he hath not slain.

A crown for the victor, — a crown of light! —
Encircled with jewels so pure and bright,
Night never hath gloomed where its lustre flows;
And he, who can conquer his proudest foes,
That glorious crown shall gain. —
A hero came from the gory field,
And low at his feet the pale captives kneeled;
In his might he hath trodden a nation down,
But he may not challenge that glorious crown,
For his proudest foes he hath not slain.

A crown for the victor, — a crown of light! —
Like the morning sun, to the dazzled sight,
From the night of a dungeon raised, it glows
And he, who can slay his deadliest foes,
That shining crown shall gain. —
With searching eye, and stealthy tread,
The man of wrath sought his enemy's bed:
Like festering wounds are the wrongs he hath borne,
And he takes the revenge his soul had sworn,
But his deadliest foe he hath not slain.

A crown for the victor, — a crown of light! —
To be worn with a robe whose spotless white
Makes darkness seem resting on Alpine snows;
And he, who o'ercometh his mightiest foes,
    That robe and crown shall gain. —
With eye upraised, and forehead bare,
A pilgrim knelt down in holy prayer:
He hath wrestled with *self*, and with passion striven;
And to him hath the Sword of the Spirit been given; —
    Oh! crown him, for his foes, — his *sins*, — are slain.

EXERCISE XLII.

FORTITUDE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND. *Choate.*

[*The full tone of public address*, belongs properly to the following passage. The style of utterance is "*declamatory orotund*," but varies to "*pathos*" and "*subdued expression*," in the description of suffering and death.]

In a late undesigned visit to Plymouth, I sought the spot where the earlier dead of the Pilgrims were buried. It was on a bank, you remember, somewhat elevated, below the town and between it and the water, near and looking forth upon the waves, symbol of what life had been to them; ascending inland behind and above the rock, a symbol of that "rock of ages," on which the dying had rested in the final hour. As the pilgrim found these localities, you might stand on that bank and hear the restless waters chafe and melt against its steadfast base: the unquiet of the world composed itself at the portals of the grave. On that spot were laid to rest together, — the earth carefully smoothed down, that the Indians might not count the number, — the true, the pious, the beautiful, and the brave, — till the heavens be no more. There certainly was buried the first governor; and there was buried Rose, the wife of Miles Standish. "You will go to them," wrote Robinson, "but they shall not return to you."

When this sharp calamity had abated, came famine. "I have seen," said Edward Winslow, quoted by Mr. Bancroft, "strong men staggering through faintness for want of food;"

and after this, and during all this, and for years, there brooded in every mind not a weak fear, but an intelligent apprehension that at any instant, — at midnight, at noonday, at the marriage, the baptism, or the burial of the dead, a foe more cruel than the grave, might blast, in an hour, that which disease and want had so hardly spared.

How they endured all this you have also heard. Let one fact suffice. — When, in April, the May Flower sailed for England, not one pilgrim returned in her!

The peculiarity which has seemed to me to distinguish these trials of the pilgrim age, from the chief of those which the general voice of literature has concurred to glorify, as the trials of heroism; the peculiarity which gives to these and such as these, the attributes of a truer heroism, is this; that they had to meet them on what was then an humble, obscure, and distant stage; with no numerous audience to look on and applaud, and cast its wreaths on the fainting brow of him, whose life was rushing with his blood; and unsustained by one of those stormier, and more stimulating, impulses, and aims, and sentiments, which carry a soldier to his grave of honour, as joyfully as to the bridal bed.

Where were the pilgrims, while in this furnace of affliction? And who saw and took thought for them? They were alone on the earth! Directly and solely "in their great Taskmaster's eye." If every one of them had died, the first winter, of lung fever, or been starved to death, or crushed by the tomahawk, who was there to mourn for them? A few hearts in Leyden would have broken; and that had been all. Unlike the martyr, even, around whose ascended chariot wheels and horses of fire, a congregation might come to sympathize and be exalted, blasphemers to be defied, and struck with unwonted admiration, — they were alone on the earth. Primeval forests, a winter's sea, a winter's sky, circled them about, and excluded every sympathizing human eye.

To play the part of heroism on its high places, and its theatre, is not, perhaps, so very difficult. — To do it alone, as seeing Him who is invisible, was the stupendous trial of the pilgrim heroism.

I have said too, that a peculiarity in their trials, was, that they were unsustained altogether by every one of the passions, aims, stimulants, and excitations: the anger, the revenge, the hate, the pride, the awakened, the dreadful thirst of blood, the consuming love of glory, the feverish rapture of battle, that burn, as on volcanic isles, in the heart of mere secular-

ized heroism. — Not one of all these aids did or could come in use for them. Their character and their situation both excluded them. Their enemies were disease walking in darkness, and destroying at noonday; famine which, more than all other calamities, bows the spirit of a man, presses his radiant form to the dust, and teaches him what he is; the wilderness; spiritual foes on the high places of the unseen world. Even when the first Indian was killed, the exclamation of Robinson was, "Oh! that you had converted some, before you had slain any."

Now, I say, the heroism which can look, in a great cause, all the more terrible ills that flesh is heir to, calmly in the face, and can tread them under its feet, as sparks, *without these aids*, — is at least as lofty a quality as that which cannot. To my eye, as I look back, it looms on the shores of the past with a more towering and attractive grandeur. It seems to me to speak from our far ancestral life, a higher lesson to a nobler nature.

EXERCISE XLIII.

CHORUS IN THE "FALL OF JERUSALEM." *Milman.*

[An example of *sublimity* and *grandeur* of "*expression*," demanding *full* "*orotund quality*," through the greater part of it, but commencing in the "*pure tone*" of "*pathos*," with *deep utterance* and "pectoral quality." In the description of the fate of the Egyptians, the "*movement*" becomes "*rapid*," from intensity of emotion, and again sinks to the *low note* and slow utterance of *awe*. The concluding stanza returns to the *bold* style *of exultation*.]

King of kings! and Lord of lords!
Thus we move, our sad steps timing
To our cymbal's feeblest chiming,
Where thy house its rest accords.
Chased and wounded birds are we,
Through the dark air fled to Thee;
To the shadow of Thy wings,
Lord of lords! and King of kings!

Behold, O Lord! the Heathen treads
The branches of thy fruitful vine,

That its luxurious tendrils spreads
  O'er all the hills of Palestine.
And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,
That drinking of thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of thine hand,
Thou still wilt save thy chosen land!
By all thine ancient mercies shown,
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown;
By the Egyptian's car-borne host,
Scattered on the Red Sea coast,
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water!

Like us in utter helplessness,
In their last and worst distress,—
On the sand and seaweed lying,
Israel poured her doleful sighing;
While, before, the deep sea flowed,
And behind, fierce Egypt rode:—
To their fathers' God they prayed,
To the Lord of Hosts, for aid.

On the margin of the flood,
With lifted rod, the Prophet stood;
And the summoned east wind blew:
And aside it sternly threw
The gathered waves, that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-pavèd way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words,
King of kings! and Lord of lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,
  On exulting Egypt came,

With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring
All around her furious king.
But the Lord, from out his cloud,
The Lord looked down upon the proud;
And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows rolled.
As the level waters spread,
Down they sank, they sank as lead,
Down without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun that shone
On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving, as of yore,
Against a silent solitary shore!

Then did Israel's maidens sing,
Then did Israel's timbrels ring,
To Him, the King of kings, that in the sea,
The Lord of Hosts, had triumphed gloriously:—

Shall they not attunèd be
Once again to victory?
Lo! a glorious triumph now!
Lo! against thy people come
A mightier Pharaoh!—Wilt not Thou
Craze the chariot wheels of Rome?
Will not, like the Red Sea wave,
Thy stern anger overthrow?
And from worse than bondage save,
From sadder than Egyptian woe,
Those whose silver cymbals glance,
Those who lead the suppliant dance,—
Thy race,—the only race that sings
"Lord of lords! and King of kings!"

EXERCISE XLIV.

MEMORIES. *John G. Whittier.*

[The following piece is an example of ***tenderness*** and ***repose***, requiring "***pure tone***," in its "***subdued***" form, a gentle "***median stress***," "***middle pitch***," "***slow movement***," and ***long pauses***.]

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as soft as summer air,
And fresh young lip, and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair:
A seeming child in every thing
Save thoughtful brow, and ripening charms,—
As Nature wears the smile of Spring,
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower,—
Leaf after leaf, serenely bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower:
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills, once more, the lengthening chain
Of memory, at the thought of thee!—
Old hopes, which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams, come thronging back again;
And boyhood lives again in me:
I feel its glow upon my cheek;
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies;
I feel thy arm within my own;
And timidly again uprise
The fringèd lids of hazel eyes,
With soft brown tresses overblown.—

Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
  Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars, and flowers, and dewy leaves,
  And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this thy quiet eye hath smiled,
  My picture of thy youth to see,
When half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
  And folly's self seemed wise in thee
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
  The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel, the while, that manhood's power
  Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace
  Of graver care and deeper thought;
And unto me, the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
  Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
On life's rough blast, for blame or praise
  The schoolboy's name has widely flown; —
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
  Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet, in thought and deed,
  Our still diverging paths incline; —
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need,
  The Yorkshire peasant's simple line.
For thee the priestly rite and prayer,
  And holy day and solemn psalm; —
For me the silent reverence where
  My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me,
  An impress Time has worn not out;
And something of myself in thee, —
A shadow from the past, — I see
  Lingering, even yet, thy way about:
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
  That lesson of its better hours,
Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
  To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, — while at times, before our eye,
  The clouds about the present part,
And smiling through them, round us lie
Soft hues of memory's morning sky, —
  The Indian summer of the heart, —
In secret sympathies of mind,
  In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, — we yet may find
  Our early dreams not wholly vain!

EXERCISE XLV.

CONVERSATION AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

George B. Emerson.

[The following extract forms an example of *didactic* style. The voice should, in the reading of such pieces, be marked by the same traits as in *elevated conversation*, on topics of *sentiment*. The *utterance* should be "*serious*," but "*animated*" and *distinct*. The "*middle pitch*," "*moderate force* and *rate*," prevail throughout.]

The peculiar facility with which educated females learn to excel in the art of conversation, has often been remarked. The hilarity, ready sympathy, and desire of pleasing, which are natural to woman, are intimations not to be mistaken of her Creator's intentions.

The charm of easy, various, cheerful, refined conversation, is too universally felt to need to be described. Whatever of excellent or curious can occupy the mind of man, may naturally be made the subject of conversation. A woman often has it in her power, — without departing from the modesty which is her greatest charm, — to lead conversation to the most elevated and interesting subjects. She might always have, among persons of the slightest civility, that of turning it away from whatever is impure, disagreeable, or unprofitable. When gracefully and skilfully used, it might be not only the means of present gratification, but the vehicle of instruction of the most permanent and ennobling kind. Is it unreasonable to say that special preparations should be made for the acquisition and exercise of this delightful art?

The accomplishments are sometimes regarded, — as the name intimates, — as giving the last touch and finish, and to which almost any thing else in a female's education may be sacrificed. Sometimes, on the contrary, they are looked upon as trifling and valueless, wholly unworthy of the attention of an immortal creature. Truth, as usual, lies between. They may be misused; but they also may be sources of innocent and elevating pleasure to the possessor and to others. God has bestowed on woman an ear and a voice which enable her to utter sounds of exquisite music. He has constituted the air an elastic medium adapted to wafting these sounds, softened but unimpaired, to a distance, and nicely adapted to the vibrations of sonorous bodies, which He has formed, and which He has given man intelligence to shape into various instruments. Shall it be considered a perversion of the Maker's purposes, for woman to perfect herself in an innocent art, by which she can worthily praise God, and gladden the heart of man?

So with drawing. The eye may be trained to a quicker perception, and the mind to a more perfect taste and comprehension of the beautiful and grand in nature, by a course of instruction. The hand may be made a fit and ready minister to record or execute the conceptions or observations of the mind. Shall an art which thus opens to its possessor new sources of gratification, and enables her to transmit to an absent friend a conception of a fine scene, and to enrich her home with the beauties of the mountains and waters of distant lands, be condemned as trivial and frivolous?

Accomplishments are too apt to be cultivated for the purpose of rendering their possessor an object of attention for a brief period; and, when they have served this purpose, they are too frequently thrown aside, as of no farther use. Why should it be so? When a woman has found a home possessing too many attractions to leave her the wish to wander from it, why should she not add to them permanently those of her early accomplishments? They are not less pleasing to tried friends than to transient admirers. They may be retained to cheer her own solitude, to enliven and compose the spirits of her husband and children, and to gratify her friends. And when friends shall have departed, and life is wearing away, and the senses are beginning to fail, the accomplishments of her youth may be the solace of her age.

EXERCISE XLVI.

FASHION. *Mrs. Barbauld.*

[An example of *lively narrative* and *humorous description*, requiring attention to *forcible* and *animated utterance*, "*brisk movement*," and *varied tone*.]

To break the shackles of oppression, and assert the native rights of man, is esteemed by many among the noblest efforts of heroic virtue. But vain is the possession of political liberty, if there exists a tyrant of our own creation, who, without law or reason, or even external force, exercises over us the most despotic authority; whose jurisdiction is extended over every part of private and domestic life, controls our pleasures, fashions our garb, cramps our motions, fills our lives with vain cares and restless anxiety. The worst slavery is that which we voluntarily impose upon ourselves; and no chains are so cumbrous and galling as those which we are pleased to wear, by way of grace and ornament. Musing upon this idea, gave rise to the following dream or vision.

Methought I was in a country of the strangest and most singular appearance I had ever beheld: the rivers were forced into *jet-d'eaus*, and wasted in artificial waterworks; the lakes were fashioned by the hand of art; the roads were sanded with spar and gold dust; the trees all bore the marks of the shears,—they were bent and twisted into the most whimsical forms, and connected together by festoons of riband and silk fringe; the wild flowers were transplanted into vases of fine china, and painted with artificial white and red.

The disposition of the ground was full of fancy, but grotesque and unnatural, in the highest degree: it was all highly cultivated, and bore the marks of wonderful industry. But, among its various productions I could hardly discern one that was of any use.

My attention, however, was soon called off from the scenes of inanimate life, by the view of the inhabitants, whose form and appearance were so very preposterous, and, indeed, so unlike any thing human, that I fancied myself transported to the country of

"The anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders;"

for the heads of many of these people were swelled to an astonishing size, and seemed to be placed in the middle of their bodies. Of some, the ears were distended till they hung upon the shoulders; and of others, the shoulders were raised till they met the ears. There was not one free from some deformity, or monstrous swelling, in one part or other: — some had no necks; others had necks that reached almost to their waists; the bodies of some were bloated up to such a size that they could scarcely enter a pair of folding doors; and others had suddenly sprouted up to such a disproportionate height, that they could not sit upright in their loftiest carriages.

Many shocked me with the appearance of being nearly cut in two, like a wasp; and I was alarmed at the sight of a few, in whose faces, otherwise very fair and healthy, I discovered an eruption of black spots, which I feared was the fatal sign of some pestilential disorder.

The sight of these various and uncouth deformities, inspired me with much pity, which, however, was soon changed into disgust, when I perceived, with great surprise, that every one of these unfortunate men and women was exceedingly proud of his or her own peculiar deformity, and endeavoured to attract my notice to it as much as possible. A lady, in particular, who had a huge swelling under her throat, and which, I am sure, by its enormous projection, prevented her from seeing the path she walked in, brushed by me with an air of the greatest self-complacency, and asked me if she was not a charming creature.

But, by this time, I found myself surrounded by an immense crowd, who were all pressing along in one direction; and I perceived that I was drawn along with them by an irresistible impulse, which grew stronger every moment. I asked whither we were hurrying with so eager steps? and was told that we were going to the court of Queen Fashion, the great Diana whom all the world worshippeth. I would have retired, but felt myself impelled to go on, though without being sensible of any outward force.

When I came to the royal presence, I was astonished at the magnificence I saw around me. The queen was sitting on a throne, elegantly fashioned in the form of a shell, and inlaid with gems and mother-of-pearl. It was supported by a chameleon, formed of a single emerald.

She was dressed in a light robe of changeable silk, which fluttered about her in a profusion of fantastic folds, that imitated the form of clouds, and like them were continually

changing their appearance. In one hand, she held a rouge-box; and, in the other, one of those optical glasses which distort figures in length or in breadth, according to the position in which they are held.

At the foot of the throne, was displayed a profusion of the richest productions of every quarter of the globe, tributes from land and sea, from every animal and plant; perfumes, sparkling stones, drops of pearl, chains of gold, webs of the finest linen; wreaths of flowers, the produce of art, which vied with the most delicate productions of nature; forests of feathers, waving their brilliant colours in the air and canopying the throne; glossy silks, network of lace, silvery ermine, soft folds of vegetable wool, rustling paper, and shining spangles; — the whole intermixed with pendants and streamers of the gayest tinctured riband.

All these together made so brilliant an appearance, that my eyes were, at first, dazzled; and it was some time before I recovered myself enough to observe the ceremonial of the court. Near the throne, and its chief supports, stood the queen's two prime ministers, — Caprice on one side, and Vanity on the other.

Two officers seemed chiefly busy among the attendants. One of them was a man with a pair of shears in his hand, and a goose by his side, — a mysterious emblem, of which I could not fathom the meaning: he sat cross-legged, like the great Lama of the Tartars. He was busily employed in cutting out coats and garments, — not, however, like Dorcas, for the poor; — nor, indeed, did they seem intended for any mortal whatever, — so ill were they adapted to the shape of the human body. Some of the garments were extravagantly large, others as preposterously small: of others, it was difficult to guess to what part of the person they were meant to be applied. Here were coverings, which did not cover; ornaments, which disfigured; and defences against the weather, more slight and delicate than what they were meant to defend; but all were eagerly caught up, without distinction, by the crowd of votaries who were waiting to receive them.

The other officer was dressed in a white succinct linen garment, like a priest of the lower order. He moved in a cloud of incense more highly scented than the breezes of Arabia; he carried a tuft of the whitest down of the swan in one hand, and, in the other, a small iron instrument, heated redhot, which he brandished in the air. It was with infinite

concern I beheld the Graces bound at the foot of the throne, and obliged to officiate, as handmaids, under the direction of these two officers.

EXERCISE XLVII.

SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

I now began to inquire by what laws this queen governed her subjects, but soon found her administration was that of the most arbitrary tyrant ever known. Her laws are exactly the reverse of those of the Medes and Persians; for they are changed every day, and every hour: and what makes the matter still more perplexing, they are in no written code, nor even made public by proclamation: they are only promulgated by whispers, an obscure sign, or turn of the eye, which those only who have the happiness to stand near the queen, can catch with any degree of precision: yet the smallest transgression of the laws is severely punished; not indeed by fines or imprisonment, but by a sort of interdict similar to that which, in superstitious times, was laid by the Pope on disobedient princes, and which operated in such a manner that no one would eat, drink, or associate with the forlorn culprit; and he was almost deprived of the use of fire and water.

This difficulty of discovering the will of the goddess, occasioned so much crowding to be near the throne,—such jostling and elbowing of one another,—that I was glad to retire and observe what I could among the scattered crowd: and the first thing I took notice of, was various instruments of torture which everywhere met my eyes. Torture has, in most other governments of Europe, been abolished by the mild spirit of the times; but it reigns here in full force and terror. I saw officers of this cruel court employed in boring holes with redhot wires, in the ears, nose, and various parts of the body, and then distending them with the weight of metal chains, or stones, cut into a variety of shapes: some had invented a contrivance for cramping the feet in such a manner that many are lamed by it for their whole lives. Others I saw, slender and delicate in their form, and naturally nimble as the young antelope, who were obliged to

carry constantly about with them a cumbrous unwieldy machine, of a pyramidal form, several ells in circumference.

But the most common and one of the worst instruments of torture, was a small machine armed with fishbone and ribs of steel, wide at top but extremely small at bottom. In this detestable invention the queen orders the bodies of her female subjects to be enclosed; it is then, by means of silk cords, drawn closer and closer at intervals, until the unhappy victims can scarcely breathe, and have found the exact point that can be borne without fainting, — which, however, not unfrequently happens. The flesh is often excoriated, and the very ribs bent, by this cruel process. Yet, — what astonished me more than all the rest, —these sufferings are borne with a degree of fortitude which, in a better cause, would immortalize a hero, or canonize a saint. The Spartan who suffered the fox to eat into his vitals, did not bear pain with greater resolution; and as the Spartan mothers brought their children to be scourged at the altar of Diana, so do the mothers here bring their children, — and chiefly those whose tender sex, one would suppose, excused them from such exertions, — and early inure them to this cruel discipline. But neither Spartan, nor Dervise, nor Bonze, nor Carthusian monk, ever exercised more unrelenting severities over their bodies, than these young zealots: indeed, the first lesson they are taught, is a surrender of their own inclinations, and an implicit obedience to the commands of the Goddess.

But they have, besides, a more solemn kind of dedication, something similar to the rite of confirmation. When a young woman approaches the marriageable age, she is led to the altar: her hair, which before fell loosely about her shoulders, is tied up in a tress; sweet oils drawn from roses and spices are poured upon it; she is involved in a cloud of scented dust, and invested with ornaments under which she can scarcely move. After this solemn ceremony, which is generally concluded by a dance round the altar, the damsel is obliged to a still stricter conformity than before to the laws and customs of the court; and any deviation from them is severely punished.

The courtiers of Alexander, it is said, flattered him by carrying their heads on one side, because he had the misfortune to have a wry neck; but all adulation is poor, compared to what is practised in this court. Sometimes the queen will lisp and stammer; — and then none of her attend

ants can "speak plain:" sometimes she chooses to totter as she walks; — and then they are seized with sudden lameness. According as she appears half-undressed, or veiled from head to foot, her subjects become a procession of nuns, or a troop of Bacchanalian nymphs. I could not help observing, however, that those who stood at the greatest distance from the throne, were the most extravagant in their imitation.

EXERCISE XLVIII.

USE OF AN INTERJECTION. *Miss Mitford.*

[An example of *graphic humour.* This piece should be read with all *the vivid effect of expressive tone* and *playful manner.* The voice, in this case, should be indulged in full scope in *graphic and dramatic style,* in which it is always natural to indulge, when we are excited by *humorous expression,* and *risible situations or deportment.* The tone then partakes of the *sportive* character of the scene, and unconsciously *paints* the whole by *vivid and dramatic variations.*]

Wandering about the meadows, one morning in May, — absorbed in the pastoral beauty of the season and the scenery, — I was overtaken by a heavy shower, just as I passed old Mrs. Matthews's great farm-house, and forced to run for shelter to her hospitable porch.

The sort of bustle which my reception had caused, having subsided, I found great amusement in watching my hospitable hostess, and listening to a dialogue, — if so it may be called, — between her pretty granddaughter and herself, which at once let me into a little love-secret, and gave me an opportunity of observing one, of whose occasional oddities I had, all my life, heard a great deal.

Mrs. Matthews was one of the most remarkable persons in these parts; a capital farmer, a most intelligent parish-officer, and in her domestic government not a little resembling the widow Goe, one of the finest sketches which Mr. Crabbe's graphical pen ever produced. Great power of body and mind was visible in her robust person and massive countenance; and there was both humour and intelligence in her

acute smile, and in the keen gray eye that glanced from under her spectacles. All that she said bore the stamp of sense; but, at this time, she was in no talking mood, and, on my begging that I might cause no interruption, resumed her seat and her labours, in silent composure.

She sat at a little table, mending a fustian jacket belonging to one of her sons, — a sort of masculine job, which suited her much better than a more delicate piece of seamstress-ship would have done. Indeed, the tailor's needle, which she brandished with great skill, the whity-brown thread, tied round her neck, and the huge dull-looking *shears*, (one can't make up one's mind to call such a huge masculine thing scissors,) which, in company with an enormous pin-cushion, dangled from her apron-string, figuring as the pendant to a most formidable bunch of keys, formed altogether such a working apparatus as shall hardly be matched in these days of polished cutlery and cobwebby cotton thread.

On the other side of a little table, sat her pretty granddaughter Patty, — a black-eyed young woman, with a bright complexion, a neat, trim figure, and a general air of gentility, considerably above her station. She was trimming a very smart straw-hat with pink ribands; — trimming and untrimming; for the bows were tied and untied, taken off and put on, and taken off again, with a look of impatience and discontent, not common to a damsel of seventeen, when contemplating a new piece of finery. The poor little lass was evidently out of sorts. She sighed, and quirked, and fidgetted, and seemed ready to cry; whilst her grandmother just glanced at her from under her spectacles, pursed up her mouth, and contrived with some difficulty not to laugh.

Patty. Now, grandmother, you will let me go to Chapel-row revel this afternoon, won't you?

Mrs. Matthews. Humph!

Patty. It hardly rains at all, grandmother!

Mrs. M. Humph! [opening the prodigious shears with which she was amputating, so to say, a button, and directing the rounded end significantly towards my wet shawl, whilst the sharp point was reverted towards the dripping honeysuckle.] Humph!

Patty. There's no dirt to signify!

Mrs. M. Humph! [pointing to the draggled skirt of my white gown.]

Patty. At all events, it's going to clear.

Mrs. M. Humph! Humph! [points to the clouds, and to the barometer.]

Patty. It's only seven miles; and if the horses are wanted, I can walk.

Mrs. M. Humph!

Patty. My aunt Ellis will be there, and my cousin Mary

Mrs. M. Humph!

Patty. And if a person is coming here on business, what can I be wanted for, if you are at home, grandmother?

Mrs. M. Humph!

Patty. What business can any one have with me?

Mrs. M. Humph!

Patty. My cousin Mary will be so disappointed!

Mrs. M. Humph!

Patty. And I half promised my cousin William — poor William!

Mrs. M. Humph!

Patty. Poor William! Oh! grandmother, do let me go! And I've got my new hat and all, — just such a hat as William likes! Poor William! You will let me go, grandmother?

Mrs. M. Humph!

Susan, (*Patty's* younger sister.) Who is this riding up the meadow, — all through the rain? Look! — see! — I do think, — no, it can't be, — yes, it is — it is certainly, my cousin William Ellis! Look grandmother!

Mrs. M. Humph!

Susan. What can cousin William be coming for?

Mrs. M. Humph!

Susan. Oh! I know! — I know! [clapping her hands,] I know! I know!

Mrs. M. Humph!

Patty. For shame, Susan! Pray don't, grandmother!

Susan. For shame! Why, I did not say he was coming to court sister Patty! Did I, grandmother?

Mrs. M. And I take this good lady to witness, that I have said nothing of any sort. Get along with you, Patty! you have spoiled your pink trimming. But I think you are likely to want *white* ribands next; and, if you put me in mind, I'll buy them for you!

EXERCISE XLIX.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF ENGLAND.

Robert Hall.

[The predominating characteristics of this extract, are ***solemnity, sublimity***, and ***pathos***. The union of these qualities requires "***orotund***" utterance, with perfectly "***pure tone***" and "***median stress***," — the latter strongly marked, in exclamatory and strong expressions. The prevailing ***note*** of the voice is ***low***; — the ***force*** varies with the ***emotion***, as ***sublime*** and ***forcible***, or ***soft***, ***solemn***, and ***pathetic***; the "***movement***," throughout, is ***slow***, — sometimes ***very slow***; and the ***pauses*** are, in the latter case, ***unusually long***.]

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, the princess enjoyed the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life, with the splendour of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned; in her every hope was centred; and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity, — except perpetuity.

To a grandeur of mind suited to her illustrious birth, and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature, and the charms of retirement; where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her illustrious consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power, and the cares of empire.

It is no reflection on this amiable princess to suppose, that in her early dawn of life, with the "dew of her youth" so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose that she identified herself with this great nation, which she was born to govern; and that, while she contemplated its preëminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions, extend-

ing to the whole earth; she considered them as so many component parts of her own grandeur.

Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emo ions of trembling ecstasy, when she reflected, that it was her province to live entirely for others; to compose the felicity of a great people; to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy, the most enlarged, — of wisdom, the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society, which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling, or surpassing, the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign.

It is needless to add that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable, would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon, amidst the embraces of her family, and the benedictions of her country.

But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room, but the funeral pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud? Oh! the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! the incurable blindness of man to futurity! — ever doomed to grasp at shadows, to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hand, "to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind!"

Without the slightest warning, without the opportunity of a moment's immediate preparation, — in the midst of the deepest tranquillity, — at midnight, a voice was heard in the palace, — not of singing men, and singing women, not of revelry and mirth, — but the cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" — The mother in the bloom of youth, spared just long enough to hear the tidings of her infant's death, almost immediately, — as if summoned by his spirit, — follows him into eternity!

"It is a night much to be remembered." Who foretold this event? — who conjectured it? — who detected, at a distance, the faintest presage of its approach, which, when it arrived, mocked the efforts of human skill, as much by their incapaci-

ty to prevent, as their inability to foresee it? Unmoved by the tears of conjugal affection, unawed by the presence of grandeur, and the prerogatives of power, inexorable death hastened to execute his stern commission, leaving nothing to royalty itself, but to retire and weep. Who can fail to discern, on this awful occasion, the hand of Him who "bringeth princes to nothing, who maketh the judges of the earth as vanity; who says they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth; and He shall blow upon them, and they shall wither; and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble."

But is it now any subject of regret, think you, to this amiable young princess, so suddenly removed, "that her sun went down while it was yet day," or that, prematurely snatched from prospects the most brilliant and enchanting, she was compelled to close her eyes so soon on a world, of whose grandeur she formed so conspicuous a part? — No! in the full fruition of eternal joys, for which we humbly hope religion prepared her, she is far from looking back with lingering regret on what she has quitted; and, so far as memory may be supposed to contribute to her happiness, by associating the present with the past, it is not by the recollection of her illustrious birth and elevated prospects, — but that she visited the abodes of the poor, and learned to weep with those who weep; — that, surrounded with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated by its charms; — that she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ears open to truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery; — in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and walked humbly with her God.

EXERCISE L.

SAME SUBJECT. *Thomas Chalmers.*

Oh! how it tends to quiet the agitations of every earthly interest and earthly passion, when Death steps forward, and demonstrates the littleness of them all, — when he stamps a character of such affecting insignificance on all that we are contending for, — when, as if to make known the greatness of his power, in the sight of a whole country, he stalks in

ghastly triumph over the might and the grandeur of its most august family, and singling out that member of it on whom the dearest hopes and the gayest visions of the people were suspended, he, by one fatal and resistless blow, sends abroad the fame of his victory and his strength, throughout the wide extent of an afflicted nation! He has indeed put a cruel and impressive mockery on all the glories of mortality.

A few days ago, all looked so full of life, and promise, and security,—when we were told that the expectant metropolis of our empire, on tiptoe for the announcement of her future monarch, had her winged couriers of despatch to speed the welcome message to the ears of her citizens, and that from her an embassy of gladness was to travel over all the provinces of the land; and the country, forgetful of all that she had suffered, was at length to offer the spectacle of one wide and rejoicing jubilee.

O Death! thou hast indeed chosen the time and the victim, for demonstrating the grim ascendency of thy power over all the hopes and fortunes of our species!—Our blooming princess,—whom fancy had decked with the crown of these realms, and under whose sway all bade so fair for the good and the peace of the nation,—has he placed upon her bier! And,—as if to fill up the measure of his triumph,—has he laid by her side, that babe, who, but for him, might have been the monarch of a future generation; and he has done that, which by no single achievement he could otherwise have accomplished;—he has sent forth over the whole of our land, the gloom of such a bereavement as cannot be replaced by any living descendant of royalty;—he has broken the direct succession of the monarchy of England;—by one and the same disaster, has he awakened the public anxieties of the country, and sent a pang, as acute as that of the most woful visitation, into the heart of each of its families.

The sons and the daughters of royalty, appear to the public eye as stalking on a platform so highly elevated above the general level of society, that it removes them, as it were, from all the ordinary sympathies of our nature. And though we read at times of their galas, and their birthdays, and their drawing-rooms, there is nothing in all this to attach us to their interests and their feelings, as the inhabitants of a familiar home,—as the members of an affectionate family. Surrounded as they are with the glare of a splendid notoriety, we scarcely recognize them as men and as women, who can rejoice, and weep, and pine with disease, and taste the suffer-

ings of mortality, and be oppressed with anguish, and love with tenderness, and experience in their bosoms the same movements of grief or of affection that we do ourselves.

But, if, through an accidental opening, the public should be favoured with a domestic exhibition, — if, by some overpowering visitation of Providence upon an illustrious family, the members of it should come to be recognized as the partakers of one common humanity with ourselves, — if, instead of beholding them in their gorgeousness as princes, we look to them in the natural evolution of their sensibilities as men, — if the stately palace should be turned into a house of mourning; — in one word, if Death should do what he has already done; — he has met the princess of England in the prime and promise of her days, and, as she was moving onward on her march to an hereditary throne, he has laid her at his feet: — ah! when the imagination dwells on that bed where the remains of departed youth and departed infancy are lying, — when, instead of contemplating crowns and canopies of grandeur, it looks to the forlorn husband, and the weeping father, and the human feelings which agitate their bosoms, and the human tears which flow down their cheeks, — what is the feeling of the whole country, at so sad an exhibition? — All is soft and tender as womanhood. Nor is there a peasant in our land, who is not touched to the very heart, when he thinks of the unhappy stranger, who is now spending his days in grief, and his nights in sleeplessness, — as he mourns alone in his darkened chamber, and refuses to be comforted.

EXERCISE LI.

"PASSING AWAY." *John Pierpont.*

[The following piece is an example of exquisite *poetic beauty*, in subject and style. It requires the earnest tone of *ardent admiration*, softened by *tenderness* and *pathos* into the *gentlest expression*, arising from the most *delicate* and "*subdued*" forms of "*pure tone*" and "*median stress.*" In this and all other poetry of a *light*, *dreamy*, and *ethereal* cast, the *pitch* inclines *high*; — the *force* is "*subdued*," — corresponding to "*piano*" and "*pianissimo*," in music; — the "*movement*" is "*slow.*" The *rhythm* of the *metre* should, in all such cases, be *distinctly but delicately preserved* to the ear.]

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,
  That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
  That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,—
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens, and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
  Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
  Are set to words:—as they float, they say,
    "Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
  Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
  Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung;
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing;)
  And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
  And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
    "Passing away! passing away!"

Oh! how bright were the wheels, that told
  Of the lapse of time, as they moved around slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
  Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed:—in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;—
  Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
  In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
    "Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
  Of thought, or care, stole softly over,

Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
  Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek; but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
  That marched so calmly around above her,
Was a little dimmed, — as when evening steals
  Upon noon's hot face: — yet one couldn't but love her,
For she looked like a mother, whose first babe lay
  Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day; —
  And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
    "Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
  Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan:
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
  Yet, just as busily, swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept;
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone,
  (Let me never forget till my dying day
  The tone or the burden of her lay,)
    "Passing away! passing away!"

EXERCISE LII.

SEASONS OF PRAYER. *Henry Ware, Jr.*

[*Solemnity, beauty, sublimity, joy,* and *pathos,* are the predominating *emotions* in this piece. The "*qualities*" of voice required in reading it, vary, — with the *force* or *delicacy* of the "*expression,*" — from "*expulsive orotund*" to "*subdued*" "*pure tone.*" The *pitch* inclines *low,* in the *solemn,* and high, in the *joyous* strains; the *force* is *soft,* in *pathetic,* and *full,* in *sublime* passages; the "*movement*" is "*lively,*" in the expression of *joy,* and "*slow*" in that of *solemnity.* The pauses vary in length, in a correspondent manner. Care must be taken *not to overdo the effect of the metre* into a *chanting* style.]

To prayer, to prayer! — for the morning breaks;
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
Oh! then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer! — for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer! — for the day that God has blessed
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
Oh! hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul, through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow. —
Oh! what are earth and its pleasures now?
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.

He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where He shall reign
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

EXERCISE LIII.

THE FALL OF NIAGARA. *J. G. C. Brainard.*

[*Sublimity*, extending to *awe*, is the chief characteristic of this piece. The reading is marked by *deep* "*orotund*," *suppressed* by the *slightly* "*aspirated*" *effect* of *awe*, bordering on *fear*. The "*movement*" is "*extremely slow*;" and the *pauses* correspond in *length*.
The *full, sonorous effect of the blank verse*, should be freely given, in the utterance.]

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee.—It would seem
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spake in that loud voice, which seemed to him

Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bid
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rock!

Deep calleth unto deep! — And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? — a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might!

EXERCISE LIV.

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. *Washington Irving.*

This extract forms an example of *easy, fluent, and graceful narration*, intermingled with *description* and *sentiment*. It requires, in reading, "*pure tone*," in the "*moderate*" form which belongs to "*serious*" and "*animated*" style. The utterance is on the "*middle pitch*," — the "*movement*," "*moderate*."]

It has been well observed of Ferdinand and Isabella, that they lived together, not like man and wife, whose estates are in common, under the orders of the husband, but like two monarchs, strictly allied. They had separate claims to sovereignty, in virtue of their separate kingdoms, and held separate councils. Yet they were so happily united by common views, common interests, and a great deference for each other, that this double administration never prevented a unity of purpose and action. All acts of sovereignty were executed in both their names; all public writings subscribed with both their signatures; their likenesses were stamped together on the public coin; and the royal seal displayed the united arms of Castile and Arragon.

Ferdinand possessed a clear and comprehensive genius, and great penetration. He was equable in temper, indefati-

gable in business, a great observer of men, and is extolled by Spanish writers as unparalleled in the science of the cabinet. It has been maintained by writers of other nations, however, and apparently with reason, that he was bigoted in religion, and craving rather than magnanimous in his ambition; that he made war less like a paladin than a prince, less for glory than for mere dominion; and that his policy was cold, selfish, and artful. He was called the wise and prudent in Spain; in Italy, the pious; in France and England, the ambitious and perfidious.

Contemporary writers have been enthusiastic in their descriptions of Isabella; but time has sanctioned their eulogies. She was of the middle size, and well formed; with a fair complexion, auburn hair, and clear blue eyes. There was a mingled gravity and sweetness in her countenance, and a singular modesty in her mien, gracing, as it did, great firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband, and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, personal dignity, acuteness of genius, and grandeur of soul. Combining the active, the resolute qualities of man, with the softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, and being inspired with a truer idea of glory, infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy.

It is in the civil history of their reign, however, that the character of Isabella shines most illustrious. Her fostering and maternal care was continually directed to reform the laws, and heal the ills engendered by a long course of civil wars. She assembled round her the ablest men in literature and science, and directed herself by their counsels in encouraging literature and the arts. She promoted the distribution of honours and rewards for the promulgation of knowledge, fostered the recently invented art of printing; and, through her patronage, Salamanca rose to that eminence which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age. Such was the noble woman who was destined to acquire immortal renown by her spirited patronage of the discovery of the new world.

EXERCISE LV.

"GOOD SOCIETY." *Miss Leslie.*

[The style of this piece requires the manner of "*lively*" and "*gay*" conversation, interspersed with occasional "*serious*" expression, and, sometimes, with *graphic* "*humour*." To give these changes of feeling with full natural effect, is the chief object to be kept in view, in reading. When the description borders on the *satirical* style, a peculiar pungency is required in the *emphasis*; and the "*slide*," or "*simple inflection*," passes into the "*wave*," or "*double inflection*." A *pompous* "*median*" swell, also, is sometimes thrown in, to give efficacy to descriptive tone, in *burlesque* passages.]

Mr. Milstead, who, to the most sincere piety united a cultivated mind, a benevolent heart, and a cheerful and liberal disposition, had been recently appointed to a church in one of the small towns of a certain Atlantic section of the Union, that shall be nameless. His wife was a young and beautiful woman, whose character harmonized in every respect with his own.

As they had no children, and were good managers, Mr. Milstead soon found that his salary would not only afford them all they wanted, but that it would leave them something to give away. They became very popular with the congregation; for Mr. Milstead, though indefatigable in administering to the spiritual wants of his flock, was never unmindful of their temporal happiness; and his judicious and amiable wife went hand in hand with him, in every thing.

They had not been long established in Tamerton, when they observed with regret, that, though the inhabitants showed the best possible disposition to be on intimate terms with the minister and his lady, there was little sociability or familiarity among themselves. The society of Tamerton had gradually divided into numerous circles; some of these circles being so small as to comprise but one or two families. Mrs. Gutheridge, for instance, the most wealthy woman of the place, revolved entirely in her own orbit. She was the childless widow of Zephaniah Pelatiah Gutheridge, who had, for several successive sessions, filled the office of speaker, in the senate of the state legislature, — an office that suited him exactly, as he had never been known to speak *in* the house, and very rarely out of it.

Mr. Gutheridge had long been the chief man of Tamerton; and his widow now reigned in his stead, — alone in her glory, and occupant of the broadest, the longest, and the tallest white frame domicile in the village. She was originally from the city, and of a very genteel family: her grandfather, having made his fortune, had quitted bricklaying, and turned gentleman, long before he was superannuated. Her father had not contaminated his hands by putting them to any trade whatever; having, after he left college, attended to no other business than the care of preserving his life, by studying to guard himself from all possible maladies and accidents. Therefore he died, — of no particular disease, — at the age of thirty-four.

Mrs. Gutheridge was a large woman, with a majestic figure. She had an aquiline nose, immense black eyes, and a prominent mouth, with very good teeth. After she became a widow, she preferred remaining at Tamerton, to removing to the city; for, like Cæsar, she thought it better to be first in a village, than second at Rome. She had, however, a sovereign contempt for every man, woman, and child in the neighbourhood, with the exception of the clergyman and his wife, whom she tolerated, because she heard that, in England, the aristocracy make a point of upholding the church; and she professed to be aristocratic in all her ways.

With the assistance of her maid, she spent an hour every day in attiring herself for her solitary dinner; and she sat down alone to her sumptuous table, "all dressed up in rich array." This she called self-respect. Her abigail reported that Mrs. Gutheridge had a set of night curls for sleeping in; and that her nightcaps were far superior to any daycaps that had ever appeared in Tamerton.

Mrs. Gutheridge rarely walked beyond her own grounds; but she rode out in her carriage every afternoon. She was seldom seen at full length, except on Sunday morning, when she proceeded up the middle aisle of the church, swinging a magnificent reticule, and followed by her black man, carrying two magnificent books. Her pew was richly lined and carpeted; and it was surrounded by curtains through which she could peep, without being exposed to the gaze of the vulgar; for of that class she considered the whole congregation. She reminded Mr. Milstead of the sovereign of one of the Asiatic islands, who always kept his own name a profound secret, lest it should be profaned by the utterance of his subjects.

Mrs. Gutheridge, being unquestionably at the head, (or rather over the head,) of Tamerton society, the next position was occupied by the families of two lawyers, and the third circle consisted of three physicians; for, except in Philadelphia, lawyers are generally supposed to take rank of doctors; but, in the city of brotherly love, that point is still contested. With regard to the medical fraternity of Tamerton, it might be said in the words of Shelty, that "every man shook his own hand;" for they never met in amity, and were seldom on speaking terms. Dr. Drainblood referred every disease to the head; Dr. Famishem deduced "all the ills that flesh is heir to," from the state of the stomach; and Dr. Juste Milieu, (who was a Frenchman,) maintained a strict neutrality; keeping half way between the two theories, doing neither good nor harm to his patients, and incurring the contempt and reprobation of both his fellow-practitioners. He was, however, in high favour with the young ladies and the mothers: the grandmothers did not like him quite so well.

In the fourth circle, were the store-keepers; and they found it convenient to be tolerably friendly. Next came the tavern-keepers, who were rivals and foemen. The mechanics all took precedence of each other; there being no reason why a carpenter should vail his bonnet to a wheelwright, why a shoemaker should do reverence to a tailor, or why a butcher should succumb to a baker. As to the clerks, milliners, and mantua-makers, they got in where they could. The teachers got in nowhere; except one lady, who, under the signature of Polyhymnia, supplied the weekly newspaper with odes, "after the manner of Pindar," (not Peter,) and was therefore generally invited to meet strangers, and to show them that the town of Tamerton possessed a live author.

Let it, however, be understood that the integrity of the circles was chiefly preserved by the ladies. The gentlemen, when their wives were not by, frequently gave way to their natural dislike of restraint, and talked to each other familiarly enough, particularly on politics; for when that subject is started, no American can possibly keep silent.

Such was the state of society in the village of Tamerton, when Mr. and Mrs. Milstead first removed thither. They soon discovered the position of affairs by visiting round among the congregation; and when the pastor and his lady invited company to their own house, they always perceived that they had given some dissatisfaction by not assorting the guests according to rank.

Mrs. Gutheridge kept herself entirely aloof, and showed no other civility to Mr. and Mrs. Milstead, than that of coming in her carriage to leave at their door two cards printed in gold.

Mr. Milstead took occasion, in one of his sermons, to deprecate the sin of pride and arrogance, which he justly represented as being especially absurd and inconvenient in a small community, every member of which was a citizen of a republic. His discourse was eloquent and impressive; and it was heard with due attention. Yet the only effect it produced, was, that none of the congregation took his admonitions to themselves, but all hoped that their neighbours would.

EXERCISE LVI.

TWILIGHT. *Fitz-Green Halleck.*

[This beautiful example of *pensive* "*repose*," passes from the "*subdued*" form of "*pure tone*," in the utterance of *tranquillity* and *pathos*, which prevail through the first stanza, to that of *solemnity* and *awe*, at the close of the last stanza. In the second and third stanzas, the "*orotund*" tone of *joy* is delicately blended with the pensive expression of *regret*, in that peculiar suavity of voice which belongs to those moods of memory which are "pleasant but mournful to the soul." Such passages require a nice attention to the full yet gentle effect of the *melodious utterance* appropriate to *poetry*, — the *prolonged* and *lingering swell*, *slowly vanishing* on the ear, and imparting to *metre* and *cadence* something of the effect of a closing strain of distant music.]

THERE is an evening twilight of the heart,
  When its wild passion waves are lulled to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
  As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
  We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet;
  But hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour:
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth, the cheek was crimsoned with her glow;
Her smile was loveliest then, her matin song
Was heaven's own music; and the note of woe
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
Life's little world of bliss was newly born:
We knew not, cared not, it was born to die.
Flushed with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
And mocked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue,
Like our own sorrows then, — as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too: — on the eye,
Half realized, her early dreams burst bright;
Her promised bower of happiness seemed nigh, —
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight;
And though, at times, might lower the thunder-storm,
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air
Was balmy with her breath; and her loved form, —
The rainbow of the heart, — was hovering there.
'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen, —
Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer green

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now:
That angel smile of tranquil loveliness,
Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow,
That smile shall brighten the dim evening star
That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
And hushed the last deep beating of the heart;
The meteor-bearer of our parting breath, —
A moonbeam in the midnight cloud of death.

EXERCISE LVII.

THE SPECTATOR'S RETURN TO TOWN. *Steele.*

[The greater part of the following piece is in the style of *animated conversation.* In the *narrative* and *descriptive* parts, the tone is "*lively*," — in the language of the captain, it becomes "*gay*" and "*humorous*," — in that of the Quaker, it is "*serious*," but *bland* and

good-humoured. The "quality" of voice, throughout, is "*pure tone,*" modified according to the above technical designations, as explained in the preliminary rules. Natural *ease,* and *vivacity* of expression, — *simplicity, without feebleness,* should be the prevailing style in the reading of such pieces: *insipidity* and *affectation* are the extremes to be avoided.]

Having notified to my good friend Sir Roger, that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and, attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following.

As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain, in my hearing, what company he had for the coach? The fellow answered, "Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer, (who took a place because they were to go;) young Squire Quickset, her cousin, (that her mother wished her to be married to;) Ephraim, the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb, from Sir Roger de Coverly's."

I observed, by what he said of myself, that, according to his office, he dealt much in intelligence, and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

The next morning, at daybreak, we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out, was, that the captain's half pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the meantime, the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud, "that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled;" upon which his cloak-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were, in some little time, fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people, not too good-natured, usually conceive of each other, at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity; and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain

what success he had in his recruiting? The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that indeed he had had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. "In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, — I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha! ha!" — This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to seem to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed.

"Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleasant companion, who is fallen asleep, to be the brideman; and," giving the Quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, "This sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what, as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving of her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is the type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend! we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city: we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee, if thou wilt needs utter thy follies: — we cannot help it, friend, I say. If thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier: give quarter to us who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young woman, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee: to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with a happy and uncommon impudence, (which can be convicted and support

itself at the same time,) cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee: I should have been a little impertinent, if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow: and I will be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation, fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, to the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place, — as going to London, — of all vehicles coming from thence.

The occurrences we met with were ordinary; and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of it; but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune, that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What therefore Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows: —

"There is no ordinary part of human life, which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them."

"My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by; and peradventure we may never meet again: but be advised by a plain man. — Modes and apparels are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it."

EXERCISE LVIII.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.—A DIALOGUE.

Mrs. Barbauld.

Mrs. Beechwood, Harriet Beechwood.

[*Conversational dialogues* are among the most effective means of breaking up *monotonous* and *mechanical tones*, and are of great service in facilitating the acquisition of an appropriate style of reading. The point to be aimed at in practice, is, that the reader should *imagine herself*, for the moment, to be *the person who speaks*, and read as if every sentiment were *her own*, and uttered by *herself*, in *lively conversation*, with all the earnestness of *familiar talk* and *true feeling*. The first step in practice, is to learn to read one part well,—then to read both; *changing the voice*, as the reading proceeds, from the *lively* tone of the girl,—in the present case,—to the *grave* tone of the mother.]

Harriet. MAMMA! I have just heard such a proud speech of a poor man! you would wonder if you heard it.

Mrs. B. Not much, Harriet; for pride and poverty can very well agree together:—but what was it?

Harriet. Why, mamma, you know the charity-school Lady Mary has set up, and how neat the girls look in their brown stuff gowns and little straw bonnets.

Mrs. B. Yes, I think it a very good institution: the poor girls are taught to read and spell and sew, and what is better still, to be good.

Harriet. Well, mamma, Lady Mary's gardener, a poor man who lives in a cottage just by the great house, has a little girl; and so, because she was a pretty little girl, Lady Mary offered to put her into this school;—and do you know he would not let her go!

Mrs. B. Indeed!

Harriet. Yes: he thanked her, and said, "I have only one little girl, and I love her dearly: and though I am a poor man, I had rather work my fingers to the bone than she should wear a charity dress."

Mrs. B. I do not doubt, my dear Harriet, that a great many people will have the same idea of this poor man's be- [which] you have; but, for my own part, I am inclined [...] indicates something of a noble and generous spirit.

Harriet. Was it not proud to say she should not wear a charity dress?

Mrs. B. Why should she?—would you wear a charity dress?

Harriet. Oh! mamma, but this is a poor man!

Mrs. B. He is able to pay for her learning, I suppose; otherwise, he would certainly do wrong to refuse his child the advantage of instruction because his feelings were hurt by it.

Harriet. Yes, he is going to put her to Dame Primmer's across the Green: she will have half a mile to walk.

Mrs. B. That will do her no hurt.

Harriet. But he is throwing his money away; for he might have his little girl taught for nothing; and, as he is a poor man, he ought to be thankful for it.

Mrs. B. Pray, what do you mean by a poor man?

Harriet. Oh!—a man—those men that live in poor houses, and work all day, and are hired for it.

Mrs. B. I cannot tell exactly how you define a poor house: but as to working, your papa is in a public office, and works all day long, and more hours certainly than the labourer does; and he is hired to it, for he would not do the work, but for the salary they give him.

Harriet. But you do not live like those poor people; and you do not wear a check apron, like the gardener's wife.

Mrs. B. Neither am I covered with lace and jewels like a duchess: there is as much difference between our manner of living and that of many people above us in fortune, as between ours and this gardener's whom you call poor.

Harriet. What is being poor then?—is there no such thing?

Mrs. B. Indeed, I hardly know how to answer your question: rich and poor are comparative terms; and provided a man is in no want of the necessaries of life, and is not in debt, he can only be said to be poor comparatively with others, of whom the same might be affirmed by those who are still richer. But to whatever degree of indigence you apply the term, you must take care not to confound a *poor man* with a *pauper*.

Harriet. What is a pauper? I thought they were the same thing.

Mrs. B. A pauper is one who cannot maintain himself, and who is maintained by the charity of the community. Your gardener was not a pauper: he worked for what he had,

and he paid for what he had; and therefore he had a right to expect that his child should not be confounded with the children of paupers. If the gardener's daughter were to wear a kind of charity-badge, the little girls she plays with, would consider her as having lost her rank in society. You would not like to lose your rank, and to be thrust down lower than your proper place in society. There are several things it would not at all hurt you to do, which you would not choose to do, on this account; — for instance, to carry a bandbox through the street; yet it would not hurt you to carry a bandbox; you would carry a greater weight in your garden for pleasure.

Harriet. But I thought gardeners and such sort of people had no rank?

Mrs. B. That is a very great mistake. Every one has his rank, his place in society; and so far as rank is a source of honourable pride, there is less difference in rank between you and the gardener, than between the gardener and a pauper. Between the greater part of those we call different classes, there is only the difference of less and more; the spending a hundred, or five hundred, or five thousand a year; the eating off earthenware, or china, or plate: but there is a real and essential difference between the man who provides for his family by his own exertions, and him who is supported by charity. The gardener has a right to stretch out his nervous arm, and say, "This right hand, under Providence, provides for myself and my family; I earn what I eat, I am a burden to no one; and therefore if I have any superfluity I have a right to spend it as I please, and to dress my little girl to my own fancy."

Harriet. But do you not think, mamma, that a brown gown and a straw bonnet would be a more proper dress for the lower sort of people, than any thing gaudy? If they are much dressed, you know, we always laugh at their vulgar finery.

Mrs. B. They care very little for your laughing at them; they do not dress to please you. They have a natural love of ornament as well as we have. It is true they can do our work as well in a plainer dress; but when the work is done, and the time of enjoyment comes, — in the dance on the green, or the tea-party among their friends, — who shall hinder them from indulging their taste and fancy, and laying out the money they have so fairly earned, in what best pleases them?

Harriet. But they are not content without following our

fashions; and they are so ridiculous in their imitations of them. I was quite diverted to see Molly, the pastry-cook's girl, tossing her head about in a hat and riband which I dare say she thought very fashionable; but such a caricature of the mode! — I was so diverted!

Mrs. B. You may be diverted with a safer conscience when I assure you that the laugh goes round. London laughs at the country; the court laughs at the city; and I dare say your pastry-cook's girl laughs at somebody who is distanced by herself in the race of fashion.

Harriet. But every body says, and I have heard you say, mamma, that the kind of people I mean, and servants particularly, are very extravagant in dress.

Mrs. B. That unfortunately is true: they very often are so; and when they marry they suffer for it severely; but do not you think many young ladies are equally so? Did you not see, at your last dancing-school ball, many a girl whose father cannot give her a thousand pounds, covered with lace and ornaments?

Harriet. It is very true.

Mrs. B. Are not duchesses driven by extravagance to pawn their plate and jewels?

Harriet. I have heard so.

Mrs. B. The only security against improper expense, is dignity of mind, and moderation: these are not common in any rank; and I do not know why we should expect them to be more common among the lower and uneducated classes than among the higher. — To return to your gardener. — He has certainly a right to dress his girl as he pleases, without asking you or me: but I shall think he does not make a wise use of that right, if he lays out his money in finery, instead of providing the more substantial comforts and enjoyments of life. And I should think exactly the same of my neighbour in the great house in the park. The feelings of vanity are exactly the same in a countess's daughter dancing at court, and a milkwoman figuring at a country hop.

Harriet. But surely, mamma, the countess's daughter will be more really elegant?

Mrs. B. That will depend very much upon individual taste. However, the higher ranks have so many advantages for cultivating taste, so much money to lay out in decoration, and are so early taught the graces of air and manner, to set off those decorations, that it would be absurd to deny their

superiority in this particular. But taste has one great enemy to contend with.

Harriet. What is that?

Mrs. B. Fashion, — an arbitrary and capricious tyrant, who reigns with the most despotic sway over that department which taste alone ought to regulate. It is fashion that imprisons the slender nymph in the vast rotunda of the hoop, and loads her with heavy ornaments, when she is conscious, if she dared rebel, she should dance lighter, and look better, in a dress of one tenth part of the price. Fashion sometimes orders her to cut off her beautiful tresses, and present the appearance of a cropped schoolboy; and though this is a sacrifice which a nun going to be professed, looks upon as one of the severest she is to make, she obeys without a murmur. The winter arrives, and she is cold; but fashion orders her to leave off half her clothes, and be abroad half the night. She complies, though at the risk of her life. A great deal more might be said about this tyrant; but as we have had enough of grave conversation for the present, we will here drop the subject.

EXERCISE LIX.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS. *W. C. Bryant.*

[The tone of *pensive melancholy* which pervades this piece, requires the "*subdued*" form of "*pure tone*," with a deeper note than the "expression" of *pathos*, merely; as the element of *regret* is added. *Prolonged* "*quantities*," in the *prosodial* effect, with *slow* "*median*" *swell* and *decreasing* "*vanish*," *long pauses* and *prevailing semitones*, and the "*minor third*" in the *cadence* of the *stanza*, are, in all such cases, the vocal accompaniments of *true feeling*.

Nothing can be farther from nature and truth, than the *mechanical*, *automaton-like utterance* which is sometimes exemplified in the school style of reading such pieces.]

The melancholy days are come,
  The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
  And meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
  The withered leaves lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust,
  And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
  And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
  Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
  That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
  A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
  The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, —
  With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
  But the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
  The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
  They perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died,
  Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
  And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook,
  In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
  As falls the plague on men; —
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
  From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
  As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
  From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
  Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
  The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
  Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
  And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

EXERCISE LX.

MADAME DE STAËL.* *Anon.*

[This extract, as a combination of the *narrative* and *didactic* styles, needs attention, in reading, to the appropriate *change of voice* demanded by the *transition* from the one to the other. The least attentive listener is aware that, in *conversation*, the voice of the speaker becomes much more *firm*, *regular*, and *measured*, in style, when he passes from *anecdote* to *sentiment*. A similar change takes place in *reading*, as mentioned above. To make such changes *effectively* but *easily*, is, at once, indispensable to natural effect, and graceful, as an accomplishment of voice. A style equally removed from *lifelessness* and *display*, is the object of true culture, in this department of elocution. The *narrative* should, in the present instance, be entirely free from *formality*, and the *sentiment* from *parade;* while the former is not left deficient in *dignity*, nor the atter in *impressiveness.*]

Anne Louise Germaine Necker, the celebrated daughter of a celebrated father, was born at Paris, April 22, 1766. In her earliest years, she manifested uncommon vivacity of perception and depth of feeling; and, at the age of eleven, her sprightliness, her self-possession, and the eager and intelligent interest which she took in all subjects of conversation, rendered her the pet and the wonder of the brilliant circle which frequented her father's house.

* Pronounced, *Stå'el.*

* Mademoiselle Necker paid the usual price of mental precocity, in its debilitating effects upon her bodily constitution. At the age of fourteen, serious apprehensions were entertained for her life; and she was sent to St. Ouen, in the neighbourhood of Paris, for the benefit of country air, with orders to abstain from every species of severe study. Thither her father repaired, at every interval of leisure; and, being withdrawn from the strict line of behaviour prescribed by her mother, who, having done much herself by dint of study, thought that no accomplishments or graces could be worth possessing which were not the fruit of study, she passed her time in the unrestrained enjoyment of † M. Necker's society, in the indulgence of her brilliant imagination, and the spontaneous cultivation of her powerful mind.

This course of life was more favourable to the development of that poetical, ardent, and enthusiastic temper, which was the source of so much enjoyment, and so much distinction, than to the habits of self-control, without which, such a temper is almost too dangerous to be called a blessing. Her character at this period of life is thus described by her relation and biographer, Madame Necker de Saussure: "We may figure to ourselves Madame de Staël, in her early youth, entering with confidence upon a life which, to her, promised nothing but happiness. Too benevolent to expect hatred from others, too fond of talent in others, to anticipate the envy of her own, she loved to exalt genius, enthusiasm, and inspiration, and was herself an example of their power. The love of glory, and of liberty, the inherent beauty of virtue, the pleasures of affection,—each, in turn, afforded subjects for her eloquence. Not that she was always in the clouds: she never lost presence of mind, nor was she run away with by enthusiasm." In later life, her good taste led her to abstain from this lofty vein of conversation, especially when the attempt was made to force it upon her. "I tramp in the mire with wooden shoes, whenever they would force me to live always in the clouds."

* The pronunciation of this, as of many other French words, must be acquired of a competent French teacher.

† The French word, *Monsieur*, which this initial letter represents, cannot be intelligibly represented by any English combination of letters. It is a word more commonly and confessedly mispronounced, even in France itself, than almost any other of the French language. Its true pronunciation ought always, if possible, to be obtained from a well-educated native of France.

what success he had in his recruiting? The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that indeed he had had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. "In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, — I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha! ha!" — This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to seem to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed.

"Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleasant companion, who is fallen asleep, to be the brideman; and," giving the Quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, "This sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what, as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

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EXERCISE LVIII.

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Mrs. Barbauld.

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Mrs. B. Pray, what do you mean by a poor man?

Harriet. Oh!—a man—those men that live in poor houses, and work all day, and are hired for it.

Mrs. B. I cannot tell exactly how you define a poor house: but as to working, your papa is in a public office, and works all day long, and more hours certainly than the labourer does; and he is hired to it, for he would not do the work, but for the salary they give him.

Harriet. But you do not live like those poor people; and you do not wear a check apron, like the gardener's wife.

Mrs. B. Neither am I covered with lace and jewels like a duchess: there is as much difference between our manner of living and that of many people above us in fortune, as between ours and this gardener's whom you call poor.

Harriet. What is being poor then?—is there no such thing?

Mrs. B. Indeed, I hardly know how to answer your question: rich and poor are comparative terms; and provided a man is in no want of the necessaries of life, and is not in debt, he can only be said to be poor comparatively with others, of whom the same might be affirmed by those who are still richer. But to whatever degree of indigence you apply the term, you must take care not to confound a *poor man* with a *pauper.*

Harriet. What is a pauper? I thought they were the same thing.

Mrs. B. A pauper is one who cannot maintain himself, and who is maintained by the charity of the community. Your gardener was not a pauper: he worked for what he had,

EXERCISE LVIII.

THE RICH AND THE POOR. — A DIALOGUE.

Mrs. Barbauld.

Mrs. Beechwood, Harriet Beechwood.

[*Conversational dialogues* are among the most effective means of breaking up *monotonous* and *mechanical tones*, and are of great service in facilitating the acquisition of an appropriate style of reading. The point to be aimed at in practice, is, that the reader should *imagine herself*, for the moment, to be *the person who speaks*, and read as if every sentiment were *her own*, and uttered by *herself*, in *lively conversation*, with all the earnestness of *familiar talk* and *true feeling*. The first step in practice, is to learn to read one part well, — then to read both; *changing the voice*, as the reading proceeds, from the *lively* tone of the girl, — in the present case, — to the *grave* tone of the mother.]

Harriet. MAMMA! I have just heard such a proud speech of a poor man! you would wonder if you heard it.

Mrs. B. Not much, Harriet; for pride and poverty can very well agree together: — but what was it?

Harriet. Why, mamma, you know the charity-school Lady Mary has set up, and how neat the girls look in their brown stuff gowns and little straw bonnets.

Mrs. B. Yes, I think it a very good institution: the poor girls are taught to read and spell and sew, and what is better still, to be good.

Harriet. Well, mamma, Lady Mary's gardener, a poor man who lives in a cottage just by the great house, has a little girl; and so, because she was a pretty little girl, Lady Mary offered to put her into this school; — and do you know he would not let her go!

Mrs. B. Indeed!

Harriet. Yes: he thanked her, and said, "I have only one little girl, and I love her dearly: and though I am a poor man, I had rather work my fingers to the bone than she should wear a charity dress."

Mrs. B. I do not doubt, my dear Harriet, that a great many people will have the same idea of this poor man's behaviour which you have; but, for my own part, I am inclined to think it indicates something of a noble and generous spirit.

Harriet. Was it not proud to say she should not wear a charity dress?

Mrs. B. Why should she?—would you wear a charity dress?

Harriet. Oh! mamma, but this is a poor man!

Mrs. B. He is able to pay for her learning, I suppose; otherwise, he would certainly do wrong to refuse his child the advantage of instruction because his feelings were hurt by it.

Harriet. Yes, he is going to put her to Dame Primmer's across the Green: she will have half a mile to walk.

Mrs. B. That will do her no hurt.

Harriet. But he is throwing his money away; for he might have his little girl taught for nothing; and, as he is a poor man, he ought to be thankful for it.

Mrs. B. Pray, what do you mean by a poor man?

Harriet. Oh!—a man—those men that live in poor houses, and work all day, and are hired for it.

Mrs. B. I cannot tell exactly how you define a poor house: but as to working, your papa is in a public office, and works all day long, and more hours certainly than the labourer does; and he is hired to it, for he would not do the work, but for the salary they give him.

Harriet. But you do not live like those poor people; and you do not wear a check apron, like the gardener's wife.

Mrs. B. Neither am I covered with lace and jewels like a duchess: there is as much difference between our manner of living and that of many people above us in fortune, as between ours and this gardener's whom you call poor.

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Harriet. What is a pauper? I thought they were the same thing.

Mrs. B. A pauper is one who cannot maintain himself, and who is maintained by the charity of the community. Your gardener was not a pauper: he worked for what he had,

incongruous application of them, has often given just occasion to the wit of the satirist. "The poem is well enough," said the mathematician; "but I do not see, that it proves any thing."

The chemist and physical philosopher are deeply interested in the application of their principles to the arts; and will not the same law of our nature operate in moral speculations? Can he rest at ease, whose conduct is constantly at variance with the principles he is labouring to establish, and the rules he is forming for others? Will he not rather, if he cannot suit his life to his theory, accommodate his theory to his life? Thus Rousseau substituted sentiment for virtue; and the profligacy of his manners was, at once, the cause and the effect of the profligacy of his writings.

I am unwilling to think that one can have the beauty of moral order, and the indications of moral design, constantly in view, without having his feelings touched and his heart made better. Can you breathe the pure mountain air, and not be refreshed? Can you walk forth amidst the beautiful and grand of the works of God, and feel no kindling of devotion?

EXERCISE LXIII.

EARLY PIETY. *Mrs. Ellis.*

[The following extract is an eloquent example of *didactic* and *hortatory* style: *pathos* and *earnestness* are the prevailing traits of feeling which it imbodies. The management of the voice needs, in this and similar passages, the *softened utterance* of *tender* and *sympathetic emotion*, producing the "*subdued*" form of "*pure tone*," and, where the language is *warm* and *forcible*, the *energy* and *ardour* of *sincere excitement* of feeling, rising to the effect of "*orotund*," but in *chastened* style, tempering *earnestness* with *solemnity*. A *gentle* "*median stress*" prevails in the mode of utterance;—the "*movement*" is "*slow*;" and the *pauses* are *long*. The "*pitch*" is comparatively "*high*," in the *pathetic*, and "*low*" in the *solemn* strains.]

HAPPY youth!—Thou art ever happy, in the view of age; and yet thou hast thy tears. Thou hast thy trials, too; and perhaps their acuteness renders them less bearable than the dull burden of accumulated sorrow, which hangs upon ma-

turer years. Thou hast thy sorrows: and when the mother's eye is closed, that used to watch thy infant steps so fondly; and the father's hand is cold, that used to rest upon thy head, with gentle and impressive admonition; — whom hast thou — whom wilt thou ever have, — to supply thy parents' place on earth? Whom hast thou? The world is poor to thee; for none will ever love thee with a love like theirs.

Thou hast thy golden and exuberant youth, thy joyous step, thy rosy smile; — and we call thee happy. But thou hast also thy hours of loneliness, thy disappointments, thy chills, thy blights, when the hopes on which thy young spirit has soared, begin, for the first time, to droop; when the love in which thou hast so fondly trusted, begins to cool; when the flowers thou hast cherished, begin to fade; when the bird thou hast fed through the winter, in the summer flies away; when the lamb thou hast nursed in thy bosom, prefers the stranger to thee.

Thou hast thy tears; but the bitterest of thy sorrows, how soon are they assuaged! It is this, then, which constitutes thy happiness; for we all have griefs; but, long before old age, they have worn themselves channels which cannot be effaced. It is therefore that we look back to youth with envy; because the tablet of the heart is then fresh, and unimpressed; and we long to begin again with that fair surface, and to write upon it no characters but those of truth.

And will not youth accept the invitation of experience, and come before it is too late? — and come with all its health, and its bloom, and its first fruits untainted, and lay them upon the altar, — an offering which age cannot make? Let us count the different items in the riches which belong to youth, and ask, if it is not a holy and a glorious privilege to dedicate them to the service of the Most High?

First, then, there is the freshness of unwearied nature, for which so many millions pine in vain; the glow of health, that life-spring of all the energies of thought and action; the confidence of unbroken trust, — the power to believe, as well as hope, — a power which the might of human intellect could never yet restore; the purity of undivided affection; the earnestness of zeal unchilled by disappointment; the first awakening of joy that has never been depressed; high aspirations that have never stooped to earth; the clear perception of a mind unbiased in its search of truth; with the fervour of an untroubled soul.

All these, and more than pen could write, or tongue could

utter, has youth the power to dedicate to the noblest cause which ever yet engaged the attention of an intellectual and immortal being. What, then, I would ask again, is that which hinders the surrender of your heart to God, your conduct to the requirements of the religion of Christ?

With this solemn inquiry, I would leave the young reader to pursue the train of her own reflections. All that has been proposed to her consideration, as desirable in character and habit, — in heart and conduct, — will be without consistency, and without foundation, unless grounded upon Christian principle, and supported by Christian faith. All that has been proposed to her as most lovely, and most admirable, may be rendered more — infinitely more so, — by the refinement of feeling, the elevation of sentiment, and the purity of purpose, which those principles and that faith are calculated to impart.

EXERCISE LXIV.

VISIT TO MONT BLANC. *Hubbard Winslow.*

[The following extract furnishes an interesting and instructive example of *description rising from the style of ordinary scenes, to the highest sublimity* and *beauty*. The vocal "*expression*" in reading, corresponds to this progressive effect of the language of the piece. It commences with the "*moderate force*" of "*pure tone*," in the form adapted to "*animated*" *conversation*, and passes gradually into the "*orotund*" of mingling *grandeur* and *beauty*. At the close of the *second paragraph*, the "*expression*" changes suddenly to the *familiar* style of *conversation*; after which it returns to *sublimity* and *solemnity*, in a style of increasing effect, to the close. The "*force*," "*pitch*," "*movement*," and "*stress*," together with the *pauses*, vary as intimated in defining the "*expression*."]

We were making a long and arduous ascent towards Chamouny, when I left the horses and company resting behind, and soon found myself alone, on foot, in the most solemn and sublime circumstances imaginable. On each side of me the mountains rose abruptly to an enormous height; at my feet rolled the rapid waters of the Arveiron; and, directly before, seen through an opening vista, the bald, hoary head of Mont Blanc towered upward to the very vault of heaven.

Where I was, the sun had long since gone down, leaving me in almost pitchy darkness, while his brilliant beams still lingered and played fantastically upon the white pinnacle of the mountain. It seemed like a huge, shining dome, suspended from the upper world. During our stay at Chamouny, the sky was perfectly clear, — a favour not often enjoyed. But upon the grand summit, while not a speck of cloud appeared elsewhere, a thin, gauze-like veil almost continually hovered, reflecting the delicate tints of vermilion, yellow, and amethyst; giving the appearance of some mysterious fairy chamber of the skies, on which nature had hung her richest drapery. I gazed and gazed on the glorious object, forgetful of my way, and almost in doubt whether I was in this world or some other, till the sharp crack of the postilion's whip, and the sound of human voices, broke the enchantment.

——————We walked out to enjoy an evening view of the scenery. Not a cloud darkened a hand-breadth of the sky; — the moon was walking up the zenith, in full-orbed lustre; and every star, save those eclipsed by the moon, seemed ambitious to put forth its most brilliant rays. Beneath our feet, and directly around us, Summer had spread her green mantle, and the fields were then waving with ripe harvest; while, within a fourth of a mile from us, lay massive banks of ice and snow, projected from the mountains, which rose on each side to enormous heights.

It was strange indeed, to be walking on the verdant carpet, and through the luxuriant foliage of midsummer, surrounded by the scenery, and enveloped by the atmosphere of midwinter. When one feels the piercing chills of the night air, and beholds the wintry aspect of these regions, by moonlight, he is puzzled to conceive how the grass and grain contrive to grow. Far, far up, in the deep, clear, and, — contrasted with the snowy cliffs, — *dark* sky, rose the "bald, awful head" of Mont Blanc, looking down on all Europe. There it seemed to sit, silent, calm, majestic, wearing the shining and changeless crown of everlasting winter. It required little effort of imagination to conceive, with Coleridge, that it held lordly intercourse with the orbs of heaven, and had power to arrest them in their courses. Indeed, the poet's entire description came fresh to our thoughts, with all the quickening power of perceived and felt reality.

——————The Mer de Glace is a solid mass of ice, two or three miles broad, extending from the source of the Ar-

veiron up the winding valley of the mountains, some twenty or thirty miles; — and how many hundreds or thousands of feet deep, no mortal knows. It is by far the greatest inland body of ice in all Europe. Those who do not choose to enter upon it, should at least visit the source of the Arveiron, at its foot. The stream issues from beneath a magnificent canopy of ice. The arch opens from fifty to a hundred feet, and is of immeasurable depth. Visitors sometimes enter it; but the experiment is dangerous; as masses of ice suddenly disengage themselves, and fall. Several persons have thus been killed.

We did not enter the arch; but a full impression of the grand and beautiful, is realized without. Above you, the translucent canopy of ice, with its brilliant azure gradually softening into deeper shades, and the interminable depths of darkness, with the tumult of hidden waters, far up the awful, bellowing cavern; beneath you, stupendous piles of enormous rocks, launched from the mountain summits, and projected over the glaciers into the bed of the Arvè, overlaid and surrounded with heaps on heaps of shivered timber; together with a literal sea of ice, and jagged mountains all white with winter, stretching beyond the limits of vision, on the one side; and forests of waving pines, green meadows, and the gentle flow of their meandering streams, on the other, — conspire to awaken the deepest, strongest, most reverential emotions of which the human soul is susceptible.

EXERCISE LXV.

LAKE LEMAN AND THE ALPS. *Byron.*

[*Sublimity*, *beauty*, *solemnity*, and *awe*, are the predominating *emotions* expressed in the following stanzas. "*Pure tone*" is the prevalent quality of voice, required in reading them; but it gives place to "*orotund*," in passages characterized by *majesty* and *grandeur*, — and to "*suppressed*" and slightly "*aspirated*" utterance, where the expression is that of profound *stillness* and *awe*. "*Median stress*" prevails, wherever it is not sunk in "*suppression*." The "*pitch*" of the voice is "*low*," throughout, and sometimes "*very low*,"— according to the depth of the emotion; the "*movement*" varies from "*slow*" to "*very slow*;" and the *pauses* are *extremely long*.

The full-sounding swell of the *Spenserian stanza*, and its magnificent and protracted *cadence*, should be clearly distinguishable, throughout, by appropriate *musical utterance*, *prolonged* "*quantities*," and *well-marked* "*rhythm*," — all guarded, however, from the bad effects of *excess* or of *mechanical* execution.

In this and similar pieces, appropriate reading demands that the soul of the reader be *wholly given up* to the scene, that the *imagination* be in *vivid* and *impressive* action, that the *feelings* be kindled to *poetic fervour*, and that the voice become a *true*, *full*, and *deep expression of the heart*. — One of the intended effects of poetry and of elocution, as instruments of education, is that they should inspire, elevate, expand, and deepen the nobler capacities of the soul, so as to produce a quick and genuine susceptibility to such effects as the poet has here imbodied. The familiar tones of ordinary description, are no standard for the reading of such passages. Young readers, from the influence of a false habit of mechanical school-reading, are apt to shrink from the full expression of genuine emotion, as something exaggerated. Pieces such as the following, if rightly employed, become the most effectual means of doing away these erroneous impressions. A natural and true style of reading, is that which varies with every subject, and passes, with full effect, from the lightest style of gay conversation, to the profoundest emotions of sublimity and awe.]

——————— Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, — the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
With the wide world I've dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction: once I loved
Torn ocean's roar; but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill:
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill:—
But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love distil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That, in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star

All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars to the lulled lake, and mountain coast,
All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of That which is of all Creator and Defence.

EXERCISE LXVI.

FLOWERS. *Jardine.*

[This extract exemplifies the union of *description* and *sentiment.* The tone is that of "*repose*" and *reflection:* "*subdued*" "*pure tone*" prevails in the *gentle* and *tender* passages; — "*moderate force*" of "*pure tone,*" in the more "*animated.*" The "*middle pitch*" predominates throughout the piece. The "*movement*" is "*moderate;*" and the *pauses* correspond. An *easy, lively, fluent, but delicate* style of reading, resembling *agreeable conversation,* as nearly as possible, should be the prevailing manner. — A *marked* and *formal* style of *enunciation, prominent emphasis,* and *overdone inflections,* are utterly at variance with the effect of pieces like this.]

Flowers have, in all ages, been made the representatives of innocence and purity. We decorate the bride, and strew her path, with flowers: we present the undefiled blossoms, as a similitude of her beauty and untainted mind; trusting that her destiny through life will be like theirs, grateful and pleasing to all. We scatter them over the shell, the bier, and the earth, when we consign our mortal blossoms to the dust, as emblems of transient joy, fading pleasures, withered hopes; yet rest in sure and certain trust, that each, in due season, will be renewed again. All the writers of antiquity make mention of their uses and application in heathen and pagan ceremonies, whether of the temple, the banquet, or the tomb, — the rites, the pleasures, or the sorrows of man; and in concord with the usages of the period, the author of the "Book of Wisdom," says, "Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds and flowers, before they wither."

All orders of creation, "every form of creeping things and abominable beasts," have been, perhaps, at one time or another, by some nation or sect, either the objects of direct worship, or emblems of an invisible sanctity; but though individuals of the vegetable world may have veiled the mysteries, and been rendered sacred to particular deities and purposes, yet in very few instances, we believe, were they made the representatives of a deified object, or been bowed down to with divine honours. The worship of the one true Being, could never have been polluted by any symbol suggested by the open flowers and lily-work of the Jewish temple.

The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object, as a motive. The cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the villa, its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis: * we cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days. But, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring, that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure; and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny wall, or sheltered bank, —however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter, our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems closed and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates, with the opening year; and we welcome our long-lost associates, with a cordiality that no other season can excite, — as friends in a foreign clime.

There is not a prettier emblem of spring, than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket wreathed with butter-cups, orchises, and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbours, in harmony and good-will; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

The amusements and fancies of children, when connected with flowers, are always pleasing, being generally the conceptions of innocent minds, unbiased by artifice or pretence; and their love of them seems to spring from a genuine feeling and admiration, — a kind of sympathy with objects as fair as their own untainted mind; and I think that it is early flowers which constitute their first natural playthings. Though summer presents a greater number and variety, they are not so fondly selected. We have our daisies strung and wreathed about our dress; our coronals of orchises and primroses, and our cowslip balls.

No portion of creation has been resorted to by mankind with more success, for the ornament and decoration of their labours, than the vegetable world. The rites, emblems, and mysteries of religion; national achievements, eccentric masks, and the capricious visions of fancy, have all been wrought by the hand of the sculptor, on the temple, the altar, or the tomb. But plants, their foliage, flowers, or fruits, as the most graceful, varied, and pleasing objects that meet our view, have been more universally the object of design, and have supplied the most beautiful, and perhaps the earliest em-

* Pronounced, *clem'-ă-tis.*

bellishments of art. The pomegranate, the almond, and flowers, were selected, even in the wilderness, by Divine appointment, to give form to the sacred utensils; the reward of merit, the wreath of the victor, were arboraceous; in later periods, the acanthus, the ivy, the lotus, the vine, the palm, and the oak, flourished under the chisel, or in the room of the artist; and in modern days, the vegetable world affords the almost exclusive decorations of ingenuity and art.

The cultivation of flowers, is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved, as the most innocent in itself, and perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others. The employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind; but probably more good-will has arisen, and more friendships have been founded on the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other. The pleasures, the ecstasies of a horticulturist, are harmless and pure: a streak, — a tint, — a shade, — becomes his triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, is secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days: — an employment, which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and, teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contempt or ill-will.

EXERCISE LXVII.

FLOWERS, THE GIFT OF DIVINE BENIGNITY.

Mrs. Hemans.

[*Joy*, *gratitude*, and *reverence*, are the *emotions* to be expressed in the reading of this genuine effusion of the heart. The prevailing *tone* is that of *fervent emotion*, subdued by *solemnity*. The "*quality*" of voice passes from "*orotund*," in the *energetic* and *elevated*, to "*pure tone*," in the *softened* and *tender* strains. The "*pitch*" varies to "*high*" notes, for the *joyous* emotions, and to "*middle*" and "*low*," for *grateful* and *reverential* feeling. The "*force*" shifts from the *full* utterance of *joy* to the "*moderate*" and the "*subdued*," in *gratitude* and *reverence*. The "*movement*" corresponds, by changes from "*lively*" to "*moderate*" and "*slow*." The *pauses* are proportioned in length to each class of emotions, — from *animation* to *devotion*.

When the "Reader" is used in classes, the teacher will render a valuable assistance to the pupils, by questioning them on the nature of the emotion which characterizes every sentence, successively. The *emotion* is, universally, the *key* to the reading, in every particular; and, to become fully *aware* of the emotion, is the first step towards true style in elocution. Young readers, generally, are prone to commence their exercise without previous reflection, and, consequently, without the preparation and adaptation of feeling, which alone can produce appropriate expression in the voice.]

Yes, there shall still be joy,
Where God hath poured forth beauty; and the voice
Of human love shall still be heard in praise
Over His glorious gifts! — O Father, Lord!
The All-Beneficent! I bless Thy name,
That Thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
Linking our hearts to nature! By the love
Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first
Into her deep recesses are beguiled, —
Her minster cells, — dark glen and forest bower: —
Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of Thee,
Amidst the low religious whisperings,
And shivery leaf-sounds of the solitude,
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,
Thou callest us from city throngs and cares,
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
That sing of Thee! — back to free childhood's heart,
Fresh with the dews of tenderness! — Thou bidd'st
The lilies of the field with placid smile
Reprove man's feverish heart-strings, and infuse
Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,
With their soft holy breath. Thou hast not left
His purer nature, with its fine desires,
Uncared for in this universe of Thine! —
The glowing rose attests it, the beloved
Of poet hearts, — touched by their fervent dreams
With spiritual light, and made a source
Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint age
Thou lend'st the vernal bliss: — The old man's eye
Falls on the kindling blossoms; and his soul
Remembers youth and love, and hopefully
Turns unto Thee, who call'st earth's buried germs
From dust to splendour; as the mortal seed

Shall, at Thy summons, from the grave spring up
To put on glory, — to be girt with power,
And filled with immortality. Receive
Thanks, blessing, love, for these, Thy lavish boons,
And, most of all, their heavenward influences, —
O Thou that gav'st us flowers!

EXERCISE LXVIII.

FLOWERS SENT ME DURING ILLNESS.

Richard H. Dana.

[The change from *pensive* to *joyous* "*expression*," and its reverse, and the transition to the *firm tone* of "*serious*" and *grateful* sentiment, are the chief objects of attention, in the reading of this chaste and touching production. The modifications of voice required in the predominating emotions of this piece, have been pointed out in the introductory remarks prefixed to other exercises.]

I LOVED you ever, gentle Flowers,
And made you playmates of my youth;
The while your spirit stole
In secret to my soul,
To shed a softness through my ripening powers,
And lead the thoughtful mind to deepest truth.

And now, when weariness and pain
Had cast you almost from my breast,
With each a smiling face,
In all your simple grace,
You come once more to take me back again,
From pain to ease, from weariness to rest.

Kind visitants! through my sick room
You seem to breathe an air of health,
And with your looks of joy
To wake again the *boy*,
And to the pallid cheek restore its bloom,
And o'er the desert mind pour boundless wealth.

And whence ye came, by brimming stream,
'Neath rustling leaves, with birds within,

Again I musing tread,—
Forgot my restless bed
And long sick hours.—Too short the blessèd dream!
I wake to pain!—to hear the city's din!

But time nor pain shall ever steal
Or youth, or beauty from my mind.
And blessings on ye, Flowers!
Though few with me your hours,
The youth and beauty, and the heart to feel,
In her who sent you, ye will leave behind!

EXERCISE LXIX.

HINTS TO MOTHERS, ON EARLY HABITS. *Anon.*

[An example of "*serious*," *didactic style*, sustained by *energy* and "*animation*." *Didactic* "*expression*" differs from that of *earnest conversation*, on topics of *opinion*, or *sentiment*, chiefly in a more *distinct articulation*, more *marked* "*inflection*," more *energetic emphasis*, and more *deliberate pauses*, than are usually heard in *talking*. The "*movement*," also, is *slower*; and a *firmer* "*radical stress*" prevails, throughout. Every didactic piece, when read in a hall, or large school-room, necessarily assumes a "*moderate*" degree of the "*expulsive*" "*orotund*" utterance, which belongs to all exercises in the form of *public* reading. To this style of utterance all young persons should be trained, for its invigorating effect on the voice and on the health of the readers, as well as for the facility which it imparts, in the command of the voice for private reading in the parlour.]

Let your first care be to give your girls a good *physical* education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercises in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours of the day over their books, their work, their maps, and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours passed in real attention to well-ordered studies, will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions, than those commonly

are, who have been most elaborately "finished," in the modern acceptation of the term.

The systems by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs according to the rules of art, — to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, — are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetually present, that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanour springs from the mind: fashionable schools do but teach its imitation, whilst their rules forbid to be ingenuous.

Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women supposed to have finished their education in such establishments. If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves, they fall into habits of insignificance, without much pain: if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves.

In the education of young women, — we would say, — let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; let them partake of every active exercise not absolutely unfeminine, and trust to their being able to get into or out of a carriage with a light and graceful step, which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will not need to be coined into artificial smiles in order to secure a welcome, whatever room they enter. Let them ride, walk, run, dance, in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight: let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley: let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain or the boisterous wind.

The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up: but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power.

EXERCISE LXX.

THE CARD-PLAYER. *Lamb.*

[An example of "*gay*" and "*humorous*" "*expression*," in *description*. The "*quality*" of voice, required in the reading, is "*pure tone*" modified as mentioned.

The "*expression*," in all cases of *description for effect*, should be very much indulged, — even to the extent of *playful excess*, and *exaggerated mock gravity* of manner: every *emphasis*, "*inflection*," and form of "*stress*," should be given with the utmost *graphic breadth*; the author's design obviously being a sly *caricature* of habit, in the form of a pretended *eulogy* of character. The whole manner, however, should be so skilfully managed, that *an ambiguous air of sincerity*, corresponding to that of the language of the piece, should be maintained throughout.]

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle, (now no more,) who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, — your half and half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game, and lose another; that they can wile away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or not, and will desire an adversary who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, — as I do, — from her heart and soul; and would not, — save upon a striking emergency, — willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, — a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary, without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight, cut and thrust. She held not her good sword, (her cards,) "like a dancer." She sat bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side, —

their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life, — and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it, — saw her take out her snuffbox when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman, of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candour, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind, now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do, — and she did it. She unbent her mind afterward, — over a book.

Pope was her favourite author: his Rape of the Lock, her favourite work. She once did me the favour to play over with me, (with the cards,) his celebrated game of "ombre" in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, "tradrille." Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles: but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

EXERCISE LXXI.

UNEDUCATED WOMAN. *Dr. Johnson.*

[This exercise forms an example of "*serious*" and "*animated*" *conversation.* The "*quality*" of voice, in the reading, is "*pure tone,*" in its "*moderate*" form. The "*pitch*" is on "*middle*" notes, descending occasionally to "*grave,*" or *moderately low* key; the "*force*" is "*moderate,*" increasing, sometimes, to a degree of *energy,* when the sentiment becomes *impressive;* the "*movement*" is generally "*moderate,*" — sometimes, in *descriptive* passages, it is "*lively.*"

The "*inflections*" and the *emphasis*, are *slight* in the *lively*, and *well marked* in the *grave* passages. The "*movement*" and the *pauses* correspond, in "*time*," to the character of the emphasis. A *moderate* "*radical stress*" prevails throughout the piece.]

When Pekuah returned from her captivity in the palace of the Arab chief, she complained to the Princess Nekayah of the misery of the situation she had endured.

"There were women in your Arab's fortress," said the princess. "Why did you not make them companions, enjoy their conversation, and partake their diversions? In a place where they found business or amusement, why should you alone sit corroded with idle melancholy? or why could you not bear, for a few months, that condition to which they were condemned for life?"

"The diversions of the women," answered Pekuah, "were only childish play, by which the mind accustomed to stronger operations, could not be kept busy. I could do all which they delighted in doing, by powers merely sensitive, while my intellectual faculties were flown to Cairo. They ran from room to room, as a bird hops from wire to wire in his cage. They danced for the sake of motion, as lambs frisk in a meadow. One sometimes pretended to be hurt, that the rest might be alarmed; or hid herself, that another might seek her. Part of their time passed in watching the progress of light bodies that floated on the river, and part in marking the various forms into which clouds broke in the sky.

"Their business was only needlework, in which I and my maids sometimes helped them; but you know that the mind will easily straggle from the fingers; nor will you suspect that captivity and absence from Nekayah could receive solace from silken flowers.

"Nor was much satisfaction to be hoped from their conversation; for of what could they be expected to talk? They had seen nothing; for they had lived, from early youth, in that narrow spot: of what they had not seen they could have no knowledge; for they could not read. They had no ideas but of the few things that were within their view, and had hardly names for any thing but their clothes and their food. As I bore a superior character, I was often called to terminate their quarrels, which I decided as equitably as I could. If it could have amused me to hear the complaints of each against the rest, I might have been often detained by long

stories; but the motives of their animosity were so small, that I could not listen without interrupting the tale."

"How," said Rasselas, "can the Arab, whom you represented as a man of more than common accomplishments, take any pleasure in his palace, when it is filled only with women like these? — Are they exquisitely beautiful?"

"They do not," said Pekuah, "want that unaffecting and ignoble beauty which may subsist without sprightliness or sublimity, without energy of thought or dignity of virtue. But, to a man like the Arab, such beauty was only a flower casually plucked and carelessly thrown away. Whatever pleasures he might find among them, they were not those of friendship or society. When they were playing about him, he looked on them with inattentive superiority; when they vied for his regard, he sometimes turned away disgusted. As they had no knowledge, their talk could take nothing from the tediousness of life; as they had no choice, their fondness, or appearance of fondness, excited in him neither pride nor gratitude; he was not exalted in his own esteem by the smiles of a woman who saw no other man, nor was much obliged by that regard of which he could never know the sincerity, and which he might often perceive to be exerted, not so much to delight him as to pain a rival. That which he gave, and they received, as love, was only a careless distribution of superfluous time; such love as man can bestow upon that which he despises, such as has neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow."

EXERCISE LXXII.

NATURE. *Gillespie.*

[This piece exemplifies, in reading, the tones of "*repose*" and *beauty* terminating in a strain of "*solemnity*." "*Pure tone*" is the "*quality*" of voice, throughout. The "*force*" is "*subdued*," first, by "*tranquillity*," afterwards, by "*reverence*." The "*pitch*" is on the *low* note of *musing* "*expression*;" and the "*movement*" is generally "*moderate*," — sometimes "*slow*." A *gentle* "*median stress*" prevails. The *unity* and *continuous effect* of the *description*, which purposely blend the whole scene into one harmonious whole, make the *pauses shorter* than they would otherwise be in a piece so tran-

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quil in its expression. *The perfect "purity" of the "tone,"* and the *ceaseless flow of the voice*, are among the chief means of appropriate effect, in passages of this description. A gentle *suavity* pervades the "*repose*" which forms the main element of this piece. The great *fault* to be shunned, in the reading, is *a dry, prosaic, matter-of-fact style*, which *enumerates mechanically*, what should be described *poetically* and *imaginatively*.]

How sweet at summer's noon, to sit and muse
Beneath the shadow of some ancient elm,
While at my feet the mazy streamlet flows
In tuneful lapse, laving the flowers that bend
To kiss its tide; while sport the finny throng
On the smooth surface of the crystal depth,
In silvery circles, or in shallows leap,
That sparkle to the sunbeam's trembling glare!
Around the tiny jets, where humid bells
Break as they form, the water-spiders weave,
Brisk on the eddying pools, their ceaseless dance.
The wild bee winds her horn, lost in the cups
Of honeyed flowers, or sweeps with ample curve;
While o'er the summer's lap is heard the hum
Of countless insects sporting on the wing,
Inviting sleep. And from the leafy woods
One various song of bursting joy ascends,
While echo wafts the notes from grove to hill;
From hill to grove the grateful concert spreads,
As borne on fluttering plumes' encircling maze,
The happy birds flit through the balmy air,
Where plays the gossamer; and, — as they felt
The general joy, — bright exhalations dance;
And shepherd's pipe, and song of blooming maid,
Quick as she turns the odour-breathing swaths
Of new-mown hay, and children playing round
The ivy-clustered cot, and low of herds,
And bleat of lambs, that crop the verdant sward
With daisies spread, — while smiles the heaven serene, —
All wake to ecstasy, or melt to love,
And to the Source of goodness raise the soul, —
Raise it to Him, exhaustless Source of bliss!
That like the sun, — best emblem of Himself, –
Forever flowing, yet forever full,
Diffuses life and happiness to all.

EXERCISE LXXIII.

THE UNIVERSAL HYMN OF NATURE. *Thomson.*

[The following passage forms an example of ***apostrophe*** and ***adoration***, in the loftiest mood of poetry. ***Solemnity***, ***sublimity***, and ***ardour of devotional feeling***, are all blended in the "***expression***," and produce one of the noblest examples of sustained "***orotund***" in its "***effusive***" and "***expulsive***" forms, varying from the one degree to the other, according to the ***softened*** or the ***energetic*** character of the ***emotion*** uttered in each apostrophe. "***Median stress***" prevails throughout the piece, imparting a full sonorous ***swell*** to the utterance, in conjunction with the ***majestic*** "***rhythm***," and "***prolonged quantities***" of the ***blank verse***. The "***movement***" is "***slow***" and ***stately*** throughout; and the pauses, at each apostrophe, remarkably long.

The ***faults*** to be shunned in the reading of this and similar exercises, are those of a ***slight***, ***feeble***, ***hurried***, and ***inexpressive*** utterance. The voice should always, in such cases, indicate the ***grandeur*** of the theme, although it should never fall into that ***mouthing*** and ***chanting swell***, which is sometimes indulged through false taste.]

NATURE, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh! talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it, as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall!

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints!
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him!
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth, asleep,
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre!
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn!
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise! for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And His unsuffering kingdom yet shall come.
Ye woodlands all, awake! a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise!
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men! to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven!
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons, as they roll!

EXERCISE LXXIV.

CHARACTER OF PRIMITIVE POETRY. *Hillard.*

[*Critical disquisitions* on themes of a *poetic* nature, while they necessarily adopt the *staid* and *regular* form of utterance which belongs to *didactic* style, retain, — so to express it, — the tinge which they naturally derive from the tone of their *subject*. Hence we find that pieces such as the following, allow much more scope to "*expression*" in reading, than those which are restricted to topics of science merely. The basis of elocution, in passages like this, is a *clear*, *distinct enunciation*, *exact inflections*, and *discriminating emphasis*. But, from the nature of the subject, there is implied the addition of "*expressive*" *effect* in a style *approaching* to that of *poetry*. A "*slower*" "*movement*" therefore prevails, than in ordinary prose, and is accompanied by perfectly "*pure tone*," slight "*median stress*" and a comparatively *delicate* "*vanish*" in the sounds of the voice, yet without losing the *animation* which accompanies the contemplation and expression of beauty.]

Poetry is the oldest birth of the human mind. The first unravellings of that veil of light which God has woven into the frame of man, are in the form of verse. A poet of our own times, has supposed that the first poet sang when the rainbow first shone upon the "green, undeluged earth," as a covenant between God and man. But surely sixteen hundred years had not rolled by, without some musical utterance, however rude and uncouth, of those sensations and emotions which are felt in the blood and in the soul of man. Suns had set, and moons had risen; and the sweet influences of the stars had dropped from the midnight sky; the spinning earth had known its alternations of day and night, seed-time and harvest; lovers had wooed, and maidens had been won; the child had been born, and the old man had been carried to his grave; joy and sorrow, hope and fear, smiles and tears, had brightened and darkened man's life; and it cannot be that the minstrel had not sung, — that the harp of Jubal had not trembled to the poet's touch.

As children resemble each other more than men, so are nations more alike in their infancy than in their mature age. All early poetry is marked, more or less strongly, by the same general characteristics. It has the unstudied movement, and

the unconscious charm, of childhood. It fills the mind with a sense of the golden light and dewy freshness of morning. It flows from an age which acknowledges a vivid satisfaction in the mere possession of life. That pleasure in the simple exercise of the faculties, without reference to the end or object of pursuit, which is common to the young of all animals, and in which the benevolent observation of Paley saw the most striking proof of the goodness of God, is then the heritage of the race. It is a privilege to be alive: to enjoy the pleasurable sensations which accompany a healthful organization; to hear the bird sing, to drink the red wine, to gaze on the cheek of beauty.

The natural pleasures which lie upon the lap of the common earth, content the child-like man. The feeling of satiety, of weariness and unrest, of longing after some ideal and unattainable good, is as yet unknown. The morning star of hope is in the ascendant, and not the evening star of memory. The poles of nature are not yet reversed. The appetites are not yet perverted from their legitimate function of means, and made to become ends. That unhappy system of anticipation, which brings the meal before the hunger, the bed before the weariness, has not begun. It is no disparagement to a brave man to express that honest fear of death which results naturally from an honest love of life. If we imagine grown-up men carrying into the common business of the world, that heartiness, that irrepressible vivacity, that fulness of animal life, which children put into their play, we shall have a notion of that unwithered world which surrounds the early poet, and which he reproduces in his epic, his saga, or his ballad. The heroes of Homer feel their life in every limb: they recoil from the unfathomable gulf of death, as children from a dark room. That same sense of the value of mere existence, beats, like a strong pulse, through the early poetry of Spain, England, and Germany. The sorrow which is breathed over the dead body of Arcite, in the Knight's Tale of Chaucer, flows chiefly from the feeling of what he had lost in losing life.

"Why woldest thou be ded? this women crie
And haddest gold ynough, and Emelie!"

EXERCISE LXXV.

FAMILY SYMPATHIES. *Washington Irving.*

[An example of "*lively*" and "*humorous*" *conversational* style. *Graphic effect* in *tone*, which is the main element in the reading of such passages, consists in carrying "*expression*" to its full extent. In other words, the elocution of pieces of this class, requires *the full ringing effect* of *humorous* and *jocular* utterance, *bordering*, sometimes, on *laughing* tone. The *emphasis* should be *strongly* given, the "*inflections*" *well marked*, and the "*stress*" *fully indulged*. To enter heartily into the *spirit* of the scene, in *feeling* and in *tone*, is the great thing to be aimed at, and all *feebleness* and *frigidness* of style, are the faults to be avoided.]

NEVER, I firmly believe, did there exist a family that went more by tangents than the Cocklofts. — Every thing, with them, is governed by whim; and if one member starts a new freak, away all the rest follow, like wild geese in a string. As the family, the servants, the horses, cats and dogs, have all grown old together, they have accommodated themselves to each other's habits completely; and though every body of them is full of odd points, angles, rhomboids, and ins and outs, yet somehow or other, they harmonize together like so many straight lines; and it is truly a grateful and refreshing sight to see them agree so well. Should one, however, get out of tune, it is like a cracked fiddle, the whole concert is ajar; you perceive a cloud over every brow in the house, and even the old chairs seem to creak "*affettuoso*."

If my cousin, — as he is rather apt to do, — betray any symptoms of vexation or uneasiness, — no matter about what, — he is worried to death with inquiries, which answer no other end than to demonstrate the good will of the inquirer, and put him in a passion; for every body knows how provoking it is to be cut short in a fit of the blues, by an impertinent question about "what is the matter?" when a man can't tell himself.

I remember, a few months ago, the old gentleman came home in quite a squall; kicked poor Cæsar, the mastiff, out of his way, as he came through the hall; threw his hat on the table with most violent emphasis, and pulling out his box, took three huge pinches of snuff, and threw a fourth into the cat's eyes, as he sat purring his astonishment by the fireside.

This was enough to set the body politic going; Mrs. Cockloft began "my-dearing" it, as fast as tongue could move; the young ladies took each a stand at an elbow of his chair; Jeremy marshalled in the rear; the servants came tumbling in; the mastiff put up an inquiring nose; and even grimalkin, after he had cleansed his whiskers and finished sneezing, discovered indubitable signs of sympathy.

After the most affectionate inquiries on all sides, it turned out that my cousin, in crossing the street, had got his silk stockings bespattered with mud by a coach, which, it seems, belonged to a dashing gentleman who had formerly supplied the family with hot rolls and muffins! Mrs. Cockloft thereupon turned up her eyes, and the young ladies their noses; and it would have edified a whole congregation to hear the conversation which took place, concerning the insolence of upstarts, and the vulgarity of would-be gentlemen and ladies, who strive to emerge from low life by dashing about in carriages, to pay a visit two doors off; giving parties to people who laugh at them, and cutting all their old friends.

EXERCISE LXXVI.

MARY DYRE, THE QUAKER MARTYR. *Miss Sedgwick.*

[The subject of this and the following exercise, exemplifies the style of *simple and touching narrative.* The reading, throughout, is in a *quiet* and "*subdued*" *tone,* — the "*movement*" "*slow,*" — the *pauses well marked.* *Loud* and *rapid* utterance would be great faults, in this instance. The general *softened* tone of the piece, gives place, in the occasional *reflections*, and particularly the *concluding* ones, to *a more expressive manner*, as regards *energy* and *effect.* Still, the predominating *pathos* of the narrative, casts its shade over these passages, and reduces their force.]

Mary Dyre belonged to the religious society of "Friends;" and was among those who, in 1657, sought, in Massachusetts, an asylum from the oppression of the mother country. But the persecuted had become persecutors; and, instead of an asylum, these harmless people found a prison, and were destined, — for their glory and our shame, — to suffer as martyrs in the cause of liberty of conscience.

Sewel, the historian of "the people called Quakers," speaking of Mary, says, "She was of a comely and grave countenance, of a good family and estate, and the mother of several children;" but her husband, it seems, was of another persuasion.

Mary Dyre, with many others, sought, in Rhode Island, a refuge from the storm of persecution in Massachusetts Christian liberty, in its most generous sense, was the noble distinction of that province; and there Mary might have enjoyed her inoffensive faith, and all the temporal distinctions it permitted; for her husband filled one of the highest offices in the province. But she could not forget her suffering brethren in the Massachusetts colony. She meditated on their wrongs till she "felt a call" to return to Boston.

Two persons, distinguished for zeal and integrity, accompanied her; William Robinson, and Marmaduke Stevenson. Their intention and hope was, to obtain a repeal or mitigation of the laws against their sect. Their return was in the autumn of 1659. On their appearance in Boston, they were immediately seized, and committed to prison; and a few days subsequent, after a summary and informal examination before Governor Endicot, and the associate magistrates, they were sentenced to suffer the penalty of death, which had been already decreed to such as, after having been banished, should return.

Mary's pure and gentle spirit dwelt in eternal sunshine: its elements were at peace. When the fearful words were pronounced, "Mary Dyre, you shall go to the prison whence you came, thence to the place of execution, and be hanged there until you are dead," she folded her hands, and replied, with a serene aspect, "The will of the Lord be done."

Governor Endicot seems to have felt an irritation at her tranquillity, not more dignified than a child's, when he vents his wrath in blows on an insensible and incorporeal substance.

"Take her away, marshal," he said, harshly.

"I return joyfully to my prison," she replied; and then turning to the marshal, she added, "You may leave me, marshal: I will return alone."

"I believe you, Mrs. Dyre," replied the marshal; "but I must do as I am commanded."

The prisoners were condemned on the twentieth of October. The twenty-seventh was the day appointed for the execution of the sentence. With a self-command and equanimity of mind rare in such circumstances, Mary employed the

interval in writing an "Appeal to the Rulers of Boston;" — an appeal, not in her own behalf, not for pardon, nor life, but for a redress of the wrongs of her persecuted brethren. "I have no self-ends, the Lord knoweth," she says; "for if life were freely granted by you, it would not avail me, so long as I should daily see or hear of the sufferings of my people, my dear brethren, and the seed with whom my life is bound up. Let my counsel and request be accepted with you to repeal all such laws, that the truth and servants of the Lord may have free passage among you, and you be kept from shedding innocent blood, which I know there be many among you who would not do, if they knew it so to be." — "In love and in the spirit of meekness, *for I have no enmity to the persons of any*, I again beseech you."

On the evening of the twenty-sixth, William Dyre, Mary's eldest son, arrived in Boston, and was admitted to her prison. He came in the hope of persuading his mother to make such concessions in regard to her faith, as to conciliate her judges, and procure a reprieve. All night he remained with her. The particulars of this interview have not been preserved. But we know the temper of woman, the tenderness and depth of a mother's love. We may imagine the intense feelings of the son, on the eve of his mother's threatened execution, pleading for the boon of her life; we may imagine the conflict between the yearnings of the mother, and the resistance of the saint; and we may be sure that we cannot exaggerate its violence, nor its suffering. The saint was triumphant; and on the following morning, Mary was led forth, between her two friends, to the place of execution. Death could not appal a mind so lofty and serene. Man could not disturb a peace so profound. Her companions evinced a like composure.

Mary was of a temper, like the intrepid Madame Roland, to have inspired a faltering spirit by her example: far more difficult she must have found it, to behold the last quiverings and strugglings of mortality, in the persons of her friends. But even after this, she was steadfast, and ascended the scaffold with an unblenching step. Her dress was scrupulously adjusted about her feet, her face covered with a handkerchief, and the halter put around her neck.

The deep silence of this awful moment, was broken by a piercing cry. "Stop! she is reprieved!" was sent from mouth to mouth, till one glad shout announced the feeling of the gazing multitude. Was there one of all those gathered

to this fearful spectacle, whose heart did not leap with joy? Yes—the sufferer and victim,—she, to whom the gates of death had been opened. "Her mind," says her historian, "was already in heaven; and when they loosed her feet, and bade her come down, she stood still, and said she was willing to suffer as her brethren had, unless the magistrates would annul their cruel law."

Her declaration was disregarded: she was forced from the scaffold, and reconducted to prison. There she was received in the arms of her son; and she learned from him that she owed her life, not to any soft relenting of her judge, but to his prolonged intercession.

EXERCISE LXXVII.

SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

On the morning after her reprieve, she despatched from her prison a letter to her judges, beginning in the following bold, and, if the circumstances are considered, sublime strain:—

"Once more to the General Court assembled in Boston, speaks Mary Dyre, even as before. My life is not accepted, neither availeth me, in comparison of the truth, and the lives and liberty of the servants of the living God, for which, in meekness and love I sought you."

No answer was returned to Mary's letters, and no concessions made to her sect; but it was thought prudent to commute Mary's sentence into banishment, with penalty of death in case of her return; and she was accordingly sent, with a guard, to Rhode Island.

Would the tragedy had ended here! But the last and saddest scene was yet to be enacted. We who believe that woman's duty as well as happiness lies in the obscure, and safe, and not very limited sphere of domestic life, may regret that Mary did not forego the glory of the champion, and the martyr, for the meek honours of the wife and mother. Still we must venerate the courage and energy of her soul, when, as she said, "moved by the spirit of God so to do," she again returned to finish,—in her own words,—"her sad and heavy experience, in the bloody town of Boston."

She arrived there on the twenty-first of May, 1660, and

appears to have remained unmolested, till the thirty-first, when she was summoned before the General Court, which had cognizance of all civil and criminal offences.

Mary Dyre's family was plunged into deep distress, by her again putting her life in jeopardy. As her husband's religious faith did not accord with her own, he could not of course perfectly sympathize with her zeal in behalf of her persecuted sect; but his letter, addressed to the Governor, bears ample testimony, that his conjugal affection had borne the hard test of religious disagreement.

It does not appear what answer, or that any answer was vouchsafed to this touching appeal. It is enough to know that it was unavailing, and that on the very next day after her condemnation, the first of June, Mary Dyre was led forth to execution.

The scaffold was erected on Boston Common. When she had mounted it, she was reproached with having said she had already been in paradise.

To this she replied, "I have been in paradise many days."

She spoke truly. Her mind was the paradise of God, sanctified by His peace. The executioner did his office. He *could* kill the body, demolish the temple; but the pure and glorious spirit of the martyr passed unharmed, untouched, into the visible presence of its Creator.

The scene of this tragedy was Boston Common;—that spot, so affluent in beauty, so graced by the peace, and teeming with the loveliness of nature, was desecrated by a scaffold!—stained with innocent blood! We would not dishonour this magnificent scene by connecting with it, in a single mind, one painful association. But let those send back one thought to the Quaker martyr, who delight to watch the morning light and the evening shadows stealing over it; to walk under the bountiful shadow of its elms; to see the herds of cattle* banqueting there; the birds daintily gleaning their food; the boys driving their hoops, flying their kites, and launching their mimic vessels on the mimic lake; whilst the little *fainéants*, perhaps the busiest in thought among them, are idly stretched on the grass, seemingly satisfied with the bare consciousness of existence. The Boston Common, as it is, preserved and embellished, but not spoiled by art, still retaining its natural and graceful undulations, shaded by trees of a century's growth, with its ample extent of uncovered

* A customary sight at the time when this piece was written.

surface, affording in the heart of a populous city, that first of luxuries, space; trodden by herds of its natural and chartered proprietors; encompassed by magnificent edifices, the homes of the gifted, cultivated, and liberal; with its beautiful view of water, and of the surrounding country; crowned by Dorchester Heights, and the Blue Hills; — Boston Common, has always appeared to us one of the choicest of nature's temples. The memory of the good is worthy such a temple; and we trust we shall be forgiven for having attempted to fix there this slight monument to a noble sufferer in that great cause which has stimulated the highest minds to the sublimest actions, which calls its devotees from the gifted, its martyrs from the moral heroes of mankind; the best cause, the fountain of all liberty, — liberty of conscience!

EXERCISE LXXVIII.

CONVERSATION. *Mrs. Farrar.*

[Pieces such as the following serve a useful purpose in elocution, by exemplifying the difference between the manner of *random talk* and that of *dignified conversation.* The former admits the "*gay*" and the "*humorous*" forms of *tone:* the latter requires the "*serious,*" and, sometimes, the "*grave,*" though never implying the absence of that "*animation*" which belongs to *earnestness.*

A *distinct enunciation* and a *deliberate utterance,* with *moderate emphasis* and *pauses,* are the main points of good elocution, in the reading of all pieces which imbody sentiment in *didactic style,* but in *conversational forms.*]

Good conversation is one of the highest attainments of civilized society. It is the readiest way in which gifted minds exert their influence, and, as such, is worthy of all consideration and cultivation. I remember hearing an English traveller say, many years ago, on being asked how the conversational powers of the Americans compared with those of the English, "Your fluency rather exceeds that of the old world. But conversation, here, is not cultivated as an art."

The idea of its being so considered anywhere, was new to the company; and much discussion followed the departure

of the stranger, as to the desirableness of making conversation an art. Some thought the more natural and spontaneous it was, the better; some confounded art with artifice, and hoped their countrymen would never leave their own plain honest way of talking, to become adepts in hypocrisy and affectation. At last, one, a little wiser than the rest, explained the difference between art and artifice; asked the cavillers, if they had never heard of the art of thinking, or the art of writing; and said, he presumed the art of conversing was of the same nature.

And so it is. By this art persons are taught to arrange their ideas methodically, and to express them with clearness and force; thus saving much precious time, and avoiding those tedious narrations, which interest no one but the speaker. It enforces the necessity of observing the effect of what is said, and leads a talker to stop, when she finds that she has ceased to fix the attention of her audience.

The art of conversing would enable a company, when a good topic was once started, to keep it up, till it had elicited the powers of the best speakers; and it would prevent its being cut short in the midst, by the introduction of something entirely foreign to it.

Fluency of speech seems to me a natural gift, varying much in different individuals, and capable of being rendered either a delightful accomplishment, or a most wearisome trait of character, according as it is combined with a well or ill disciplined mind. If, as a nation, we are fluent, it is especially incumbent upon us to be correct and methodical thinkers; or we shall only weary those who are so, by our careless and thoughtless volubility.

Some persons seem to forget that mere talking is not conversing; that it requires two to make a conversation, and that each must be, in turn, a listener; but no one can be an agreeable companion, who is not as willing to listen as to talk.

Selfishness shows itself in this, as in a thousand other ways: one who is always full of herself, and who thinks nothing so important as what she thinks, and says, and does, will be apt to engross more than her share of the talk, even when in the company of those whom she loves.

There are situations, however, wherein it is a kindness to be the chief talker, as when a young lady is the eldest of the party, and has seen something, or been in some place, the description of which is desired by all around her. If your mind is alive to the wishes and claims of others, you will

easily perceive when it is a virtue to talk, and when to be silent. It is undue pre-occupation with self, that blinds people, and prevents their seeing what the occasion requires.

Sometimes, the most kind and sympathizing person will not do justice to her nature, but will appear to be cold and inattentive, because she does not know that it is necessary to give some sign, that she is attending to what is addressed to her. She averts her eye from the speaker, and listens in such profound silence, and with a countenance so immovable, that no one could suppose her to be at all interested by what she is hearing. This is very discouraging to the speaker, and very impolite. Good manners require that you should look at the person who speaks to you, and that you should put in a word, or a look, from time to time, that will indicate your interest in the narrative. A few interjections happily thrown in by the hearer, are a great comfort and stimulus to the speaker; and one who has always been accustomed to this evidence of sympathy or comprehension, in her friends, feels, when listened to without it, as if she were talking to a dead wall.

EXERCISE LXXIX.

THE TEAR OF PENITENCE. *Moore.*

[The *gentle* tone of "*repose*" pervades the first part of the following piece, — that of *admiration* and "*tenderness*," succeeds, in the description of the *child*. "*Orotund quality*," "*aspirated*" by the effect of *aversion* and *repugnance* approaching to *horror*, occurs in the description of the *criminal*. The tones of *solemnity*, *reverence*. and *awe*, are introduced at the line beginning, "But hark!" &c. The "*expression*" of *admiration* and *tenderness* succeeds, commencing at "And looking," &c. "*Pathos*," *regret*, and *contrition*, prevail from "And how felt *he*," &c. to "Blest tears," &c., where "*tenderness*," "*tranquillity*," and "*joy*," vary the expression once more. The close is *full*, *swelling*, and *rapturous* in its effect.

These variations should all receive the full benefit of the *shifting rhythm* of this plastic lyric. The *metrical* character of every stanza, should tell distinctly on the ear, but in due *subordination*, in every instance, to *the key of the emotion*. The musical effect of verse, however, properly receives fuller scope in *lyric* compositions, than in any other.]

The Peri, — according to the fable, — is in quest of that which shall secure her admission to heaven. After a long and wearisome search, and repeated failures, she finds it, at last, in the tear of penitence.

Now, upon Syria's land of roses,
Softly the light of eve reposes;
And, — like a glory, — the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
  And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
  Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

But naught can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad, her wings are weary: —
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple, once his own,*
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
  Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
  Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie concealed,
  Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Some amulet of gems, annealed
In upper fires, some tablet sealed
  With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spelled by her illumined eyes,
  May teach her where, beneath the moon,
  In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
  The charm, that can restore, so soon,
An erring spirit to the skies!

Cheered by this hope, she bends her hither:
  Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
  Nor have the golden bowers of even,
In the rich west, begun to wither;
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
  Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
  As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel flies,

* The Temple of the Sun at Balbec

That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems;
And near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now, nestling 'mid the roses, lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and, on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount,
Impatient, fling him down to drink.

Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath daybeam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
Sullenly fierce, — a mixture dire, —
Like thunder-clouds, — of gloom and fire, —
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed; ——
Yet tranquil, now, that man of crime, —
As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit, — looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play;
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burned all night,
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!

Oh! 'twas a sight, — that heaven, — that child, —
A scene which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost, and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there, — while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessèd child,
When young, and, haply, pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee; but now"——
He hung his head; each nobler aim,
  And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
  Fresh o'er him, and he wept, — he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
  In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
  Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

* * * * * *

And now behold him kneeling there,
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

EXERCISE LXXX.

DAWN. *Anon.*

[The style of this piece advances from "*tranquillity*" and "*repose*" to "*animation*." The "*quality*" of voice is "*pure tone*," throughout; the last poetic quotation being in the mood of deep "*pathos*." The *prose* portions of this extract are so much in the spirit of *poetry*,

that they adopt its *musical utterance*, to a certain extent. Still, the transition to *verse* should be distinctly felt by the ear, the moment a quotation commences. This effect is usually perceptible in a *deeper*, *softer*, and *slower* utterance, than belongs to prose.]

It is the dawning hour of day. The air is calm as an infant's breathing: the sky is clear, and grayly tinged with the returning light.

"The early star shoots down; and day is breaking,
Orient, as eyes of roses at their waking.
A gentle stir is heard among the bowers,
A rustling of the waking leaves and flowers."

The animal and insect world is now astir: the creatures that delight in darkness and in night, have retired, in their turn, to rest: the more cheerful creatures of the day, (for so we are taught to consider them, yet, for any thing we know to the contrary, the bat may be a merrier fellow than the swallow, and the owl as lively as the lark, though he affects an imperturbable air of gravity,) those who delight in sun and shower, — are already risen to enjoy their old pleasures, their new loves, and bird-like friendships, and fresh hunting-places. Some of these happy creatures are already providing for the wants of the day only, thinking nothing of the morrow: others, who are not summer-livers only, but mean to winter here, are hoarding for their winter necessities; and all are pursuing that work of their lives which Nature appointed them to do, and are doing it cheerfully and industriously.

"The bee has left his honeyed home, and humming
Drowsily a few short snatches of his song,
Winds in and out, — now drops the flowers among,
Finds where his business lies, — a moment sings, —
Then, nestling to his work, shuts-to his golden wings!"

Man, only, sleeps and is slothful, and, when he wakes, repines at the task assigned him, and murmurs much, and sings not a single note of praise or pleasure. But behold the dawning!

"As some broad river's tide, (whose ebbing left,
Where silvery waters eloquently ran,
Banks black with ooze, and shoals of filthy slime,)
Comes gently flooding back its daily course,
So gradually the light breaks flowing in
From east to west, till all the sky is filled

With blaze and beauty, like a theatre,
Some vast arena of old Greece or Rome,
Where a great, many-millioned people thronged."

Twilight, — of which the happy poet Herrick says, —

"Twilight, no other thing is, poets say,
Than the last part of night, and first of day," —

twilight, with all its shadows and solemn glooms, is gone; and now it is perfect day. But, before that cheerful advent of the light,

"What various scenes, and, oh! what scenes of woe,
Were witnessed by that red and struggling beam!
The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beheld it stream;
The ruined maiden trembled at its gleam;
The debtor waked to thoughts of gyve and jail;
The lovelorn wretch from love's tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trimmed her sick infant's couch, and soothed his feeble wail."

But "the universal blessing," light, has laid, as with the rod of Moses, the serpent thoughts of darkness, fear, superstition, and despair; and holier thoughts and aspirations, and the voices of birds, if not of men, are heard filling the aisles, and thrilling the high dome of Nature's temple, with their "national hymn" of praise.

EXERCISE LXXXI.

VALUE OF CHRISTIAN FAITH. *Buckminster.*

[The *hortatory* parts of sermons, require, — from the manner of direct *address*, — the full "*orotund*" voice of public speaking. Without this quality, there can be no *dignified* or *impressive effect*, such as belongs to all true eloquence. *Earnestness*, *warmth* and *pathos*, are the principal traits of "*expression*," in the following extract. The *glowing* and *eloquent style* demands the full effects of *oratory* and of *poetry*, in the utterance of every sentiment. The most vivid and thrilling elocution is required, throughout.]

WOULD you know the value of the principle of faith to the bereaved? Go, and follow a corpse to the grave. See the

body deposited there, and hear the earth thrown in upon all that remains of your friend. Return now, if you will, and brood over the lesson which your senses have given you, and derive from it what consolation you can. You have learned nothing but an unconsoling fact. No voice of comfort issues from the tomb. All is still there, and blank, and lifeless, and has been so for ages.

You see nothing but bodies dissolving and successively mingling with the clods which cover them, the grass growing over the spot, and the trees waving in sullen majesty over this region of eternal silence. And what is there more? Nothing? — Come, Faith, and people these deserts! Come, and reanimate these regions of forgetfulness! Mothers! take again your children to your arms, for they are living. Sons! your aged parents are coming forth in the vigour of regenerated years. Friends! behold, your dearest connections are waiting to embrace you. The tombs are burst. Generations, long since lost in slumbers, are awaking. They are coming from the east and the west, from the north and from the south, to constitute the community of the blessed.

But it is not in the loss of friends alone, that faith furnishes consolations which are inestimable. With a man of faith, not an affliction is lost, not a change is unimproved. He studies even his own history with pleasure, and finds it full of instruction. The dark passages of his life are illuminated with hope; and he sees, that, although he has passed through many dreary defiles, yet they may have opened at last into brighter regions of existence. He recalls, with a species of wondering gratitude, periods of his life, when all its events seemed to conspire against him. Hemmed in by straitened circumstances, wearied with repeated blows of unexpected misfortune, and exhausted with the painful anticipation of more, he recollects years, when the ordinary love of life could not have retained him in the world. Many a time he might have wished to lay down his being in disgust, had not something, more than the senses provide us with, kept up the elasticity of his mind. He yet lives, and has found that "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

The man of faith discovers some gracious purpose in every combination of circumstances. Wherever he finds himself, he knows that he has a destination: — he has, therefore, a duty. Every event has, in his eye, a tendency and an aim. Nothing is accidental, — nothing without a purpose, —

nothing unattended with benevolent consequences. Every thing on earth is probationary,—nothing ultimate. He is poor;—perhaps his plans have been defeated;—he finds it difficult to provide for the exigencies of life;—sickness is permitted to invade the quiet of his household;—long confinement imprisons his activity, and cuts short the exertions on which so many depend;—something apparently unlucky mars his best plans;—new failures and embarrassments among his friends, present themselves, and throw additional obstructions in his way:—the world look on, and say, "All these things are against him."

Some wait coolly for the hour when he shall sink under the complicated embarrassments of his cruel fortune. Others, of a kinder spirit, regard him with compassion, and wonder how he can sustain such a variety of woe. A few there are, a very few, I fear, who can understand something of the serenity of his mind, and comprehend something of the nature of his fortitude. There are those, whose sympathetic piety can read and interpret the characters of unexpected worth by unexpected misfortune, invigorating certain virtues by peculiar probations,—thus breaking the fetters which bind us to temporal things, and

"From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression."

When the sun of the believer's hopes, according to common calculations, is set,—to the eye of faith it is still visible. When much of the rest of the world is in darkness, the high ground of faith is illuminated with the brightness of religious consolation.

Come, now, my incredulous friends, and follow me to the bed of the dying believer. Would you see, in what peace a Christian can die? Watch the last gleams of thought, which stream from his dying eyes. Do you see any thing like apprehension? The world, it is true, begins to shut in. The shadows of evening collect around his senses. A dark mist thickens and rests upon the objects which have hitherto engaged his observation. The countenances of his friends become more and more indistinct. The sweet expressions of love and friendship are no longer intelligible. His ear wakes no more at the well-known voice of his children; and the soothing accents of tender affection die away, unheard, upon his decaying senses. To him the spectacle of human life is

drawing to its close; and the curtain is descending, which shuts out this earth, its actors, and its scenes. He is no longer interested in all that is done under the sun.

Oh! that I could now open to you the recesses of his soul; that I could reveal to you the light, which darts into the chambers of his understanding! He approaches the world which he has so long seen in faith. The imagination now collects its diminished strength, and the eye of faith opens wide.

Friends! do not stand, thus fixed in sorrow, around this bed of death. Why are you so still and silent? Fear not to move: — you cannot disturb the last visions, which entrance this holy spirit. Your lamentations break not in upon the songs of seraphs, which enwrap his hearing in ecstasy. Crowd, if you choose, around his couch; — he heeds you not, — already he sees the spirits of the just advancing together to receive a kindred soul. Press him not with importunities; urge him not with alleviations. Think you he wants now these tones of mortal voices, — these material, these gross consolations? No! He is going to add another to the myriads of the just, that are every moment crowding into the portals of heaven!

He is entering on a nobler life. He leaves you, — he leaves *you*, weeping children of mortality, to grope about a little longer among the miseries and sensualities of a worldly life. Already he cries to you from the regions of bliss. — Will you not join him there? Will you not taste the sublime joys of faith? There are your predecessors in virtue; there, too, are places left for your contemporaries. There are seats for you in the assembly of the just made perfect, in the innumerable company of angels, where is Jesus, "the mediator of the new covenant, and God, the judge of all."

EXERCISE LXXXII.

TO A CHILD. *Joanna Baillie.*

["*Gayety*," "*animation*," and "*tenderness*," are the chief characteristics in the elocution of this beautiful lyric. The great point to be aimed at, is, to enter, without reserve, into the *spirit* of each emotion as it

occurs, and utter it *fully* and *impressively*. The "*pitch*" is that of *talking* rather than of *conversation*, — a *free, unreserved* utterance of thought, in *half-playful, half-sentimental mood*: the *notes*, accordingly, are comparatively "*high*;" the "*force*" is full and "*energetic*;" and the "*movement*" "*lively*" and "*brisk*," — changing, however, in the last stanza but one, to the "*slow*" style and "*grave*" utterance of *regret*, and settling, in the closing one, into the *firmer* and *more* "*moderate*" expression of *resignation*.]

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
  And curly pate and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
  And soft and fair? thou urchin sly!

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
  First called thee his, — or squire or hind? —
For thou in every wight that passes,
  Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
  As fringèd eyelids rise and fall,
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running, —
  'Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far afield thou hast not flown,
  With mocks and threats half-lisped, half-spoken;
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
  Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
  A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
  Thy after kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
  And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure:
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
  To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet for all thy merry look,
  Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
  The weary spell or horn book thumbing.*

Well; let it be! through weal and woe,
  Thou know'st not now thy future range:
Life is a motley, shifting show,
  And thou, a thing of hope and change.

EXERCISE LXXXIII.*

MATERNAL INSTRUCTION. *George B. Emerson.*

To a mother is committed the intellect of her child. On her, more than on any other individual, it depends to awaken the various faculties, at their right season, and in just and harmonious proportion. The relation between the mind of man and the universe in which he is placed by the Creator of both, is established for wise purposes, which it becomes us to inquire into and reverence. They are laws of our existence. The child opens his eyes to the light, in the midst of objects on which he is to act, and which are to act on him during life; and there is enough in them to give full play to all his powers. Is it to no purpose that he is so placed; and are we at liberty to disregard these indications of his destiny?

The discipline of the moral powers begins with the first dawn of perception, and is never intermitted. Not a look nor a tone is without its influence. Those who have observed most attentively, have thought that the discipline of the mental powers begins not much later. Curiosity is active, the attention is excited, the memory is exerted, before the first word can be pronounced. How soon after do eager looks and questions show that mind is already busy! Then it is that the wary care of a mother is necessary to give a right direction to the active powers, to gratify and stimulate the curiosity, to direct the attention, and to guard against false prejudices.

The innumerable questions which a sensible child asks, demand an answer; his mind turns with intense earnestness,

* The preliminary suggestions on the appropriate elocution of each exercise, having now been extended so far as to comprehend the principal forms of narrative, descriptive, and didactic prose, and of epic and lyric poetry, it is deemed unnecessary to continue them. The reader may now, it is thought, be left to her own application, aided, when necessary, by the teacher, to trace the prevailing characteristics of style and expression, required in the subsequent exercises of this volume.

upon the objects spread about him upon the beautiful earth. A true and reasonable answer delights the little questioner, and prompts farther inquiry. Imagination and reason spring into action; and the child rises from the real world into the ideal and possible. Then commences the great investigation of causes, the instinct of which God has implanted in the soul of his rational creature, to lead him up to the *first* cause. Answer his questions aright, gratify this instinct of reason, indulge him in this luxury of inquiry, and you make him feel the delights of rational existence; he becomes an intellectual creature. Or, on the contrary, meet his ardent gaze with a look of cold indifference or stupid ignorance, show him that you know not or care not for the subjects of his inquiries; turn him away from the bright regions of reality and thought which were opening upon him, with the pain of repulse and disappointment,—you have quenched the divine spark perhaps forever; henceforth to him a veil, almost impenetrable, is thrown over what is most beautiful and exciting in the physical and the moral world.

> " A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

No one, who has lived with an inquisitive child, will say that a small amount of knowledge and little thought are sufficient to enable you to answer, satisfactorily to yourself and to him, his innumerable questions as to the properties, uses, and causes of all he sees. Will any one say that they are not to be answered, and that slight preparation of study and discipline need be made by the mother, to enable her to watch the first dawnings of reason, to foster and train the various powers, and to supply, at right times, and suitably, the materials for their growth?

But a still higher office is committed to the mother. It is for her to form the religious character of her child. It has been observed by those who have had charge of deserted orphan children, that upon one who has never felt the influence of parental care and affection, it is extremely difficult to impress an idea of the paternal character of God. A mother's love is necessary to prepare the affections; and it is on a heart subdued and softened by maternal kindness, that the soft rain and gentle dew of religious instruction should distil, and the seeds of a religious character be implanted.

I need not say how easily, on a heart so prepared, the idea

of a kind, watchful, protecting earthly parent, may be expanded into a conception of the infinite benevolence, watchfulness, and protection of a father in Heaven. The *fear* of God may be impressed afterwards. But the perfect love which casts out fear, grows naturally only in the bosom of a child. Then may an idea of God be implanted which shall be associated with whatever is grand and beautiful and happy, — which shall not come as a spectre, to haunt the dreams of night and sickness, but shall be an ever present spirit, guiding in the paths of truth, sustaining in weakness and temptation, and protecting from every form of evil.

A child may be taught to know himself, to understand something of the spiritual nature of his soul, to examine his motives, to feel his own weakness, to guard against sin from within and from without, to subdue his passions, to respect the superior authority of his conscience as of the image of God within him, — in short, to distrust and yet reverence himself. This may be done and ought to be done. Of how little value is all the rest of education in comparison with it! It can be done only by a mother who is sensible of her spiritual nature, who feels the greatness of her charge and her responsibility. It is only such a mother, who will consider the invitation to her child, — "come unto me early," — as a command upon herself to bring him.

EXERCISE LXXXIV.

FIDELITY TO DUTY. *Mrs. Grant.*

[*Extract from a Letter.*]

My time is, at present, much occupied; but I shall avail myself of a short interval of leisure, to tell you what I am sure you will be interested in hearing, — the particulars of the final interview between the Prince of Wales and the late Bishop of London, (Dr. Porteus,) which have been communicated to me, from a source which appears to me quite authentic. Among other good people with whom my informant is intimate, is Mr. Owen, minister of Fulham, who was, in a manner, the bishop's parish clergyman, and long his chaplain. He even gave my friend an account of this interview, as the bishop gave it to him, two days before his death.

His royal highness had sent out a summons for a great military review, which was to take place on a Sunday. The bishop had been long confined to his room, and did not hope, nor, I suppose, wish, ever in this world to go out again. He ordered his carriage, however, upon hearing this, proceeded to Carlton House, and waited on the prince, who received him very graciously.

"I am come, sir," said the bishop, "urged by my regard for you, for your father, and for this great nation, which is anxiously beholding every public action of yours. I am on the verge of time: new prospects open to me: the favour of human beings is as nothing to me now. I am come to warn your royal highness of the awful consequences of your breaking down the very little that remains of distinction to the day that the Author of all power has hallowed, and set apart for himself."

He went on, in pathetic terms, to represent the awful responsibility to which the prince exposed himself, and how much benefit or injury might result to the immortal souls of millions, by his consulting or neglecting the revealed will of the King of kings; and, after much tender and awful exhortation, concluded with saying, "You see how your father, — greatly your inferior in talent and capacity, — has been a blessing to all around him, and to the nation at large, because he made it the study and business of his life to exert all his abilities for the good of his people, to study and to do the will of God, and to give an example to the world of a life regulated by the precepts of Christian morality. He has been an object of respect and veneration to the whole world, for so doing. If *he* has done much, you, with your excellent abilities, and pleasing and popular manners, may do much more. It is impossible for you to remain stationary in this awful crisis; you rise to true glory and renown, and lead millions in the same path by the power of your example, or sink to sudden and perpetual ruin, aggravated by the great numbers whom your fall will draw with you to the same destruction: and now, were I able to rise, or were any one here who would assist me, I should, with the awful feeling of a dying man, give my last blessing to your royal highness."

The prince, upon this, burst into tears, and fell on his knees before the bishop, who bestowed upon him, with folded hands, his dying benediction: the prince then, in the most gracious and affecting manner, assisted him himself, to go down, and put him into his carriage. — The bishop went

home, never came out again, and died the fifth day after. On hearing of his death, the prince shut himself up, and was heard by his attendants to sob as under deep affliction.

EXERCISE LXXXV.

THE STUDY OF THE ANIMAL WORLD. *Mrs. Ellis.*

I WOULD recommend to the attention of youth, an intimate acquaintance with the nature and habits of the animal world. Here we may find a source of rational and delightful interest, which can never fail us, so long as a bird is heard to sing upon the trees, or a butterfly is seen to sport among the flowers.

I will not go the length of recommending to my young countrywomen to become collectors, either of animals or of insects; because, as in the case of translations from the best of ancient writers, this has already been done for them, better than they are likely to do it for themselves; and because I am not quite sure, that simply for our own amusement, and without any reference to serving the purpose of science, we have a right to make even a beetle struggle to death upon the point of a pin, or to crowd together boxes full of living creatures, which, in the agony of their pent-up sufferings, devour and destroy one another.

Happily for us, there are ably written books on these subjects, from which we can learn more than from our own observation; and museums accessible to all, where different specimens of insects and other animals, are so arranged as materially to assist in understanding their nature and classification; and far more congenial it surely must be to the heart and mind of woman, to read all which able and enlightened men have told us of this world of wonder, and then to go forth into the fields, and see the busy and beautiful creatures by which it is inhabited, sporting in the joyous freedom of nature, unharmed, and unsuspicious of harm. Yes, there is an acquaintance with the animal creation, which might be cultivated, so as to do good to the heart, both of the child and the philosopher,—an acquaintance which seems to absolve these helpless creatures from the curse of estrangement from their sovereign man,—an acquaintance which brings

them near to us, in all their natural peculiarities, their amazing instincts, and in the voiceless, and other unintelligible secrets of their mysterious existence.

And it is good thus to be acquainted with that portion of creation which acknowledges, in common with ourselves, the great principle of animal life; to know that enjoyment is enjoyment, and that pain is pain, to myriads and myriads of beings, in some respects more beautiful, in others more curious, and, in all, more innocent, than ourselves. It is good to know, so far as men can know, for what purpose Almighty power has created them. It is good to behold their beauty, to understand their wonderful formation, and to examine the fairy fancy-work of some of their sacred little homes. It is good to be acquainted with the strength of the mother's love, when she stoops her wing to the spoiler, and offers her own life to save her tender brood. It is good to know that the laws of nature, in their filial and parental influences, cannot be violated without sorrow as intense, though not as lasting, as that which tortures the human heart on the separation of parent and child. It is good to know how these creatures, placed by Divine wisdom under the power and dominion of man, are made to suffer or to die, when he neglects or abuses them.

The earth and the air, the woods and the streams, the gardens and the fields, tell us of all this. When we sit under the shade of a lofty tree, in the stillness of summer's balmy noon, the note of the wood-pigeon salutes us from above. We look up, and the happy couple are nestling on a bough, as closely, side by side, as if the whole world to them was nothing, so long as their faithful love was left. On a lower branch of the same tree, or on a broken rail close by, the little robin sits and sings, looking occasionally askance into the face of that lordly creature whom instinct teaches him to shun. Yet is it less a reproachful, than an inquiring glance, as if he would ask, whether you could really wish to frighten him with all the terrors which agitate his little breast on your approach. And then he sings to you again, a low, soft warble; though his voice is never quite so sweet as in the autumn, when other birds are silent, and he still sings on amidst the falling leaves and faded flowers. Next, the butterfly comes wavering into sight, yet hastening on, to turn its golden wings once more up to the sunshine. The bee then hurries past, intent upon its labours, and attracted only for a moment by the nosegay in your hand; while the grasshopper, that mas-

ter of ventriloquism, invites your curiosity,—now here, now there, but never to the spot where his real presence is to be found. And, all this while, the faithful dog is at your feet. If you rise,—at the same moment he rises too; and if you sit down, he also composes himself to rest. Ever ready to go or stay, he watches your slightest movement; and so closely and mysteriously is his being absorbed in yours, that, although a ramble in the fields affords him a perfect ecstasy of delight, he never allows himself this indulgence, without your countenance and companionship.

But it is impossible so much as to name one in a thousand of the sweet and cheering influences of animal life, upon the youthful heart. The very atmosphere we live in, teems with it; the woods are vocal,—the groves are filled with it; while around our doors, within our homes, and even at our social hearth, the unfailing welcome, the transient glimpses of intelligence, the instinct, the love of these creatures, are interwoven with the vast chain of sympathy, which, through the whole of what may be a wandering and uncertain life, binds us to that spot of earth where we first awoke to a feeling of companionship with this portion of the creatures of our heavenly Father's care.

EXERCISE LXXXVI.

SPRING. *Addison.*

Of all the seasons there is none that can vie with the spring, for beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same figure among the seasons of the year, that the morning does among the divisions of the day, or youth among the stages of life. The English summer is pleasanter than that of any other country in Europe, on no other account but because it has a greater mixture of spring in it. The mildness of our climate, with those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness in our fields, and fills the hottest months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who

has observed so well as Milton, those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder, upon surveying the gay scenes of nature: he has touched upon it, twice or thrice, in his Paradise Lost, and describes it very beautifully, under the name of "vernal delight," in that passage where he represents the arch-fiend himself as almost sensible of it:

"Blossoms and fruits, at once, of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed:
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth; — so lovely seemed
That landscape: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach; and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight, and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair."

The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man: every thing he sees cheers and delights him. Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature, that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in mere gross and sensual delights, to take a survey of them, without sensations of pleasure. The Psalmist has, in several of his divine poems, celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that "vernal delight" which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks, and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows; but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders of Divine wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul, as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the great Author of nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight; I shall therefore conclude this short essay on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by recommending a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this "vernal delight,"

as Milton calls it, into a Christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency, arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hand, and fills the world with good. The apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving, that is filled with such a secret gladness. A grateful reflection on the supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind, consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul, on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.

EXERCISE LXXXVII.

MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE. *Milton.*

From under shady arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who, scarce uprisen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering, in wide landscape, all the east
Of paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bowed adoring, and began
Their orisons,—each morning duly paid,
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains, pronounced or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,

More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:
"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then;
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! — for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven:
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end!
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night, —
If better thou belong not to the dawn, —
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light!
Air, and ye elements, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, —
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave!
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise!
Join voices, all ye living souls! ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise!
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!"

EXERCISE LXXXVIII.

USES OF SUFFERING. *William E. Channing.*

[*On the Occasion of the Burning of the Steamboat Lexington.*]

Benevolence has a higher aim than to bestow enjoyment. There is a higher good than enjoyment; and this requires suffering, in order to be gained. As long as we narrow our view of benevolence, and see in it only a disposition to bestow pleasure, so long life will be a mystery; for pleasure is plainly not its great end. Earth is not a paradise, where streams of joy gush out unbidden at our feet, and uncloying fruits tempt us on every side to stretch out our hands and eat. But this does not detract from God's love; because he has something better for us than gushing streams or profuse indulgence.

When we look into ourselves, we find something besides capacities and desires of pleasure. Amidst the selfish and animal principles of our nature, there is an awful power, a sense of Right, a voice which speaks of Duty, an idea grander than the largest personal interest, the idea of Excellence,—of Perfection. Here is the seal of Divinity on us; here the sign of our descent from God. It is in this gift that we see the benevolence of God. It is in writing this inward law on the heart, it is in giving us the conception of Moral Goodness, and the power to strive after it, the power of self-conflict and self-denial, of surrendering pleasure to duty, and of suf-

fering for the right, the true, and the good; — it is in thus enduing us, and not in giving us capacities of pleasure, that God's goodness shines; and, of consequence, whatever gives a field, and excitement, and exercise, and strength, and dignity to these principles of our nature, is the highest manifestation of benevolence.

I trust I speak a language to which all who hear me in some measure respond. You know, you feel, the difference between excellence and indulgence, between conscience and appetite, between right doing and prosperity, between strivings to realize the idea of perfection, and strivings for gain No one can wholly overlook these different elements within us; and can any one question which is God's greatest gift, or for what ends such warring principles are united in our souls?

The end of our being is to educate, bring out, and perfect, the divine principles of our nature. We were made and are upheld in life for this as our great end, that we may be true to the principles of duty within us; that we may put down all desire and appetite beneath the inward law; that we may enthrone God, the infinitely perfect Father, in our souls; that we may count all things as dross, in comparison with sanctity of heart and life; that we may hunger and thirst for righteousness, more than for daily food; that we may resolutely, and honestly seek for and communicate truth; that disinterested love and impartial justice may triumph over every motion of selfishness, and every tendency to wrong doing: in a word, that our whole lives, labours, conversation, may express and strengthen reverence for ourselves, for our fellow-creatures, and above all for God. Such is the good for which we are made; and, in order to this triumph of virtuous and religious principles, we are exposed to temptation, hardship, pain. Is suffering then inconsistent with God's love?

Had I time, I might show how suffering ministers to human excellence; how it calls forth the magnanimous and sublime virtues, and, at the same time, nourishes the tenderest, sweetest sympathies of our nature; how it raises us to energy and to the consciousness of our powers, and, at the same time, infuses the meekest dependence on God; how it stimulates toil for the goods of this world, and, at the same time, weans us from it, and lifts us above it. I might tell you, how I have seen it admonishing the heedless, reproving the presumptuous, humbling the proud, rousing the sluggish, softening the insensible, awakening the slumbering con-

science, speaking of God to the ungrateful, infusing courage, and force, and faith, and unwavering hope of heaven. I do not then doubt God's beneficence, on account of the sorrows and pains of life. I look without gloom on this suffering world.

True; suffering abounds. The wail of the mourner comes to me from every region under heaven; from every human habitation, for death enters into all; from the ocean, where the groan of the dying mingles with the solemn roar of the waves; from the fierce flame, encircling, as an atmosphere or shroud, the beloved, the revered. Still all these forms of suffering do not subdue my faith; for all are fitted to awaken the human soul; and through all it may be glorified.

We shrink, indeed, with horror, when imagination carries us to the blazing, sinking vessel, where young and old, the mother and her child, husbands, fathers, friends, are overwhelmed by a common, sudden, fearful fate. But the soul is mightier than the unsparing elements. I have read of holy men, who, in days of persecution, have been led to the stake, to pay the penalty of their uprightness, not in fierce and suddenly destroying flames, but in a slow fire; and, though one retracting word would have snatched them from death, they have chosen to be bound; and, amidst the protracted agonies of limb burning after limb, they have looked to God with unwavering faith, and sought forgiveness for their enemies. What then are outward fires to the celestial flame within us? And can I feel, as if God had ceased to love, as if man were forsaken by his Creator, because his body is scattered into ashes by the fire?

It would seem as if God intended to disarm the most terrible events of their power to disturb our faith, by making them the occasions of the sublimest virtues. In shipwrecks we are furnished with some of the most remarkable examples, that history affords, of trust in God, of unconquerable energy, and of tender, self-sacrificing love, making the devouring ocean the most glorious spot on earth.—A friend rescued from a wreck, told me, that a company of pious Christians, who had been left in the sinking ship, were heard, from the boat in which he had found safety, lifting up their voices, not in shrieks or moans, but in a joint hymn to God; thus awaiting, in a serene act of piety, the last, swift-approaching hour. How much grander was that hymn than the ocean's roar! And what becomes of suffering, when thus awakening, in to an energy otherwise unknown, the highest sentiments of

the soul? I can shed tears over human griefs; but thus viewed, they do not discourage me: they strengthen my faith in God.

EXERCISE LXXXIX.

CATASTROPHE OF THE TOWN OF SCILLA. *Craven.*

THE shock which a great part of the Calabrian coast experienced from an earthquake, on the morning of the fifth of February, 1783, had been highly detrimental to the town of Scilla, and had levelled with the dust most of the houses situated on the upper range. The castle had also suffered considerable damage. It was the residence of the prince, whose advanced age and infirmities had rendered him almost indifferent to the fate which appeared to threaten his existence, in common with that of the whole population. He had determined on awaiting the event before the crucifix in his chapel, but was persuaded to leave the walls of a mansion which appeared scarcely able to resist farther concussion, and seek his safety in flight towards the mountains, where he possessed a magnificent residence.

But the road that led out of the town, was so encumbered with the ruins of the buildings which had been overthrown, that it was resolved to defer his departure till the following day; and a temporary, and apparently secure, asylum, was sought on the strand of one of the two small bays which are separated by the castle, and form harbours for the fishing-boats. To the largest of these, on the southern side of the promontory, the nobleman retired, and prepared to pass the night in a felucca which had been hauled upon the sand, with all the other vessels belonging to the place; serving as receptacles for the remains of property or household goods, saved by their unfortunate owners, out of their fallen habitations.

Here all the surviving individuals had assembled, and, after a day of terror, hoped to pass a few hours of comparative ease and tranquillity. The Ave Maria * had been said, in which, the feudal despot, and his people, now reduced to one common level of humiliation, by the visitations they appre-

* Pronounced, *Ahray Mareea.*

hended, had joined with all the fervour of penitence and fear. The cries of motherless babes, and the lamentations of childless parents, had subsided with the commotions of the earth; while grief, terror, and even despair, lost their power of excitement, and all had sunk under the languor of bodily, as well as mental exhaustion. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the atmosphere, — not the slightest ripple was audible on the surface of the sea. It seemed as if the elements, mankind, and Nature herself, had wasted their energies, and yielded to the necessity of repose.

At about half-past seven, a distant but loud crash proclaimed some new disaster, and awakened to a fearful state of suspense, all the silent sufferers. A powerful recurrence of the morning's shocks had severed a large portion of Mount Bari, — which forms the next promontory, towards the east, — and dashed its shivered mass into the sea.

The darkness precluded an immediate communication of this event to the trembling population on the sands, and also shrouded from their knowledge the anticipation of its consequences. They were roused by the earthquake; but, extended on the beach, and out of the reach of all buildings, they thought themselves comparatively secure from real danger. A low, rustling noise was heard, and gradually but rapidly, increased to the roar of the most impetuous hurricane. The waters of the whole channel, impelled by the pressure of the fallen mountain, had rushed, in a single wave, over the opposite point of the Faro, which it entirely inundated. Thrown back towards the Calabrian coast, it passed with impetuosity over the shore of Scilla, and, — in its retreat to the bosom of the deep, — swept from its surface every individual who had thought to find safety in the barrenness of its sands! — One abhorrent shriek, uttered by the united voices of four thousand human beings, thus snatched to eternity, reëchoed from the mountains; and the tremendous wave, returning, a second and last time, rose to the elevation of the highest houses that yet remained entire, and buried many of them in masses of mud and sand; leaving on their flat roofs, and among the branches of the trees which grew out of the impending rock, the mangled bodies of some of the victims it had destroyed. But these last were not many; for the mass, including the prince of Scilla, were never seen or heard of more.

EXERCISE XC.

MORNING. *Anon.*

"Look now around the heavens! The sun,
Like a monarch returning, both blessing and blest,"

is now far on his glorious journey. And now turn your eyes, blind with "excess of light," and behold again the refreshing green of the pastoral earth.

"Straight your eye hath caught new pleasures,
As the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Meadows trim, and daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide."

The grass tapers up like myriads of spears, raised in some fairy armament: here and there, the daisies show their silver-crowned heads, as though they were tributary kings of the lesser heptarchies, and smaller tribes of

"Elves, and fays, and fairies slim:"

kingcups are lifted up at every step you take, like golden bowls filled to the brim with dew; primroses, cowslips, and violets crowd about the hills, and cluster under the hawthorn-sweetened hedges; and, "retired as the noontide dew," the lovely lily of the valley droops her delicate head, and looks as pale as passion in young human faces. Turn now to those "mighty senators of the wood," those venerable oaks, overtopping all their verdant neighbours. Behold the graceful laburnum, dropping its yellow clusters about the face of morning, like golden ringlets falling from the fair forehead of Beauty! The whole vernal world is now, indeed, in its youth, and pride, and glory!

"No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar: paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf;
And ash, far-stretching his umbrageous arm:
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved and shining in the sun;

The maple, and the beech, of oily nuts
Prolific; and the lime, at dewy eve,
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours dressed."

The gardens, too, are full of the freshness and beauty of morning. There the rose breathes her delicate fragrance, that dies not with her summer of life, but clings still to her leaves, though scattered and wafted wherever the winds list. There

"The lilach, (various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, ... as if,—
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved,—she chose them all,)"

loads the air with fragrance. And there,

"Copious of flowers, the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours,"

clings, like weakness, to the wall. The jessamine throws "wide her elegant sweets." Sweet peas flutter like various-winged butterflies, ready for flight. Blue-bells seem to swing silently in the air,—to our ears,—but, perhaps, to beings better endowed, with finer perceptions, and organs more delicately tuned, are ringing an aërial peal. The fox-gloves,—with whom the bees love to wrestle,—bloom, and invite them to the sportive war. Pinks throw far and wide their clove-scented breath; and every flower of the field and the "trim garden," has arrayed itself in all its glories, to welcome and do honour to the Morn.

EXERCISE XCI.

FASHION IN DRESS. *Mrs. Farrar.*

English ladies have never adopted the fashions of France so implicitly as the American. They always modify them, in a greater or less degree, to suit themselves, and the climate of the country. A first-rate London dress-maker goes to

Paris twice a year for her fashions; but there she sees some things which she knows will not accord with English notions, and therefore she passes them by, and only brings over what she thinks will suit her more sober countrywomen. At this distance from the fountain of taste, our dress-makers cannot exercise the same discretion; they, therefore, are obliged to trust to agents, and to rely on prints representing the fashions. The Parisians, who furnish garments made to order for the Americans, are known to send out such extravagant specimens, as ladies of *bon ton* would not wear in Paris; yet these are implicitly adopted here, as the reigning mode.

There is some convenience in having a standard of fashion that all may conform to: the eye soon becomes reconciled to whatever is universally worn; but we ought to mistrust all extravagant French models, and, by modifying our copies of them, escape being made ridiculous, at the will and pleasure of a *marchand des modes* or a Parisian dress-maker. The ladies of Philadelphia are the best dressed in the United States; and may not this be attributable to the influence of the Quaker and the French population of that city?—the one tending to moderation from principle, the other from taste.

There is one thing which is never sufficiently taken into account in the fashions of this country; and that is climate. Receiving our models from the equable temperature of France, they are often unsuited to the scorching suns of our summers, and the severe frosts of our winters. The English ladies set us a good example in this respect; they always accommodate their fashions to the dripping skies of their moist climate, and the chilliness produced by it: accordingly, there never has been a winter, for thirty years, when muffs were not generally worn. Broadcloth suits their drizzling weather particularly well; and therefore habits made of it, and coats and cloaks to wear in carriages, are always in use. Beaver hats, for riding on horseback, are always in fashion for the same reason; and so are coarse straw bonnets, particularly in the country, for an undress, and thick leather shoes, for walking through the mud. The most delicately bred fine lady in the land, puts on cotton stockings and thick shoes, to walk out for exercise, and would think it very unlady-like not to be so provided; and, on more dressy occasions, when she wears silk hose, she would on no account go out, in cold weather, without warm shoes, either kid lined with fur, or quilted silk shoes foxed with leather. To walk

out, as our young ladies do, in cold and wet weather, with thin-soled prunella, or kid shoes, would seem to them very vulgar; as betraying a want of suitableness, only to be accounted for by supposing the individual to be unable to provide herself with better.

If there are principles of true taste involved in the mysteries of a lady's toilet, is not the study of them worthy of a refined and intellectual being; and would not her time and thoughts be better spent, in conforming her style of dress to them, than in eagerly following every change of the mode, dictated by the love of novelty, apart from real beauty?

I do not mean, by this, to recommend singularity of dress, and a wide departure from the prevailing mode: far from it; singularity is to be avoided; and she is best dressed whose costume presents an agreeable whole, without any thing that can be remarked. Dr. Johnson once praised a lady's appearance, by saying, she was so perfectly well-dressed, he could not recollect any thing she had on.

I would have young people of cultivated minds, look at every thing with an eye of taste, and, judging of the merits of a certain form of garment, apart from the charm of fashion, so modify their compliance with the reigning mode, as not to sacrifice to it their sense of beauty. Mere fashion should never be allowed to triumph over common sense, or good taste, but be kept in check by both.

In this country, where there are no dashing duchesses and elegant countesses to lead the *ton*, any lady of sense and taste may set a pretty fashion, and thus do her friends and neighbours an acceptable service.

A pure taste in dress may be gratified at a small expense; for it does not depend on the costliness of the materials employed, but on the just proportions observed in the forms, and an harmonious arrangement of colours.

Dr. Spurzheim observed, that the American ladies were deficient in the organ of colour, and said, that, on landing in New York, he was shocked to see ladies wearing indiscriminately all the colours of the rainbow, without regard to their complexions, or the season of the year, and often with pink, blue, and yellow on at the same time.

In nothing is the taste of Parisian dames more conspicuous, than in the skilful selection of colours; and, when a taste for the fine arts is more diffused in this country, we shall not see our belles with pink ribands on their bonnets, and blue shawls on their shoulders, while their hands display

yellow gloves and green bags. Nor shall we witness sallow complexions contrasted with sky-blue, nor flushed cheeks surrounded by the hues of the rose, nor pale ones made to appear more colourless by green linings. All these things will, in time, be better understood, when the cultivated and refined portion of society shall have learned to regard dress less as a matter to be taken on trust from foreign dealers in finery, than as an individual accomplishment, and to consider, that their appearance in the world depends more on their own good taste, than the length of their fathers' purses.

EXERCISE XCII.

PRINTING. *Anon.*

In searching for the origin of things, says a learned writer, — quite indisputably, it must be confessed, — we can begin no higher than the creation of the world, and the formation of man; and if we seek truth, it is nowhere to be met with in such obvious characters, as in the illustrious records of the Hebrews. The Bible, then, that book of all books, brings us acquainted with a nation which, in the earliest ages, surpassed all others in illumination; and with regard to the proficiency of its people in the mechanic and useful arts, we have but to combine the descriptions of the ark of the covenant, and of Solomon's Temple, with the early mention of graven and molten images, coins, signets, and brands for the purpose of marking, — to be convinced that the arts of carving, engraving, die-sinking, casting in metal; and even a species of printing, were coeval with, and some of them perhaps antecedent to, the art of writing.

If these circumstances, (of which the truth of sacred writ warrants our undoubted belief,) be, as we think they are, of a nature to induce our credit of all that is said relative to the knowledge and practice of printing by the Chinese, in the tenth century, we cannot, we confess, see with what justice the merit of invention is ascribed to Europeans in the fifteenth. That the knowledge of any art peculiar to so singular a people as the Chinese, should long be restricted to themselves, is a matter of no wonder whatever; and though we join in the surprise expressed by more than one ingenious

writer, that after the introduction of wood-engraving from Asia, in the thirteenth century, the nations of Europe should, for so many ages, walk upon the borders of two important inventions, typography and chalcography, without discovering either, — the fact, in our opinion, goes far to prove that the first idea of printing, in Europe, had its origin from the Chinese.

The importance of the event naturally caused an eagerness for notoriety; and the simultaneous attempts, in various cities, to prosecute or improve the original invention, produced a controversy which shortly justified the remark, that the origin of printing, — an art which gives light to most others, — is, itself, involved in darkness. Such, indeed, is the fact, if our researches be limited to European history; but, leaning to the opinions of those who give a very remote date and an eastern origin to the invention, we think it enough to honour the names of the persons who, in our hemisphere, first engaged in or promoted its revival; — appropriating to their proper niche in the temple of Fame, the inventors of detached types, Faust, Guttemburg, and Shæffer, of Mentz, — Caxton, as the introducer, and Copland, Day, Grafton, and others, as the improvers of the art, in Britain.

So early as 1462, three years after the invention of separate metal types, Faust, the German artist, had carried the process to such perfection, as to be able to take with him, to Paris, an impression of the Bible. But such was the ignorance of the times, that on vending the copies of his book, he was imprisoned, on suspicion of dealing with familiar spirits; the French having no conception how so many books could be made to agree so unerringly in every letter and point. Nor did Faust obtain his liberty, till he had disclosed the whole secret of his art.

About eight years subsequently, viz. 1470, printing was introduced into England, and practised at Westminster; and, in a few years, presses were established at Oxford, Cambridge, and other towns. Hitherto, the proficients in the art had proceeded no farther than the Gothic alphabet; as it most resembled the manuscripts of those times; but in 1474, soon after its introduction into Rome and Italy, the Italians produced the Roman, and, in 1476, the Greek type; while two Rabbi, in the duchy of Milan, first introduced, in 1480, the printed Hebrew character.

Such is the outline of the history of printing, for fifty years after its revival in Europe; in which time so rapid was its

diffusion, and so great its improvement, that the sixteenth century may be said to have commenced under auspices eminently glorious. — Knowledge and learning, which had hitherto been confined to a few, now opened their benign stores, and dispersed them liberally abroad. Now departed the gloom of ignorance, to give place to the dawn of intellectual day.

By this happy invention, — without which other discoveries would be of very circumscribed utility, — past ages are made to live again; every character which adorned them is revived, at will; the various regions of the globe are made to pass before us in review, pouring upon our minds all the wisdom of intellect, the discoveries of philosophy, the experience of time. Great, however, as those benefits are, we shall estimate but imperfectly the blessings derived from the press, unless we extend our view beyond the sphere of merely human science, and contemplate it in its most important and benign aspect, as the great and rapid disseminator of that Sacred Truth, with which all men are yet to become illuminated.

EXERCISE XCIII.

IMMORTALITY. *Dana.*

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
And doth Death cancel the great bond, that holds
Commingling spirits? Are thoughts, that know no bounds,
But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The Eternal Mind, — the Father of all thought, —
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb? —
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
Of uncreated light have visited, and lived? —
Lived in the dreadful splendour of that throne,
Which One, with gentle hand, the veil of flesh
Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
In glory? — throne, before which, even now,
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down,
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed? —
Souls, that Thee know by a mysterious sense, —
Thou awful, unseen Presence, — are they quenched?
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes

By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?
And with our frames do perish all our loves?
Do those that took their root, and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded, in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions, that to the tongue give speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies, —
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance, —
Are these the body's accidents? — no more? —
To live in it, and, when that dies, go out,
Like the burnt taper's flame?

Oh! listen, man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
Oh! listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air. 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating midst Day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee. —
The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony!

EXERCISE XCIV.

STATE OF THE SOUL AT DEATH. *Hubbard Winslow.*

The soul is an essence entirely distinct from the body. It is not a mere chain of exercises; — it is a positive *existence*, — a *reality*, — as truly as matter. Thought, love, fear, hope, veneration, and all the operations of an intellectual and moral nature, must have their basis in something real.

If from nothing only nothing comes, the greatest of effects can come only from the greatest of causes. And what are the effects of matter, compared with those of the intelligent spirit? — that spirit before which the savage wilderness melts away, and becomes a blooming paradise; which constructs a path for ships over the trackless sea; which compels the laws of nature into its service, and even snatches the flashing lightnings from their clouds; which can dart, in an instant, over spaces which it would require ages for light to traverse; and finally, can, with a single leap, pass "the flaming bounds of space and time," and burn with seraphic joys before the throne of God!

We believe it to be a general law of our present condition, that the soul and the body, — the immortal and the mortal, — shall be separated only by death. We cannot accompany the spirit through that mysterious and dark valley; — which to the Christian, however, is usually far from dark. Sometimes the diseased body afflicts the spirit with a dethronement of reason, wildness of fancy, or utter obliviousness, and always with more or less of its own earthliness, until the final, decisive moment comes, when Death executes his commission, strikes the blow, and opens the prison-door. At that instant, the emancipated spirit goes forth, a free denizen of eternity. It then enters upon the higher walks of existence. Like a bird let loose, it moves with unfettered wing, in its own proper element. Its faculties are quickened into a more vigorous and commanding activity; its perceptions become immeasurably more lucid and comprehensive, than while they were restricted in these dull fetters of clay.

These considerations bring eternal retributions *very near.* It is but a breath, a vapour, that separates us from them. They also invest death with an amazing solemnity. It is not "the pains, the groans, the dying strife;" not the parting

with all the possessions and friendships of earth; not the narrow house of gloom and corruption, awaiting the body, that imparts the shrinking dread to death; — it is the fact that the undying spirit is about to open its eye on the tremendous scenes of eternity. That active, conscious, immortal spirit, is about to meet its Judge, and render its last account! The curtain that has hitherto hung before the eye of the probationer is about to rise. A few hours or moments, and his eternal destiny will be fixed.

The hour, the moment, at length comes! There is an awful pause. — The last agony of nature is over; — the gates of mortality are thrown open; — the struggling spirit has escaped. And as we gaze upon the calm, pale form, — now only a form, — that deathless spirit is awakening to more amazing realities and more mighty activities than we have ever conceived.

Is he a spirit of holiness? He that is holy is holy still. His pure and piercing eye descries the far-rolling worlds of brightness, all radiant with the glory of God and the Lamb. An innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, invite him with their hallelujahs to come up higher. With bounding joy, he exclaims,

"I mount, I fly: —
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?"

In a moment, the gates of glory receive him; — and while our tears are falling, he is in the midst of the visions of that world, where God wipes all tears away; — while our mournful silence is broken only with sobs of grief, his ears are drinking the melodies of heaven; and he is beginning to sing that new song which no man on earth can learn. He has reached his home; — and so shall he be "forever with the Lord."

EXERCISE XCV.

RESULTS FROM THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PILGRIMS.

E. Everett.

It is sad indeed to reflect on the disasters, which the little band of pilgrims encountered. Sad to see a portion of them,

the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel; — one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season; where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and, which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men, — a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, of the power, and the temper of the savage tribes, that filled the unexplored continent, upon whose verge they had ventured.

Methinks I see it now, that one, solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set; weeks and months pass; and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore.

I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route, — and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The labouring masts seem straining from their base, — the dismal sound of the pumps is heard, — the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow, — the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulphing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and weary from the voyage, — poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, — without shelter, — without means, — surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on

which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast?

Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.—Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children,—was it hard labour and spare meals,—was it disease,—was it the tomahawk,—was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea;—was it some or all of these united,—that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

And is it possible that not one of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

EXERCISE XCVI.

THE USEFUL AND THE ORNAMENTAL. *Mrs. Farrar.*

Anna. Well, I cannot expect to be like you: Nature meant me to be only useful.

Sarah. I should be very sorry, if I thought she had not made me for the same purpose.

Anna. Oh! you are above being useful. You were meant to be ornamental; every body is willing you should be so; few can be like you; for few can make such attainments; and those who can, are not expected to be useful.

Sarah. What do you mean by being useful?

Anna. Oh! you know, fulfilling one's duty in the common relations of life.

Sarah. Do I neglect that?

Anna. No,—I would not say that; but you do not put your whole mind into it.

Sarah. Why should I, if I have mind enough for that and other things too?

Anna. Well, you are more ornamental than useful, at any rate.

Sarah. It seems to me that you strangely limit the term useful. I suppose you mean that we are useful, only when we are making raiment for the body, or setting the house in order, or tending the sick.

Anna. Oh! and visiting the poor, and keeping Sunday school.

Sarah. Well, do you propose doing this last without cultivation? Shall the blind lead the blind?

Anna. That requires no knowledge beyond Christian morality.

Sarah. The highest knowledge of all, and to which all other attainments are subsidiary!

Anna. Well, but granting that, of what other use, Sarah, are all your accomplishments? They make you very independent, I know, and much admired by certain persons; but then they render insipid other society, in which they are not appreciated, and from which you can gain nothing; and what good do they do any body but yourself?

Sarah. I think they do some good, when they make my father and brothers like to be at home, and talk with me. You have often complained, that you could not make home attractive to your father and brothers, and lamented the *ennui* of the one, and the idle amusements of the other. As to its making the sort of society of which you speak, insipid to me, I know that although you spend so much time in it, it is as disagreeable to you, as it is wearisome to me. You are always bringing me stories of the calumnies which are afloat about you and your friends. Now I say, that much of this wicked gossiping arises from idleness, and that if these people's minds were better furnished, their tongues would be less venomous.

Anna. But if we can do nothing for this society, ought we to withdraw ourselves wholly from it?

Sarah. If we cannot raise its tone, I think it may be of some use to bear a quiet testimony, that we can find some better way of passing our time, than in tasteless, childish amusements, the monotony of which is only relieved by the most malicious backbiting.

Anna. I wish I could think as you do; but I have always been afraid, that if I were highly cultivated, I should not be so useful.

Sarah. If you enlarge your views of utility, you will perhaps see that we promote it no less by ministering to the spiritual than the temporal wants of others. I cannot con-

sider the person who gives me a beautiful thought, enriches me with a valuable truth, or leads me to take more liberal views of the capacity of the soul or the value of time, is less *useful* to me than that other kind of beings who make jellies for me, and watch with me in illness, or take me to ride, and entertain me with their best cheer, when I am well. Let none of us neglect the common duties of our spheres; but if any hours be left, can we devote them better than to acquiring a knowledge of the laws of God's world, or the minds and history of his creatures? Are we not thus fitting ourselves to perform the highest kind of duty towards each other? And I do believe that, if we judiciously manage our time on earth, — short though it be, — there will be sufficient to enable us to be useful in the highest sense of that term, as well as in the sense in which you use it.

EXERCISE XCVII.

SIR KIT RACKRENT AND HIS LADY. *Miss Edgeworth.*

"Sir Kit condescended," said one of his servants, "to tell us in his letter that all would be speedily settled to his satisfaction, and we should turn over a new leaf, for he was going to be married in a fortnight to the grandest heiress in England, and had only immediate occasion at present for two hundred pounds; as he would not choose to touch his lady's fortune for travelling expenses home to Castle Rackrent, — where he intended to be, wind and weather permitting, early in the next month; and desired fires, and the house to be painted, and the new building to go on as fast as possible for the reception of him and his lady, before that time; with several words besides in the letter, which we could not make out, because he wrote in such a flurry.

"My heart warmed to my new lady, when I read this. I was almost afraid it was too good news to be true; but the girls fell to scouring; and it was well they did; for we soon saw his marriage in the paper to a lady with I don't know how many tens of thousand pounds to her fortune. Then I watched the post-office for his landing; and the news came to my son of his and the bride being in Dublin, and on the way home to Castle Rackrent. We had bonfires all over the

country, expecting him down the next day; and we had his coming of age still to celebrate, which he had not time to do properly before he left the country; therefore a great ball was expected, and great doings upon his coming, as it were, fresh to take possession of his ancestors' estate.

"I never shall forget the day he came home: we had waited and waited, all day long, till eleven o'clock at night; and I was thinking of sending the boy to lock the gates, and giving them up for that night, when there came the carriages, thundering up to the great hall-door. I got the first sight of the bride; for when the carriage-door opened, just as she had her foot on the steps, I held the flam full in her face to light her, at which she shut her eyes; but I had a full view of the rest of her; and greatly shocked I was, for by that light she was little better than a blackamoor, and seemed crippled; — but that was only sitting so long in the chariot.

"'You're kindly welcome to Castle Rackrent, my lady,' says I, (recollecting who she was;) 'did your honour hear of the bonfires?' His honour spoke never a word, nor so much as handed her up the steps; — he looked at me no more like himself than nothing at all; I know I took him for the skeleton of his honour. I was not sure what to say next to one or t'other; but seeing she was a stranger in a foreign country, I thought it but right to speak cheerful to her; so I went back again to the bonfires.

"'My lady,' says I, as she crossed the hall, 'there would have been fifty times as many, but for fear of the horses and frightening your ladyship: Jason and I forbid them, please your honour.' With that she looked at me a little bewildered. — 'Will I have a fire lighted in the state-room to-night?' — was the next question I put to her; but never a word she answered; so I concluded she could not speak a word of English, and was from foreign parts.

"The short and the long of it was, I couldn't tell what to make of her; so I left her to herself, and went straight down to the servants' hall to learn something for certain about her. Sir Kit's own man was tired; but the groom set him a-talking at last; and we had it all out, before ever I closed my eyes that night. — The bride might well be a great fortune, — she was a *Jewish* by all accounts, who are famous for their great riches. I had never seen any of that tribe or nation before, and could only gather that she spoke a strange kind of English of her own, that she could not abide pork or sausages, and went neither to church nor mass.

"'Mercy upon his honour's poor soul!' thought I, 'what will become of him and his, and all of us with his heretic blackamoor at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate!' I never slept a wink all night for thinking of it; but before the servants I put my pipe in my mouth, and kept my mind to myself; for I had a great regard for the family; and after this, when strange gentlemen's servants came to the house, and would begin to talk about the bride, I took care to put the best foot foremost, and passed her for a nabob, — in the kitchen, — which accounted for her dark complexion and every thing.

"The very morning after they came home, however, I saw how things were, plain enough, between Sir Kit and my lady; though they were walking together arm-in-arm after breakfast, looking at the new building and the improvements.

"'Old Thady,' said my master, just as he used to do, 'how do you do?' — 'Very well, I thank your honour's honour,' said I. But I saw he was not well pleased; and my heart was in my mouth, as I walked along after him. —

"'Is the large room damp, Thady?' said his honour. — 'Oh! damp, your honour! how should it but be as dry as a bone,' says I, 'after all the fires we have kept in it day and night? It's the barrack-room your honour's talking on.'

"'And what is a barrack-room, pray, my dear?' were the first words I ever heard out of my lady's lips. — 'No matter, my dear!' said he, and went on talking to me, ashamed-like I should witness her ignorance. To be sure, to hear her talk, one might have taken her for an innocent; — for it was, 'What's this, Sir Kit?' and 'What's that, Sir Kit?' all the way we went. — To be sure, Sir Kit had enough to do to answer her. 'And what do you call that, Sir Kit?' said she, 'that, that looks like a pile of black bricks, pray, Sir Kit?' — 'My turf-stack, my dear,' said my master, and bit his lip. — 'Where have you lived, my lady, all your life, not to know a turf-stack when you see it?' thought I, but I said nothing.

"Then, by-and-by, she takes out her glass, and begins spying over the country. 'And what's all that black swamp out yonder, Sir Kit?' says she. — 'My bog, my dear,' says he, and went on whistling. — 'It's a very ugly prospect, my dear,' says she. — 'You don't see it, my dear,' says he, 'for we've planted it out; when the trees grow up in summer-time,' — says he. — 'Where are the trees,' says she, 'my dear?' still looking through her glass. — 'You are blind, my dear,' says he; — 'what are these under your eyes?' — 'These shrubs?'

said she.—'Trees,' said he.—'Maybe they are what you call trees in Ireland, my dear,' says she; 'but they are not a yard high, are they?'—'They were planted out but last year, my lady,' says I, to soften matters between them, for I saw she was going the way to make his honour mad with her; 'they are all very well grown for their age, and you'll not see the bog of Allyballycarrick-o'shaughlin, at all, at all, through the screen, when once the leaves come out. But, my lady, you must not quarrel with any part or parcel of Allyballycarrick-o'shaughlin, for you don't know how many hundred years that same bit of bog has been in the family; we would not part with the bog of Allyballycarrick-o'shaughlin upon no account at all: it cost the late Sir Murtagh two hundred good pounds to defend his title to it, and boundaries against the O'Learys, who cut a road through it.'

"Now one would have thought this would have been hint enough for my lady; but she fell to laughing like one out of their right mind, and made me say the name of the bog over for her to get it by heart, a dozen times; then she must ask me how to spell it, and what was the meaning of it in English,—Sir Kit standing by whistling all the while; I verily believe she laid the corner-stone of all her future misfortunes at that very instant; but I said no more,—only looked at Sir Kit."

EXERCISE XCVIII.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS. *Dr. Bacon.*

In tropic skies, the moon and planets, instead of cowering low in the southern quarter, and creeping around from east to west, as in northern latitudes, mount in a bolder and more heavenward course, directly above us;—each at times becoming the glittering key-stone and central gem of the blue dome. At about ten o'clock on Sunday night, the evening clouds having vanished, I stretched myself out supinely, at full length, on the tafferel, secured from rolling overboard, by the stern-boat which was triced up there. Looking up into the sky, I saw the moon, with Mars and Jupiter near, one on each side at equal distance, shining with a beauty and power of light, before unknown to me.

The brilliancy of these planets, in the pure, clear sky of

the tropic ocean, which no unwholesome vapour or smoky, dusty haze from the land, ever dims or defiles, is beyond all conception. Jupiter, every night, as it ascended, threw a brilliant, long, silvery track of light over the waters, almost equal to that which I have seen caused by the moon on our northern seas and bays. And so, all over the heavens, the stars were brighter than I had ever imagined it possible for them to shine through any earthly atmosphere.

Yet several nights passed, while I looked in vain for some of those peculiarly interesting constellations near the south pole, which were already above our horizon. For though all the rest of the sky was clear, along the southern quarter, a peculiar dark, misty cloud descended across our path, shrouding from view the long-desired lights of the southern hemisphere. The cloud occupying about fifteen degrees in altitude from the horizon, was just sufficient to hide, for some time, the magnificent Southern Cross, so richly described by Humboldt, and by Tyerman and Bennet, whose vivid impressions at the sight, so poetically expressed, had long led me to anticipate this, as one of the richest rewards of a tropical voyage.

And when, at length, my nights of vain watching, and my years of studious hope, were requited by the sight of this most glorious object in the created universe, all the circumstances and incidents seemed wonderfully arranged to impress me not only with gratification at the happy accomplishment of my wishes, and with admiration of the beauty of the spectacle, but also with deeper and farther-reaching feelings, of the moral power of the strange picture before me in heaven and in earth. It was on an evening in January, that I obtained a distinct view of the Starry Cross; the form of it being so perfect, that at the very first glance no observer could be mistaken. I saw it standing erect and resplendent over the dark cloud, in more than imagined beauty and glory, — its four large stars arranged in striking order and symmetry, in the form which all Christendom recognizes as the sign and memorial of God's infinite love and man's eternal hope; and the rapture I then felt was cheaply purchased by all the sufferings and perils of the voyage then past or yet before me. Many hours I enjoyed the scene and the emotions rising from it; and so through months and years of wanderings that followed, that glorious object attracted my eyes through watchful nights of exile, of suffering, of peril, and of loneliness, till it became to me a familiar and welcome thing, asso-

ciated with the idea of high consolation under trials and fears.

In those wild years of strange adventure, many a dreary night of perilous exposure and of fearful watching, on ocean and land, was solaced by the sight of that beautiful starry cross, standing erect, or bending at various angles over the south pole; — sometimes sought in hours of danger as a beacon and guide, and ever hailed with joy, and hope, and gratitude.

EXERCISE XCIX.

BADEN. *Anon.*

The environs of Baden, to the distance of three or four leagues, are varied by the most striking and the most picturesque scenery; full of chivalrous associations, and peculiarly well adapted for the generation of those unearthly thoughts that are said to come to poets by inspiration. The ruins of the chateau of * Yburg consist of two lofty towers, and the remains of some old walls, at the distance of about two leagues from Baden. One of these towers was rent from top to bottom, some years ago, by a thunderbolt; but the other is well preserved; and, as it is the highest point which the country around presents, the view from it is singularly magnificent. On the east, the majestic mountains of the Black Forest appear in the distance; while, towards the west, we behold a boundless plain, watered by the Rhine, and shining in all the pride and beauty of human life and industry.

The ruins of the castle of † Eberstein are also particularly interesting. It was the abode of the Baden family, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, during which period its ample precincts witnessed many tournaments and feats of arms. The strength of this ancient castle may be collected from the romantic history of the attempt which was made by Otho the Great, to gain possession of it by a stratagem.

War may be said never to have ceased during the reign of this emperor. After he had suppressed the formidable insurrection which had broken out at Strasburg, he learned that the principal instigators of that revolt were the Counts of Eberstein. He marched immediately, with a large army,

* Pronounced, *Eeboorg.* † *Aiberstine.*

against the.r castle, and besieged it, without success, during two years and a half.

He then resolved to have recourse to other means for the accomplishment of his purpose. He affected to make peace with the Counts of Eberstein, withdrew his army, and gave, at * Spires, a series of festivals in celebration of the cessation of the war. A tournament of course formed part of the amusements of this season of joy: a multitude of princes and lords were invited to attend it,—among the rest the three brothers of Eberstein. One of these, a fine youth, of robust figure and martial bearing, captivated the affections of a lady of the court, who, while he was dancing with her, took an opportunity to whisper into his ear that the castle of Eberstein was in danger, and that the emperor had despatched emissaries to take possession of it during the absence of the three brothers. The latter consulted with each other immediately, and resolved to lose no time in returning home; but, in order to avoid suspicion, they continued apparently to enjoy the scene of festivity, as the gayest of the gay, announced that they would measure their arms with those of any other knight or gentleman present, and that they would present a hundred golden florins to the conqueror.

During the night, they crossed the Rhine in a boat, and towards morning, found themselves, once more, safe within the walls of their castle. When the emperor heard of their departure, he was much enraged, and ordered the castle to be assaulted. But the attack was bravely repelled. He then sent three knights to endeavour to prevail on the brothers to give in their submission. The only answer these messengers received was this:—they were conducted to the caverns of the castle, which were stored with wine and corn for three years. Their report was that the castle of Eberstein could not be taken either by storm or by famine. Otho finally concluded a real peace with the three brothers, on terms equally honourable to both parties, and gave his sister to one of them in marriage. This was the lady who had warned one of the Counts of Eberstein, at Spires; and the object of her affection became her husband.

* Pronounced, *Speeraiss.*

EXERCISE C.

THE TEA-ROSE. *Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

"COUSIN, I have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York, as,—to our consternation,—you are determined to do: you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I love flowers, indeed; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing, which is needful to keep them growing, I have no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself easy as to that, Kate," said Florence, with a smile; "I have no intention of calling upon your talents: I have an asylum in view for my favourite."

"Oh! then you know just what I was going to say. Mrs. Marshall, I presume, has been speaking to you: she was here yesterday; and I was quite pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favourite would sustain, and so forth; and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her greenhouse,—it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like to give it to her; you are so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Now, Kate, I am sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? you have so few intimates here."

"Oh! it is only one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing?"

"What! little Mary Stephens! how absurd, Florence! This is just another of your motherly oldmaidish ways, dressing dolls for poor children, making bonnets, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the neighbourhood. I do believe you have made more calls in those two vile ill-smelling alleys behind our house, than ever you have in Chestnut street, though you know every body is half dying to see you; and now,—to crown all,—you must give this choice little *bijou* to a sempstress girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want with flowers?"

"Just the same that I do," replied Florence calmly. Have you not noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? And don't you remember the other morning she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in that close little room, where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, and cook."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, and iron, and cook, as you say; if I had to spend every moment of my time in toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick wall and dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold enjoyment to me."

"Pshaw! Florence; all sentiment! Poor people have no time to be sentimental. Besides, I don't believe it will grow with them; it is a greenhouse flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh! as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner is rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens,—whatever else she has not,—has sunshine of as good quality as this that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes, are his gifts to all alike. You will see that my fair rose will be as well and cheerful in Mrs. Stephens's room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people, one wants to give them something *useful*,—a bushel of potatoes, a ham, and such things."

"Why, certainly potatoes and ham must be supplied; but, having administered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any other little pleasures or gratifications we may have it in our power to bestow? I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies, because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example, I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye light up as she looked upon these things in our drawing-room; and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing,—all she has,—must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the rapture she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose."

"Dear me! all this may be true; but I never thought of it

before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any ideas of *taste!*"

"Then why do you see the geranium or rose so carefully nursed in the old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning-glory planted in a box, and twined about the window? Do not these show that the human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life? You remember, Kate, how our washerwoman sat up a whole night, after a hard day's work, to make her first baby a pretty dress to be baptized in."

"Yes; and I remember how I laughed at you for making such a tasteful little cap for it."

"Well, Katy, I think the look of perfect delight with which the poor mother regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating. I do believe she could not have felt more grateful, if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

"Well, I never thought before of giving any thing to the poor, but what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way."

"Well, cousin, if our heavenly Father gave to us after this mode, we should have only coarse, shapeless piles of provisions lying about the world, instead of all this beautiful variety of trees, and fruits, and flowers."

"Well, well; cousin, I suppose you are right, but have mercy on my poor head: it is too small to hold so many new ideas all at once;—so go on your own way."

EXERCISE CI.

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON WOMAN. *Muzzey.*

The general condition of woman, among the ancient Jews, and in contemporary nations, was one of degradation and servitude. She was the slave of man.

But open the New Testament; and how, in a moment, is this estimation elevated! Of the physical and intellectual rank of woman, nothing is, indeed, there said. But as a creature of God, and a member of the great family of mankind, she is placed on an entire equality with man. Christi-

anity does not make her responsible, as a moral and immortal being, to man, but represents both as having a common Master in heaven. No virtue inculcated on the one sex, is omitted in describing the duties of the other. The Christian character is a moral statue, to be wrought by every living hand; and taste, composition, symmetry, effect, are required and expected, in the spiritual workmanship, no less of woman than of man.

The personal treatment which this sex received at the hand of Jesus, was always respectful, as well as tender and kind. "His earliest friend was a woman: his only steadfast friends through his ministry were women." It was "the daughters of Jerusalem," who wept for him in his final agony. "The last at his cross, and the first at his sepulchre, was a woman. And when, after his ascension, the little company of believers was assembled, waiting for the fulfilment of his promise, there also were found the women who had accompanied him in life and stood by him in death." How could he, with such proofs of their piety, zeal, and perseverance, fail to regard the sex with a consideration, at least equal to that he bestowed upon man?

And in the religion itself, we find qualities with which the capacities and powers of woman singularly harmonize. It is founded upon the affections. Love to God, and love to man, are its two great commandments. The sacrifice it requires, on the altar of life, is that of the heart. And what is this, but the unquestioned empire of woman? Sentiment, with her, is natural, — the growth of her moral being: in man, it is usually acquired, — the result of thought. Deny, as man may, her mental equality with himself, — doubt, as we may, the comparative strength or capabilities of any other portion of her nature, as related to man, — in the possessions of the heart, no man can contest the ascendency with woman. She is naturally less selfish than man. She can, (if she will but obey her best impulses,) rise to the loftiest heights of Christian excellence. And, if serious impediments oppose her progress, — on herself, — her own culpableness, not on her nature, — must each consequent failure be charged.

Another characteristic of our religion, is its call for what have sometimes been termed the passive virtues, — fortitude, submission, patience, resignation. The acquisition of these qualities, is, to man, a most arduous task. He can toil, and struggle, and resist. In scenes of active effort, and strong

conflict, he is at home. But his power of endurance is by no means commensurate with these traits. In woman, they find a congenial spirit, a heart open, and waiting for their reception. — "Those disasters," says an elegant writer, "which break down and subdue the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times, it approaches to sublimity."

Who does not perceive that this sex enjoys preëminent advantages for the culture of that spiritual union with God, required of the Christian? And, in sustaining the ordinary trials of our lot, as social beings, — in cherishing forbearance toward the unjust, kindness to the thankless, and love toward those who inflict personal injuries, — woman is endowed by her Maker with a divine power.

EXERCISE CII.

THE AURORA BOREALIS. *Barry.*

This phenomenon is seen in its most brilliant state, in high northern and southern latitudes. Dr. Barry thus describes the appearance of it on the coast of Orkney: — "Here, the northern lights appear, both more frequently, and with greater splendour, than in most other regions; for, during the harvest, winter, and spring months, they arise almost every unclouded night, and often shine with the most magnificent brilliancy. The light of the moon at her quadratures, sometimes scarcely equals them, in illuminating the friths and the islands.

"Between the setting of the sun and the close of the twilight, they commonly make their first appearance in the north; issuing, for the most part, from behind the clouds, like a fountain of pale light, the form of which is undefined; and they continue, in this state, a little above the horizon, — sometimes, only for a short period, and, at other times, for the space of several hours, without any motion that can be discovered.

"They form themselves, one while, into an arch, the height of which is about thirty degrees, and its breadth about sixty, and the pillars on which it is supported, several times broader than the rainbow; and so long as they retain this shape, they

are without any sensible motion. At another time, they extend farther over the heavens, rise much higher, assume a greater variety of shapes, and discover a dusky hue, — with a motion that is slow, but perceptible.

"Very often they exhibit an appearance quite different, and spread themselves over the whole heavens, diffusing everywhere a surprising degree of light, and exhibiting the most beautiful phenomena. Their motion, in this case, is in various directions, extremely swift, and, as it were, in separate columns, resembling, somewhat, the evolutions of a great army. Their lowest extremities are distinctly defined, and deeply tinged with the colours of the rainbow; their upper ones tapering, but fainter. In several places at once, they kindle into a blaze, dart along in almost all directions, for some seconds of time; and then, — as if by the strength of their exertions they had spent their force, — they are extinguished in a moment, — leaving a brown track in the sky behind them.

"Near the place where they disappeared, in a short time, they flash out anew, and with equal rapidity trace the same path in similar motions, and again expire in the same manner. This they often continue for several hours together, to the great satisfaction and amusement of the spectators on land, and the advantage of the mariner; when they gradually die away, and leave through the whole heavens, a colour resembling that of brass. If the night be uncommonly still, and their motion very rapid, a whizzing noise has been thought to have been distinctly heard from them at various intervals.

"This beautiful coruscation, which has never yet been satisfactorily explained, is said to have been much less frequent, eighty or ninety years ago, than it is at present. It appears now, however, very often, and seems to occupy that space in the heavens which is between the region of the clouds and the summit of the atmosphere; as the clouds in motion never fail to eclipse it; — and, as it cannot be seen from two places greatly distant from one another, at once, nor yet in conjunction with the same fixed stars, it evidently has no great degree of elevation."

EXERCISE CIII.

THE TWO VOICES. *Mrs. Hemans.*

Two solemn voices, in a funeral strain,
Met, as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain
Meet in the sky:
"Thou art gone hence!" one sang; "Our light is flown,
Our beautiful, that seemed too much our own,
Ever to die!

"Thou art gone hence! — our joyous hills among
Never again to pour thy soul in song,
When spring-flowers rise!
Never the friend's familiar step to meet
With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet
Of thy glad eyes!"

"Thou art gone home, — gone *home!*" then, high and clear
Warbled that other voice: "Thou hast no tear
Again to shed,
Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,
Never, weighed down by Memory's clouds, again
To bow thy head.

"Thou art gone home! oh! early crowned and blest!
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest
With aught below?
Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay, —
All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away: —
Thrice blest to go!"

Yet sighed again that breeze-like voice of grief, —
"Thou art gone hence! alas! that aught so brief,
So loved should be!
Thou tak'st our summer hence! — the flower, the tone,
The music of our being, all in one,
Depart with thee!

"Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled!
Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful dead?
The dark unknown?

Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,—
Never again to light up hearth or hall,—
Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, *home!*" once more th' exulting voice arose:
"Thou art gone home! from that divine repose
Never to roam!
Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,
To read of change, in eyes beloved, again,—
Thou art gone home.

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,—
Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hath past
The rough sea's foam!
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled;—
Home! home!—thy peace is won, thy heart is filled.—
Thou art gone home!"

EXERCISE CIV.

SCENERY OF THE ETTRICK AND YARROW. *Anon.*

The River Ettrick has its source in a wild moorland country, and is hemmed in on all sides by dark and lonely mountains, among which it forces its way, for several miles. The valley then begins to open, and the country to assume a more cheerful aspect: the mountains are less rugged in their appearance, and of a brighter green than those which frown over the source of the infant stream. On passing the church of Ettrick, which is sweetly situated on a gentle eminence, with its guardian hill in the background, the river is joined by the Temma, Rankle-burn, and other minor streams; it then passes the mansion-house of the Lords of Napier, descendants of the celebrated discoverer of the logarithms, and the ruins of Tushilaw Castle; and, about twelve miles farther down, it joins its sister stream, the Yarrow. About six miles below this, having passed the town of Selkirk, it is lost in the broader waters of the Tweed, in the vicinity of Abbotsford.

The Yarrow owes its name to a Celtic word, signifying "the brawling stream,"—a term most appropriate, when

applied to this river; as it is rarely for a moment at rest, from the time it leaves its parent lake, until it joins the Ettrick at Bowhill. The scenery near this lordly mansion of the Buccleuchs, is picturesque in the highest degree. This princely abode, — for it well may be called so, — stands on a kind of peninsula, formed by the meeting of the waters. The mountains overlooking the Yarrow rise to no great height; but their appearance is greatly enhanced by the tasteful plantations which adorn their sides, and clothe some of them to their utmost tops.

In the lower parts of the valley, the Yarrow may, at times, be seen bounding in gladness, (if aught inanimate can feel that sensation,) over its rocky bed, at times visible, at others hidden from our view; but it will ever be reminding us of its vicinity; like a spoiled child, it appears unwilling to be forgotten, even for a moment, but must continually be forcing itself upon our notice: — if not present to our sight, we can at least hear its brawling at no great distance.

On ascending the stream, we reach the humble cottage in which the interesting but ill-fated Mungo Park was born; and, a short way farther on, we pass

"Where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower."

Newark is no longer the scene of feudal hospitality, as in the days of the last minstrel, but now a mouldering ruin, — a time-worn monument of years long departed, and of pride and pomp, which have had an end. The situation of this ruin is exceedingly beautiful; proudly standing on a precipitous bank overhanging the river; and, by its presence, — aside from every recollection of the past, — adding much to the beauty of the surrounding landscape. Here Sir Walter Scott lays the scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." But those halls which once rang to the song of the wandering bard, are cold, silent, and deserted; the fire which burned so merrily in the hall has long been extinguished; and Time, the great destroyer of man and the most durable of his works, has here set his seal; and although this hoary pile may, for a course of time, brave the storms of winter and the heat of summer, it shall never more raise its head, as in the days of other years, when its courts resounded to the warrior's shout, or echoed back the song of the minstrel.

A few miles above the ruins of Newark Castle, the scenery on the banks of the river undergoes an entire change

and a tree is an object for which we look almost in vain. the character of the scenery bears a strong resemblance to that on the banks of the Ettrick, only the valley of the Yarrow is a little narrower, and the mountains of a darker hue. The Yarrow has its source in St. Mary's Loch, on whose placid bosom, at times, in the words of a truly great poet, the swan may be seen "to float double, swan and shadow;" but the visits of this majestic bird, are, like those of angels, "few and far between."

St. Mary's is hemmed in, on all sides, by lofty mountains. well may the poet exclaim,

"Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land."

Bourhope Law seems to have been born of the waters, and to have sprung from the deep recesses of the lake, rising, as it does, in the most abrupt, yet picturesque manner, from its margin: no appearance of cultivation, unless we except a few solitary patches, breaks in upon the solitude of the scene —

"There's nothing left to fancy's guess,—
You see that all is loneliness."

When the surface of the water is unruffled by the breathings of the summer's eve, the surrounding mountains are beautifully shadowed forth, in a manner which art cannot imitate, and to which even the pencil of a Turner could not do justice. The ruins of St. Mary's Chapel no longer give an interest to the landscape; but the tower of Dryhope still remains, recalling us to the days of Mary Scott, the celebrated Flower of Yarrow. The Lochs of the Lows and St. Mary's are almost one and the same sheet of water; being separated only by a very narrow strip of land; and the description which serves for the one, may well be applied to the other.

Should curiosity lead the traveller farther from the abodes of men into the solitary wilderness, among the dark mountains which frown over the western shores of this lake, he will be gratified by a view of the Gray Mare's Tail, roaring and foaming over a terrific precipice of three hundred feet in height; and, about a mile above this fall, we come upon the dark Loch Skene, lying in a scene of gloomy desolation and

grandeur, unequalled, we believe, by any thing of the same nature in the Highlands of Scotland.

A long course of years has elapsed since this country, whose scenery we have endeavoured to describe, was covered with a dense forest; and although few vestiges of it now remain, it is still known as the Forest of Ettrick. In olden times, when Scotland was an independent kingdom, with a sovereign and a court of her own, Ettrick Forest was the hunting domain of royalty; and here the court frequently assembled to enjoy the heart-stirring amusement of hunting the wild deer with horn and hound. In the words of the ballad we may say, that

"Ettricke Foreste is the fairest foreste
That evir man saw wi' his e'e;
There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hynde,
And of wild bestis grete plentie."

But those times are long passed; and although tradition may still point out such localities as the Hart's Loup, or the Cleuch of the Buck, there is not, at this time, a single deer to be seen on the forest mountains. Years have rolled on; and many changes have taken place, since Ettrick and Yarrow heard the bugle of royalty echo along the shores of St. Mary, or among the "dowie dens o' Yarrow:" the hart no longer roams in uncontrolled freedom, a glorious creature full of life and beauty, on the heath-clad mountains of Ettrick, — he no longer bounds away, tossing his spreading antlers aloft, in mockery of his pursuers; — but a scene of a more pleasing nature opens on our view. Royalty, and the freaks of royalty, are only remembered in those wilds as among the things which once had a being; and the race who now inhabit those sequestered glens, if not so warlike, are certainly more independent, and, we may add, far more happy than their forefathers. The shepherds who now dwell in those valleys, are generally men highly intelligent, of great simplicity of manners, and of great goodness of heart; having had but little intercourse with the more busy world, they live a virtuous, a contented, and a happy life, and are, at all times, hospitable and kind to strangers. In such a country, and among such a people, it was the fortune, — we may say the good fortune, — of the Ettrick Shepherd to be born, and to live for the first forty years of his life.

EXERCISE CV.

THE SWISS GUIDE. *Rogers.*

* JORASSE was in his three-and-twentieth year, —
Graceful and active as a stag just roused,
Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,
Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up
Among the hunters of the Higher Alps;
Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,
Their haggard looks, and strange soliloquies,
Said to arise, (by those who dwell below,)
From frequent dealings with the mountain-spirits.
But other days had taught him better things;
And now he numbered, — marching by my side, —
The savans, princes, who with him had crossed
The frozen tract, with him familiarly
Through the rough day and rougher night conversed
In many a chalêt † round the Peak of Terror, ‡
Round Tâcul, Tour, Wellhorn and Rosenlau, §
And Her, whose throne is inaccessible, ||
Who sits, withdrawn, in virgin majesty,
Nor oft unveils. Anon, an avalanche
Rolled its long thunder; and a sudden crash,
Sharp and metallic, to the startled ear
Told that far-down a continent of Ice
Had burst in twain. But he had now begun;
And with what transport he recalled the hour
When to deserve, to win his blooming bride,
Madelaine of Annecy, to his feet he bound
The iron crampons, ¶ and ascending, trod
The upper realms of frost; then, by a cord
Let half-way down, entered a grot star-bright,
And gathered from above, below, around,
The pointed crystals!
Once, nor long before, —
Thus did his tongue run on, fast as his feet,
And with an eloquence that Nature gives
To all her children, — once, — nor long before, —
Alone, at daybreak, on the Mettenberg,

* Pronounced, *Yoras'say.*
† *Shallay.*
‡ The Schrekhorn, — *Shraikhorn.*
§ *Rozenlow, — ow,* as in *now.*
|| The Jungfrau, — *Yoongfrow*
¶ *Crampong.*

He slipped, — he fell; and, through a fearful cleft
Gliding from ledge to ledge, from deep to deeper,
Went to the under-world! Longwhile he lay
Upon his rugged bed, — then waked like one
Wishing to sleep again and sleep forever!
For, looking round, he saw, or thought he saw,
Innumerable branches of a cavern,
Winding beneath a solid crust of ice,
With here and there a rent that showed the stars!
What then, alas! was left him but to die?
What else in those immeasurable chambers,
Strewn with the bones of miserable men,
Lost like himself? Yet he must wander on,
Till cold and hunger set his spirit free!
And, rising, he began his dreary round;
When hark! the noise as of some mighty river
Working its way to light! Back he withdrew,
But soon returned, and, fearless, from despair,
Dashed down the dismal channel; and all day, —
If day could be where utter darkness was, —
Travelled incessantly, the craggy roof
Just over-head, and the impetuous waves,
Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength
Lashing him on. At last the water slept
In a dead lake, — at the third step he took,
Unfathomable; and the roof, that long
Had threatened, suddenly descending, lay
Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,
His journey ended; when a ray divine
Shot through his soul. Breathing a prayer to Her
Whose ears are never shut, — the Blessed Virgin, —
He plunged, he swam, — and in an instant rose, —
The barrier past, — in light, in sunshine! Through
A smiling valley, full of cottages,
Glittering, the river ran; and on the bank
The young were dancing, ('twas a festival-day,)
All in their best attire. There first he saw
His Madelaine. In the crowd she stood to hear,
When all drew round, inquiring; and her face,
Seen behind all, and, varying, as he spoke,
With hope, and fear, and generous sympathy,
Subdued him. — From that very hour he loved.

EXERCISE CVI.

WINDSOR CASTLE. *Miss Sedgwick.*

Windsor Castle, you know, is rich with the accumulated associations of ages, having been begun by Henry III., and enlarged and enriched, from time to time, down to George IV., who put it in complete order. It stands on an eminence just above the little town of Windsor, which, built of brick and stone, is compact and clean, as is every thing English, individual and congregate. It is said to be the best specimen of castellated architecture in England. Certainly it is very beautiful; and the most beautiful thing about it, is the view from the terrace, which it would be little better than impertinent to describe in any other words than Gray's, in his invocation to those who stand on the terrace:—

"And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way"—

But such a mead! such turf! such shade! "Father Thames" might be compared to an old king winding his way through his court: the very sheep that were lying on the grass under the majestic trees in the "home park," looked like princes of the blood. The most thought-awakening object in the view, is undoubtedly the Gothic pile of Eton College, with its spires and antique towers.

We spent some hours in going through the magnificent apartments of the palace, looking at the pictures, the Gobelin tapestry, &c. The quaint, curious banqueting-room of the knights of the garter, with their insignia, pleased me best.

We had enough of the enjoying spirit of children to be delighted, and felt much in the humour of the honest man who said to Prince Esterhazy, when he was blazing in diamonds, "Thank you for your diamonds." "Why do you thank me?" naturally asked the prince. "You have the trouble of keeping them, and I the pleasure of looking at them." Wise and happy man! He solved a puzzling problem. In truth, the monarch has not the pleasure of property in Windsor Castle, that almost every American citizen has in the roof

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that shelters him. "I congratulate your majesty on the possession of so beautiful a palace," said some foreign prince to whom Victoria was showing it. "It is not mine, but the country's," she replied. And so it is, and all within it. She may not give away a picture, or even a footstool.

We went into St. George's Chapel, which is included in the pile of buildings. We saw there the beautiful effect produced by the sun shining through the painted windows, through all the colours of the rainbow, on the white marble pillars and pavement. The royal family are buried in the vaults of this chapel. There is an elaborate monument, in wretched taste, in one corner, to the Princess Charlotte. We trod on a tablet in the pavement, which told us that, beneath it, were lying the remains of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour! It is such memorials as these that we are continually meeting, which, as honest uncle Stephen says, "give one feelings."

Lady B. had said to me in a note, "If you attend service in St. George's Chapel, observe the waving of the banners to the music. It seems like a strange sympathy with the tones of the organ, before one reflects on the cause." We did attend the service, and realized the poetic idea. The banner of every knight of the garter, from the beginning of the institution, is hung in the choir.

This was the third time we had been present, since we came to England, at worship in the temples into which art has breathed its soul. First in Winchester Cathedral, then at Westminster Abbey, and now at this old royal chapel. The daily service appointed by the Church was performing with the careless and heartless air of prescription. The clergyman and clerk hurried sing-songing through the form of prayers, that, perfect as they are, will only rise on the soul's wings.

I felt the Puritan struggling at my heart, and could have broken out with Mause's fervour, if not her eloquence. I thought of our summer Sunday service in dear J——'s "long parlour." Not a vacant place was there. The door open into the garden, the children strewed round the door-step, their young faces touched with an expression of devotion and love, such as glows in the faces of the cherubs of the old pictures; and for vaulted roof, columns, and storied glass, we had the blue sky, the everlasting hills, and lights and shadows playing over them, — all suggestive of devotion, and in harmony with the pure and simple doctrine our friend Dr. Follen taught us. To me, there was more true worship in those all-

embracing words, "Our Father!" as he uttered them, than in all the task-prayers I have heard in these mighty cathedrals. Here it *is* the temple that is greatest. Your mind is preoccupied, filled with the outward world. The monuments of past ages, and the memorials of indiviuual greatness, are before you. Your existence is amplified; your sympathies are carried far back; the "inexorable past" does give up its dead. Wherever your eye falls, you see the work of a power new to you,—the creative power of art. You see forms of beauty which never entered into your "forge of thought." You are filled with new and delightful emotions; but they spring from new impressions of the genius of man, of his destiny and history.—No; these cathedrals are not like the arches of our forests,—the temples for inevitable worship; but they are the fitting places for the apotheosis of genius.

EXERCISE CVII.

LIGHT CONVERSATION WITH A HEAVY MAN. *Anon.*

"Charlotte, my dear, there is a ring at the hall bell," said Mrs. Shawford, the morning after a ball. "Who can it be?"—"Perhaps the Sydenhams—no! it is Henry Waring."—"What shall we do? He is so very heavy, and is always calling."

The servant announced Mr. Henry Waring.

"How do you do?" inquired Mrs. Shawford; "I hope Mrs. Waring and Eliza are quite well."

"Quite well, I thank you."

"I hope they are not fatigued. It was so very kind of Mrs. Waring to stay so late. Eliza looked exceedingly well: I think she has quite recovered."

"Yes."

"Been shooting to-day?"

"No."

"Pray, is it true, Mr. Henry Waring," inquired Charlotte, "that Dewhurst Hall is taken?"

"I don't know."

"Very great thing for the neighbourhood, if it be."

"Yes."—(*A pause.*) "Beautiful weather," remarked Mr. Henry Waring.

"Very fine, indeed," agreed Mrs. Shawford "When do your family go to town?"

"Next week."

"I hope we shall induce papa to take us soon," said Charlotte; "I want to hear Paganini."

"Yes."

"Have you heard him?"

"No."

"He must be very wonderful."

"Yes."

"You are fond of music, I believe?"

"Pretty well." — (*Pause the second.*)

"The Dean ages, I think," observed Mrs. Shawford, with a sigh.

"I think he does."

"I suppose William Rushton will soon return," observed Miss Charlotte Shawford.

"I suppose he will," replied Mr. Henry Waring. — (*Pause the third.*)

"Pray, is there any talk of Donnington balls this year?"

"I don't know."

"They were very pleasant."

"Yes, very." — (*Pause the fourth.*)

"Have you heard any thing of your cousin?" inquired Mrs. Shawford.

"Believe they had a letter, the other day."

"I hope he is quite well?"

"Yes, quite well."

"I suppose the important day will soon arrive now?"

"I suppose it will." — (*Pause the fifth.*)

"Will you take some luncheon, Mr. Waring? — It is in the dining-room." —

"Thank you, — I have lunched."

"How does John like Oxford?"

"Oh! I don't know: — pretty well."

"Great change!"

"Yes." — (*Pause the sixth.*)

"Sure you will not take any luncheon?"

"No, thank you. Good morning, Mrs. Shawford: Good morning, Miss Shawford."

"Good morning. Pray remember us most kindly at home."

"Yes, — Good morning;" — and he retired.

"Very heavy man is Mr. Henry Waring," observed Mrs. Shawford. — "Shocking!" said Charlotte.

EXERCISE CVIII.

BALLAD. *Heber.*

"O CAPTAIN of the Moorish hold,
  Unbar thy gates to me!
And I will give thee gems and gold,
  To set Fernando free.
For I a sacred oath have plight
  A pilgrim to remain,
Till I return, with Lara's knight,
  The noblest knight of Spain."

"Fond Christian youth," the captain said,
  "Thy suit is soon denied;
Fernando loves a Moorish maid,
  And will with us abide.
Renounced is every Christian rite;
  The turban he hath ta'en;
And Lara thus hath lost her knight,
  The noblest knight of Spain."

Pale, marble pale, the pilgrim turned,—
  A cold and deadly dye;
Then in his cheeks the blushes burned,
  And anger in his eye;—
From forth his cowl a ringlet bright
  Fell down of golden grain:—
"Base Moor! to slander Lara's knight,
  The boldest knight of Spain!

"Go look on Lugo's gory field,
  Go look on Tayo's tide!
Can ye forget the red-cross-shield,
  That all your host defied?
Alhama's warriors turned to flight,
  Granada's sultan slain,
Attest the worth of Lara's knight,
  The boldest knight of Spain."

"By Allah, yea!" with eyes of fire
  The lordly paynim said,
"Granada's sultan was my sire,
  Who fell by Lara's blade;

And though thy gold were forty fold,
  The ransom were but vain
To purchase back thy Christian knight,
  The boldest knight of Spain."

"Ah! Moor, the life that once is shed,
  No vengeance can repay;
And who can number up the dead
  That fall in battle fray?
Thyself in many a manly fight
  Hast many a father slain:
Then rage not thus, 'gainst Lara's knight,
  The boldest knight of Spain!"

"And who art thou, whose pilgrim vest
  Thy beauties ill may shroud,—
The locks of gold, the heaving breast,—
  A moon beneath a cloud?—
Wilt thou our Moorish creed recite,
  And here with me remain?
He may depart,—that captive knight,
  The conquered knight of Spain."

"Ah, speak not so!"—with voice of woe,
  The shuddering stranger cried;
"Another creed I may not know,
  Nor live another's bride!
Fernando's wife may yield her life,
  But not her honour stain,
To loose the bonds of Lara's knight,
  The noblest knight of Spain."

"And know'st thou, then, how hard the doom
  Thy husband yet may bear?—
The fettered limbs, the living tomb,
  The damp and noisome air?—
In lonely cave, and void of light,
  To drag a helpless chain,
Thy pride condemns the Christian knight,
  The prop and pride of Spain."

"Oh! that within that dungeon's gloom
  His sorrows I might share,
And cheer him in that living tomb,
  With love and hope and prayer!

But still the faith I once have plight
  Unbroken must remain;
And God will help the captive knight,
  And plead the cause of Spain."

"And deem'st thou from the Moorish hold
  In safety to retire,
Whose locks outshine Arabia's gold,
  Whose eyes the diamond's fire?"
She drew a poniard small and bright,
  And spake in calm disdain,—
"*He* taught me how,—my Christian knight,—
  To guard the faith of Spain!"

The drawbridge falls! with loud alarm
  The clashing portals fly,
She bared her breast,—she raised her arm,
  And knelt, in act to die;—
But ah! the thrill of wild delight
  That shot through every vein!—
He stood before her,—Lara's knight,
  The noblest knight of Spain!

EXERCISE CIX.

THE CONDITION OF THE BLIND. *Sydney Smith.*

[*From a Discourse before an Asylum for the Blind.*]

THE object of the Society for which I now implore your protection, is, to diminish the misfortune of blindness, by giving to those afflicted with it, the means of obtaining support by their ingenuity and labour, and of walking in the law of Christ, by attending to the religious instructions and exercises prescribed by this institution. They are here instructed in a variety of works for which manual skill is requisite, rather than manual labour; and which they perform with a dexterity astonishing to those who have connected with blindness the notion of absolute helplessness and incapacity.

A charitable institution, conducted upon such principles

as an asylum for the blind, is superior to any common charity, as it interweaves science with compassion; and by showing how far the other senses are capable of improvement, takes off from the extent of human calamity all that it adds to the limits of human knowledge.

Who could have imagined, — to speak of a kindred instance of ingenious benevolence, that the deaf and dumb could be taught to reason, to speak, and to become acquainted with all the terms and intricate laws of a language, — or that men who never, from their earliest infancy, enjoyed the privilege of sight, could be taught to read and to write, to print books, and the ablest of them to penetrate into all the depths of mathematical learning? Such facts afford inexhaustible encouragement to men engaged in the benevolent task of instructing those in whom the ordinary inlets of knowledge are blocked up. They seem to place within our reach the miracles of those Scriptures from whence they have sprung, and to show the fervent votary of Christ, that he, also, like his great Master, can make the deaf hear, the dumb speak, and the blind see.

Consider the deplorable union of indigence and blindness, and what manner of life it is from which you are rescuing these unhappy people. — The neglected blind man comes out in the morning season to cry aloud for his food: when he hears no longer the feet of men, he knows that it is night, and gets him back to the silence and famine of his cell. Active poverty becomes rich; labour and prudence are rewarded with distinction; the weak of the earth have risen up to be strong; but he is forever dismal and ever forsaken. The man who comes back to his native city, after years of absence, beholds again the same extended hand into which he cast his boyish alms; the self-same spot, the old attitude of sadness, the ancient cry of sorrow, the intolerable sight of a human being that has grown old in supplicating a miserable support for a helpless, mutilated frame. Such is the life these unfortunate children would lead had they no friends to appeal to your compassion. Such are the evils we will continue to remedy, if they experience from you that compassion their magnitude so amply deserves.

The author of the book of Ecclesiastes has told us, that "the light is sweet; that it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun." The sense of sight, is, indeed, the highest bodily privilege, the purest physical pleasure, which man has

derived from his Creator. To see that wandering fire, after he has finished his journey through the nations, coming back to us in the eastern heavens; the mountains painted with light; the floating splendour of the sea; the earth waking from deep slumber; the day flowing from the sides of the hills, till it reaches the secret valleys; the little insect recalled to life; the bird trying her wings; man going forth to his labour; each created being, moving, thinking, acting, continuing, according to the scheme and compass of his nature, — by force, by reason, by cunning, by necessity; — is it possible to joy in this animated scene, and feel no pity for the sons of darkness, — for the eyes that will never taste the sweet light, — for the poor, clouded in everlasting gloom?

If you ask me why they are miserable and dejected, I turn you to the plentiful valleys; to the fields now bringing forth their increase; to the freshness and the flowers of the earth; to the endless variety of its colours; to the grace, the symmetry, the shape of all it cherishes, and all it bears: — these you have forgotten, because you have always enjoyed them; but these are the means by which God Almighty makes man what he is, — cheerful, lively, erect, full of enterprise, mutable, — glancing from heaven to earth; prone to labour and to act.

Why was not the earth left without form and void? Why was not darkness suffered to remain on the face of the deep? Why did God place lights in the firmament for days, for seasons, for signs, and for years? That he might make man the happiest of beings; that he might give to this his favourite creation, a wider scope; a more prominent decoration; a richer diversity of joy. This is the reason why the blind are miserable and dejected; because their soul is mutilated, and dismembered of its best sense. Therefore I implore you by the Son of David, have mercy on the blind! If there is not pity for all sorrows, turn out the full and perfect man to meet the inclemency of fate: let not those who have never tasted the pleasures of existence, be assailed by any of its sorrows: — the eyes which are never gladdened by light, should never stream with tears.

EXERCISE CX.

THE BLIND MAN'S LAY. *Mrs. Whitman.*

"At times Allan felt as if his blindness were a blessing; — for it forced him to trust to his own soul, — to turn for comfort to the best and purest human affections, — and to see God always. Fanny could almost have wept to see the earth and the sky so beautiful, now that Allan's eyes were dark; but he whispered to her, that the smell of the budding trees and of the primroses, that he knew were near his feet, was pleasant indeed, and that the singing of all the little birds made his heart dance within him." — *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

Though I hear thee gayly tell
Of the tulip's shaded bell,
Of the wall-flower's varied hue,
And the violet "darkly blue,"
And the crimson blush that glows
On the rich, voluptuous rose, —
These no longer bloom for me:
These I never more may see.

But this gentle season still
Can my heart with gladness fill; —
I can hear the spring-winds blow,
And the gurgling fountains flow.
Hark! e'en now a zephyr breathes,
Through the balmy hawthorn wreaths,
Unfelt, unheard by all but me,
It swells so soft, so silently!

I can hear the humming-bee
Flitting o'er the sunny lea,
Wooing every bashful flower,
From morn till evening's dewy hour. —
All around, the voice of birds,
And the lisped and laughing words
Of merry childhood, greet my ear,
With power the saddest heart to cheer.

When o'er earth night's shadow lies,
I hear thee tell of cloudless skies,

And countless stars that twinkle through
Heaven's broad and boundless arch of blue;
Of snow-white spires and turrets fair,
Soft gleaming in the moonlit air,
Whose dusky depths of shadows lie
Heightening the brilliant scenery.

Then beneath the pine-trees tall,
Near yonder foaming waterfall,
I listen to the stock-dove's wail,
Far floating through the quiet vale;
Soft-sighing breezes waft to me
The fragrance of the birchen tree;—
And the "brawling burnie" wimples by,
With a gush of soothing melody.

E'en all sweet sense of these will fade
At times,— as though impervious shade,
Like that which hides me from the day,
O'er each external image lay:—
Then many a form thou canst not see,
Unfolds its sun-bright wings to me,
And, deep within my silent soul,
High thoughts and holiest visions roll.

EXERCISE CXI.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC. *N. P. Willis.*

There is unwritten music. The world is full of it. I hear it every hour that I wake; and my waking sense is surpassed sometimes by my sleeping,— though that is a mystery. There is no sound of simple nature that is not music. It is all God's work, and so harmony. You may mingle, and divide, and strengthen the passages of its great anthem; and it is still melody,— melody.

The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear, as if their sweetness were linked by an accurate finger; yet the wind is but a fitful player; and you may go out when the tempest is up, and hear the strong trees moaning as they lean before it, and

the long grass hissing as it sweeps through, and its own solemn monotony over all;—and the dimple of that same brook, and the waterfall's unaltered bass shall still reach you, in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn.

There is no accident of nature's causing which can bring in discord. The loosened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown tree rush down through the branches of the wood, and the thunder peal awfully in the sky;—and sudden and violent as these changes seem, their tumult goes up with the sound of wind and waters, and the exquisite ear of the musician can detect no jar.

I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands, which, in connection with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed that, to the ear of the dying, (which, just before death, becomes always exquisitely acute,) the perfect harmony of the voices of nature, is so ravishing, as to make him forget his suffering, and die gently, like one in a pleasant trance. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from the close shieling, and bear him out into the open sky, that he may hear the familiar rushing of the streams. I can believe that it is not superstition. I do not think we know how exquisitely nature's many voices are attuned to harmony, and to each other.

The old philosopher we read of, might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars, (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death, in the very places he mentioned,) were wanting to complete the harmony. We know how wonderful are the phenomena of colour; how strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and in the cups of flowers; so that, to the practised eye of the painter, the harmony is inimitably perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the universe equally perfect; and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music; and that the sounds we daily listen to are but part of a melody that reaches to the very centre of God's illimitable spheres

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EXERCISE CXII.

THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF. *Caroline Bowles*

THERE is a tongue in every leaf—
  A voice in every rill;
A voice that speaketh everywhere—
In flood and fire, through earth and air,—
  A tongue that's never still.

'Tis the great Spirit wide diffused
  Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth,
Of things mysterious,—Life and Death,
  Time and Eternity.

I see Him in the blazing sun,
  And in the thunder-cloud;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar,
  When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, *everywhere*,—
  In *all things*,—darkness, light,
Silence and sound,—but most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
  At the dead hour of night.

I *feel* Him in the silent dews,
  By grateful earth betrayed;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
  The sunshine and the shade.

And yet, (ungrateful that I am!)
  I've turned, in sullen mood,
From all these things, whereof He said,—
When the great whole was finishėd,—
  That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
  Fell like ungrateful dew;

The darkness that encompassed me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
My own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient, — slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish, pining, discontent,
Acceptance cold or negligent,
And promises revoked;

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart!
Not always so: — I woke again,
To join Creation's rapturous strain,
"Oh! Lord, how good thou art!"

The clouds drew up, — the shadows fled
The glorious sun broke out;
And love, and hope, and gratitude,
Dispelled that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

EXERCISE CXIII.

THE READING OF THE BIBLE. *Jacob Abbott.*

There are many persons who really wish to study the Bible more intellectually, and to receive more vivid impressions from it, but who do not know exactly what they are to do to secure these objects. I shall therefore describe one of the means which can easily be adopted, and which will be very efficient for this purpose: —

Picturing to the imagination the scenes described. There is a very common difficulty felt by multitudes in reading the Bible, which admits of so sure and easy a remedy by the above direction, that I cannot avoid devoting a few paragraphs to the formal consideration of it.

A person who is convinced that it is his duty to read the word of God, and who really desires to read it, and to receive instruction from it, sits down on the Sabbath to the work. He opens, perhaps, at a passage in the Gospels, and reads on,

verse after verse. The phraseology is all perfectly familiar. He has read the same passage a hundred times before, and the words fall upon his ear like a sound long familiar, producing no impression and awakening no idea. After going through a few verses, he finds that he is making no progress; perhaps his mind has left his work altogether, and is wandering to some other subject. He turns back, therefore, a few verses, and endeavours to become interested in the narrative; but it is to little purpose; and, after spending half an hour in reading, he shuts his book, and instead of feeling that renewed moral strength and peace of mind, which come from the proper use of the word of God, he feels disappointed and dissatisfied, and returns to his other duties more unquiet in spirit than before. What a vast proportion of the reading of the Bible, as practised in Christian countries, does this description justly portray!

Now some one may say, that this careless and useless study of God's word, arises from a cold and indifferent state of heart toward God. It does unquestionably often arise, in a great degree, from this source, but not entirely. There is another difficulty not connected with the moral state of the heart. It is this: —

Words that have been often repeated, gradually lose their power to awaken vivid ideas in the mind. The clock which has struck perhaps many thousand times in your room, you at last cease even to hear. On the walls of a school-room there was once painted in large letters, "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place." But, after a little time, the pupils, becoming familiar with the sight of the inscription, lost altogether its meaning; and a boy would open his disorderly desk, and look among the confused mass of books, and slates, and papers there, for some article he had lost; and then, as he looked around the room, his eye would fall on the conspicuous motto, without thinking, a moment, of the incongruity between its excellent precept, and his own disorderly practice. It is always so. The oft-repeated sound falls at last powerless and unheeded on the ear.

The difficulty, then, that I am now to consider, is, that, in reading the Bible, especially those portions which are familiar, we stop with merely *repeating once more the words*, instead of penetrating fully to the meaning beyond. In order to illustrate this difficulty and its remedy, more fully, let me take a passage, the sixth chapter of St. John, for example, to which I have opened at random.

"After these things Jesus went over the Sea of Galilee, which is the Sea of Tiberias. And a great multitude followed him, because they saw his miracles which he did on them that were diseased."

How familiar, now, this sounds to every reader! Every phrase comes upon the ear like an oft-told tale; but it makes a very slight impression upon the mind. The next verse, though perhaps few of my readers know now what it is, will sound equally familiar, when they read it here.

"And Jesus went up into a mountain, and there he sat with his disciples."

Now, suppose this passage and the verses which follow it, were read at morning prayer by the master of a family; how many of the children would hear it without being interested, or receiving any clear and vivid ideas from the description! And how many would there be, who, if they were asked, two hours afterward, what had been read that morning, would be utterly unable to tell!

But now suppose that this same father could, by some magic power, show to his children *the real scene* which these verses describe. Suppose he could go back through the eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since these events occurred, and taking his family to some elevation in the romantic scenery of Palestine, from which they might overlook the country of Galilee, actually see all that this chapter describes.

"Do you see," he might say, "that wide sea which spreads out beneath us, and occupies the whole extent of the valley? That is the Sea of Tiberias; it is also called the Sea of Galilee. All this country which spreads around it, is Galilee. Those distant mountains are in Galilee, and that beautiful wood which skirts the shore, is a Galilean forest."

"Why is it called the Sea of Tiberias?" a child might ask.

"Do you see at the foot of that hill, on the opposite shore of the lake, a small town? It extends along the margin of the water, for a considerable distance. That is Tiberias; and the lake sometimes takes its name.

"But look,—there is a small boat coming round a point of land which juts out beautifully from this side of the lake. It is slowly making its way across the water,—we can almost hear the splashing of the oars. It contains the Saviour and some of his disciples. They are steering towards Tiberias,—now they approach the shore,—they stop at the landing, and the Saviour, followed by his disciples, walks upon the shore"

Suppose now that this party of observers can remain a little longer at their post, and see, in a short time, that some sick person is brought to the Saviour to be healed. Another and another comes. A crowd gradually collects around him. He retreats slowly up the rising ground; and, after a little time, he is seen to take his place upon an elevated spot, where he can overlook and address the throng which has collected around him.

If this could be done, how strong and how lasting an impression would be made upon those minds! Years, and perhaps the whole of life itself, would not obliterate it.

Even this faint description, though it brings nothing new to the mind, will probably make a much stronger and more lasting impression, than merely reading the narration would do. And what is the reason? How is it that what I have here said has impressed this scene upon your minds more distinctly than the simple language of the Bible? It is only because I have endeavoured to lead you to *picture this scene to your minds*, — to conceive of it strongly and clearly. Now, any person can do this for himself, in regard to any passage of Scripture.

It is not necessary that I should go on, and delineate, in this manner, the whole of the account. Each reader can, — if he will task his imagination, — paint *for himself* the scenes which the Bible describes. And if he does bring his intellect and his powers of conception to the work, and read, not merely to repeat, formally and coldly, sounds already familiar, but to bring to his mind vivid and clear conceptions of all which is represented there, he will be interested. He will find new and striking scenes coming up continually to view, and will be surprised at the novelty and interest which this simple and easy effort will throw over those very portions of the Bible, to which the ear has become most completely familiar.

EXERCISE CXIV.

SUNDAY EVENING. *Anon.*

I SAT, last Sunday evening,
  From sunset even till night,
At the open casement, watching
  The day's departing light.

The sun had shone bright all day,
His setting was brighter still;
But there sprang up a lovely air,
As he dropped down the western hill.

Such hours to me are holy,
Holier than tongue can tell:
They fall on my heart like dew
On the parchèd heather-bell.

The steer and the steed in their pastures,
Lie down with a look of peace,
As if they knew 'twas commanded
That this day their labours should cease.

The lark's vesper song is more thrilling,
As he mounts to bid heaven good night;
The brook sings a quieter tune;
The sun sets in lovelier light;—

The grass, the green leaves, and the flowers
Are tinged with more exquisite hues;
More odorous incense from out them
Steams up with the evening dews.

I watched the departing glory,
Till its last red streak grew pale,
And earth and heaven were woven
In twilight's dusky veil.

Then the lark dropped down to his mate,
By her nest on the dewy ground;
And the stir of human life
Died away to a distant sound:—

All sounds died away;—the light laugh,
The far footstep, the merry call;—
To such stillness,—the pulse of one's heart
Might have echoed a rose-leaf's fall.

And, by little and little, the darkness
Waved wider its sable wings,
Till the nearest objects and largest
Became shapeless, confusèd things;—

And, at last, all was dark: — then I felt
  A cold sadness steal over my heart;
And I said to myself, "Such is life!
  So its hopes and its pleasures depart."

But I lifted mine eyes up; and, lo!
  An answer was written on high,
By the finger of God himself,
  In the depths of the dark-blue sky.

There appeared a sign in the east, —
  A bright, beautiful, fixèd star!
And I looked on its steady light
  Till the evil thoughts fled afar; —

And the lesser lights of heaven
  Shone out with their pale, soft rays, —
Like the calm unearthly comforts
  Of a good man's latter days.

And there came up a sweet perfume
  From the unseen flowers below,
Like the savour of virtuous deeds, —
  Of deeds done long ago.

EXERCISE CXV.

THE ARTIST'S WIFE'S ALBUM. *Howitt.*

Our visit to Retsch, — the poet-illustrator of Shakspeare, Schiller, and Goethe,* in his well-known outlines, was a genuine Arcadian episode, a dip into the fine simplicity of poetical existence, passed in the bosom of nature, a refined rusticity, a fragment of the golden age. This noble artist has a house at Dresden, where, in winter, he receives his friends, and where a most interesting class of persons is to be met; but in summer he retires to his "weinberg," that is, his vineyard, at Tosnitz, six or seven miles down the valley.

* The oe in Goethe, (or the ö in Göthe,) sound nearly like *œu* in the French word *cœur;* the *h* is silent; and the *e* final sounds like *ay* in *day*, but shorter in quantity.

They who would know exactly where his abode there is, may readily see it by standing on the fine airy bridge at Dresden, and looking down the valley to the next range of hills. On their ridge, at Tosnitz, stands a tower; directly below it, at the foot of the hills, is a white house; and there nestles Retsch in his poetical retirement, maturing those beautiful conceptions which have given him so wide a fame.

A pleasant drive down the valley, brought us into the region of vineyards, which, in the bright colours of autumn, did not want for picturesque effect. In the midst of these, we found the very simple cottage of the artist. His wife and niece compose all his family; and he can muse on his fancies at will. His house was furnished as German houses often are, somewhat barely, and with no trace of picture or print upon the walls; but a piano and heaps of music told of the art of which his wife is passionately fond. While noticing these things, a very broad and stout-built man, of middling stature, and with a great quantity of gray hair, stood before us. By portraits which we had seen of him, and which are like and yet unlike, we immediately recognized him. Though polite, yet there was a coldness about his manner, which seemed plainly to say, "Who are these who come to interrupt me out of mere curiosity? for they are quite strange to me."

When, however, he understood that Mrs. Howitt was the English poetess in whom he had expressed so much interest, a mist seemed to pass from his eyes; he stretched out his arms, grasped her hand in both of his, and shook it with a heartiness that must have been felt for some minutes after. He then gave one hand to our daughter and another to myself, with equally vigorous demonstrations of pleasure, and set about to display to us every thing that he thought could gratify us. Through various narrow passages, and up various stairs of his rustic abode, he conducted us to his own little study, where he showed to us from the window, his vineyard running up the hill, pulled from the shelf a copy of Mrs. Howitt's "Seven Temptations," and sat on a table, where he told us he had sketched most of the outlines of Faust and Shakspeare. He exhibited to us drawings and paintings in profusion, till his niece appeared with a tray bearing splendid wine and grapes from his own vineyard; a perfect little picture in itself, for in the pretty and amiable-looking niece we could see the prototype of a good many of his young damsels in his sketches. He then drew forth from under a heap of drawings, the album of his wife, — a book

which, from Mrs. Jameson's interesting description, we had a great desire to see.

This is most unquestionably the most valuable and beautiful album in the world. It is filled with the most perfect creations of his fancy, whether sportive or solemn, as they have accumulated through years; and it is a thousand pities that they are not published during his lifetime, while he could superintend their execution, and see that justice was done them. It is a volume of the poetry of sublimity, beauty, and piety; for, while he is the finest illustrator of the ideas of great poets, he is also a great poet himself, writing out his imaginations with a pencil. The zephyrs besetting his wife on a walk, fluttering her dress, and carrying off her hat, is a charming piece of sportiveness; the Angel of Goodness blessing her, is most beautiful with the heavenly beauty of love; Christ as a youth, standing with an axe in his hand, before the shop of Joseph, with children about him, to whom he is pointing out the beauties of nature, and thence unfolding to them the Creator, is full of the holiest piety and youthful grace; the Angel of Death, "severe in youthful beauty," and the sublime figure of Imagination advancing on its way, and looking forward into the mysteries of futurity, are glorious creations. In short, this gem of a book, with its truly wonderful drawings, — not merely outlines, but most delicately and exquisitely finished, — will one day raise still higher the true fame of this great original artist.

We had gone so far with the Herr Professor, (as he is there called,) into the fairy land, or rather heaven of poetry, that we were startled to find the day going fast over. As we turned over these charmed leaves, the artist sat by, and read to us his written description of the various sketches, ever and anon breaking away into half-moralizing, half-sentimental and poetical observations, quite in the spirit of his fancies. We were extremely sorry that the arrangements for our farther journey did not allow us once more to return to this simple and happy retreat of the muses of poetry and painting. With true country cordiality, himself, his wife, and lovely niece, accompanied us to our carriage; and as we whirled away through the ocean of vines, the good-hearted man stood and waved his cap to us, till the last turn shut out from view him and his house.

EXERCISE CXVI.

SUSQUEHANNA. *Mrs. Ellet.*

Softly the blended light of evening rests
Upon thee, lovely stream! Thy gentle tide,
Picturing the gorgeous beauty of the sky,
Onward, unbroken by the ruffling wind,
Majestically flows. — Oh! by thy side,
Far from the tumults and the throng of men,
And the vain cares that vex poor human life,
'Twere happiness to dwell, alone with thee,
And the wide solemn grandeur of the scene!
From thy green shores, the mountains that enclose
In their vast sweep the beauties of the plain, —
Slowly receding, toward the skies ascend,
Enrobed with clustering woods, o'er which the smile
Of Autumn in his loveliness hath passed,
Touching their foliage with his brilliant hues,
And flinging o'er the lowliest leaf and shrub
His golden livery. On the distant heights
Soft clouds, earth-based, repose, and stretch afar
Their burnished summits, in the clear blue heaven,
Flooded with splendour, that the dazzled eye
Turns drooping from the sight. — Nature is here
Like a throned sovereign; and thy voice doth tell, —
In music never silent, — of her power.
Nor are thy tones unanswered, where she builds
Such monuments of regal sway. These wide,
Untrodden forests eloquently speak,
Whether the breath of Summer stir their depths,
Or the hoarse moaning of November's blast
Strip from the boughs their covering.

All the air
Is now instinct with life. The merry hum
Of the returning bee, and the blithe song
Of fluttering bird, mocking the solitude,
Swell upward; and the play of dashing streams,
From the green mountain side, is faintly heard.
The wild swan swims the water's azure breast
With graceful sweep, or startled, soars away,
Leaving with mounting wing the clear bright air

Oh! in the boasted lands beyond the deep,
Where beauty hath a birth-right, — where each mound
And mouldering ruin tells of ages past, —
And every breeze, as with a spirit's tone,
Doth waft the voices of oblivion back,
Waking the soul to lofty memories, —
Is there a scene whose loveliness could fill
The heart with peace more pure? — Nor yet art thou,
Proud stream! without thy records, — graven deep
On yon eternal hills, which shall endure
Long as their summits breast the wintry storm,
Or smile in the warm sunshine. They have been
The chroniclers of centuries gone by,
Of a strange race, who trod perchance their sides,
Ere these gray woods had sprouted from the earth
Which now they shade. Here onward swept thy waves,
When tones now silent mingled with their sound,
And the wide shore was vocal with the song
Of hunter chief, or lover's gentle strain.
Those passed away, — forgotten as they passed;
But holier recollections dwell with thee:
Here hath immortal Freedom built her proud
And solemn monuments. The mighty dust
Of heroes in her cause of glory fallen,
Hath mingled with the soil, and hallowed it.
Thy waters in their brilliant path have seen
The desperate strife that won a rescued world, —
The deeds of men who live in grateful hearts, —
And hymned their requiem.

Far beyond this vale
That sends to heaven its incense of lone flowers,
Gay village spires ascend, — and the glad voice
Of industry is heard. — So, in the lapse
Of future years, these ancient woods shall bow
Beneath the levelling axe, — and Man's abodes
Displace their sylvan honours. They will pass
In turn away; — yet, heedless of all change,
Surviving all, thou still wilt murmur on,
Lessoning the fleeting race that look on thee,
To mark the wrecks of time, and read their doom.

EXERCISE CXVII.

FEMALE COURAGE. *Lady Stanhope.*

I SET out, one day, from Damascus, to visit Balbec and its ruins. My friend the Pacha had referred me to the charge of the Sheik Nasel, who was the chief of fifty Arabs. My people followed me at the distance of a day's journey.

We travelled on, sometimes in the night, and sometimes in the day; and the sun had thrice risen since my departure, when a messenger, mounted on a dromedary, sped forward towards our caravan. He addressed a word to the Sheik Nasel, who became troubled, and changed countenance.

"What is the matter?" said I. "Nothing," he replied, and we proceeded on our route. Presently a second dromedary reached us; and the result much increased the depression evinced by Nasel. I insisted on knowing the cause of it.

"Well, then, *Cid Milady*," answered he, "since I must tell you, my father is pursuing me with a force three times superior to mine, and will shortly overtake us. He seeks my life, I am certain. The offence demands blood; but *you* have been intrusted to my care; and I will rather die than abandon you."—

"Make your escape; fly!" exclaimed I. "For me, I will sooner abide singly in the desert, than see you slain by your father's hand. *I* will await his coming, and attempt your reconciliation. In any case, Balbec cannot be far off; and the sun shall be my guide." With these words I quitted him. He sprang forward, and disappeared with his fifty Arabs.

I had been left alone, nearly an hour, with no other company than the animal that carried me, and no other protection than my dagger, when a cloud of dust showed itself in the horizon: horsemen approached at full gallop; and, in a few moments, Nasel was at my side.

"Honoured be the *Cid Milady!*" was his exclamation,—"he* wears the heart of a warrior! All that I have pretended to him, has only been to prove his courage. Come, my father is at hand to receive you."—

* Forgetting her sex, in the hardihood and fearless bearing which sometimes almost concealed it, the wild Arabs were accustomed, it seems, to address Lady Stanhope in the masculine gender.

I followed him, and was welcomed beneath his tent, with all the state and ceremony of the desert. Gazelles and young camels supplied our repast; and poets celebrated the exploits of past times. I cultivated the alliance of their tribe who, from that day, have loved and respected me.

EXERCISE CXVIII.

GRACE DARLING. *Wordsworth.*

AMONG the dwellers in the silent fields,
The natural heart is touched; and public way
And crowded street resound with ballad strains,
Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks
Favour divine, exalting human love;
Whom, since her birth, on bleak Northumbria's coast,
Known unto few, but prized as far as known,
A single act endears to high and low,
Through the whole land, — to manhood, moved in spite
Of the world's freezing cares, — to generous youth, —
To infancy, that lisps her praise, — and age,
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
Awaits her *now*. But, verily, good deeds
Do no imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power calls forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!

A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared
On the island rock, her lonely dwelling-place;
Or like the invincible rock itself, that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell:
All night the storm had raged, nor ceased nor paused,
When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,
Espies, far off, a wreck, amid the surf

Beating on one of those disastrous isles.—
Half of a vessel,—half,—no more; the rest
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
Had for the common safety striven in vain,
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance
Daughter and sire, through optic-glass, discern,
Clinging about this remnant of the ship,
Creatures,—how precious in the maiden's sight!
For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more
Than for their fellow-sufferers ingulfed,
Where every parting agony is hushed,
And hope and fear mix not in farther strife.

"But courage, father! let us out to sea—
A few may yet be saved."—The daughter's words,
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
Dispel the father's doubts; nor do they lack
The noble-minded mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
Together they put forth, father and child!
Each grasps an oar, and struggling, on they go;
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
And shattered, and re-gathering their might;
As if the wrath and trouble of the sea
Were by the Almighty's sufferance prolonged,
That woman's fortitude,—so tried, so proved,—
May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,
They stem the current of that perilous gorge;
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart;
Though danger, as the wreck is neared, becomes
More imminent.—Not unseen do they approach;
And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
That of the pair,—tossed on the waves to bring
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life,—
One is a *woman*, a poor earthly sister,

Or, be the visitant other than she seems,
A guardian spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
In woman's shape. — But why prolong the tale,
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
Armed to repel them? — Every hazard faced
And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to perish,
This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering lighthouse. — Shout, ye waves!
Pipe a glad song of triumph, ye fierce winds!
Ye screaming sea-mews, in the concert join!
And would that some immortal voice, a voice
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips
Of the survivors, to the clouds might bear,
(Blended with praise of that parental love,
Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew,
Pious and pure, modest, and yet so brave,
Though young, so wise; though meek, so resolute,)
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
Yes, to celestial choirs, Grace Darling's name!

EXERCISE CXIX.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF GRACE DARLING.

Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

When round her ocean-dwelling
  Burst the rude tempest's blast,
While waves to mountains swelling,
  Closed o'er the sinking mast;
Forth came the seaman's daughter,
  Like Mercy o'er the wave,
Stemming that stormy water,
  To succour, and to save.

The laurel for the warrior's brow,
  Fame's glorious fingers twine;

But far more verdant did it glow,
  Heroic maid, on thine.
And, ever, to thy deathless name
  Shall hallowed memories cling,
More precious than the wreath of Fame,
  Pure, bright, unperishing.

Thy firm, but woman's spirit shrank
  From the homage of the crowd;
While pale decay thy life-spring drank,
  And death thy beauty bowed.—
Now, sadly, round thy ocean-home
  Mourneth the murmuring wave,
And, (hushed each angry billow's foam,)
  Makes music o'er thy grave!

EXERCISE CXX.

FEMALE STUDIES. *Mrs. Barbauld.*

Men have various departments in active life: women have but one; and all women have the same, differently modified, indeed, by their rank in life, and other incidental circumstances. It is, to be a wife, a mother, a mistress of a family. The knowledge belonging to these duties, is woman's professional knowledge; the want of which nothing will excuse. The acquisition of literary knowledge, therefore, in men, is often an indispensable duty: in women, it can be only a desirable accomplishment. In woman, it is more immediately applied to the purposes of adorning and improving the mind, —of refining the sentiments, and supplying proper stores for conversation.

For general knowledge, women have, in some respects, more advantages than men. Their occupations often allow them more leisure: their sedentary way of life disposes them to the domestic, quiet amusement of reading: the share they take in the education of their children, throws them in the way of books. The uniform tenor and confined circle of their lives, make them eager to diversify the scene by descriptions which open to them a new world; and they are

eager to gain an idea of scenes on the busy stage of life, from which they are shut out by their sex.

It is likewise particularly desirable for women to be able to give spirit and variety to conversation, by topics drawn from the stores of literature; as the broader mirth and more boisterous gayety of the other sex, are, to them, prohibited. As their parties must be innocent, care should be taken that they do not stagnate into insipidity.

I will venture to add, that the purity and simplicity of heart which a woman ought never, in her freest commerce with the world, to wear off; her very seclusion from the jarring interests and coarser amusements of society, fit her in a peculiar manner for the worlds of fancy and sentiment, and dispose her to the quickest relish of what is pathetic, sublime, or tender. To her, therefore, the beauties of poetry, of moral painting, and all, in general, that is comprised under the term of polite literature, lie particularly open; and she cannot neglect them without neglecting a very copious source of enjoyment.

What particular share any one of the studies I have mentioned, may engage of her attention, will be determined by her peculiar turn and bent of mind. But I shall conclude with observing, that a woman ought to have that general tincture of them all, which marks the cultivated mind. She ought to have enough of them to engage gracefully in general conversation. In no subject is she required to be deep, — of none ought she to be ignorant. If she knows not enough to speak well, she should know enough to keep her from speaking at all; enough to feel her ground, and prevent her from exposing her ignorance; enough to hear with intelligence, to ask questions with propriety, and to receive information where she is not qualified to give it.

A woman, who to a cultivated mind joins that quickness of intelligence and delicacy of taste which such a woman often possesses in a superior degree, with that nice sense of propriety which results from the whole, will have a kind of *tact* by which she will be able, on all occasions, to discern between pretenders to science and men of real merit. On subjects upon which she cannot talk herself, she will know whether a man talks with knowledge of his subject. She will not judge of systems; but by their systems she will be able to judge of men. She will distinguish the modest, the dogmatical, the affected, the over-refined, and give her esteem and confidence accordingly. She will know with whom to confide the edu-

cation of her children, and how to judge of their progress and the methods used to improve them.

From books, from conversation, from learned instructors, she will gather the flower of every science; and her mind, in assimilating every thing to itself, will adorn it with new graces. She will give the tone to the conversation, even when she chooses to bear but an inconsiderable part in it. She will seem to know every thing, by leading every one to speak of what he knows; and when she is with those to whom she can give no real information, she will yet delight them by the original turns and sprightly elegance which will attend her manner of speaking on any subject. Such is the character to whom professed scholars will delight to give information, and from whom others will equally delight to receive it.

EXERCISE CXXI.

"SHOCKING IGNORANCE," OR RESULTS OF EDUCATION. *Anon.*

A SHORT time ago, Punch had occasion to horrify his readers by publishing the report of his Select Committee on Education, which revealed the amount of ignorance of domestic matters, prevailing among young men generally. His Commissioners have just sent up to him their second report, which relates to the knowledge of business and the affairs of life, possessed by young ladies; and he has determined, at the risk of creating a fearful panic in the marriage market, to print it.

"Miss Mary Anne Watkins examined. — Is the daughter of a private gentleman. Has several brothers and sisters. Is engaged to be married to a young surgeon, as soon as he can get into practice. Has an idea that she ought to know something of housekeeping; supposes it comes naturally. Can sing and play; draw and embroider. Cannot say that she ever darned a stocking. — The price of brown Windsor soap is from one shilling to one and threepence the packet; cannot tell what yellow comes to; never got any. Circassian cream is half-a-crown a pot; does not know the price of pearlash. — Knows how to furnish a house, would go to the upholsterer's and buy furniture. Cannot say how much she

would expect to give for an easy-chair, or for a wash-hand-stand, or a set of tea things; should ask mamma, if necessary; never thought of doing it before. Papa paid for the dress she had on; forgets what he gave for it. — Has no notion what his butcher's bill amounts to in a year.

"Miss Harriet Somers. — Papa is a clergyman. Is unable to say whether he is a pluralist or not. He is a curate, and has but one curacy. Expects to be married, of course. Would not refuse a young man with three hundred a year. Has no property of her own. Has some skill in needle-work; lately worked a brigand in red, blue, and yellow worsted. Can make several washes for the complexion. Cannot tell how she would set about making an apple dumpling. Loaves should remain in the oven till they are done; the time they would take depends upon circumstances. If she were married, would expect her husband to be ill sometimes: supposing him to be ordered calves' foot jelly, should send for it to the pastry-cook's. It never occurred to her that she might make it herself. If she tried, should buy some calves' feet; what next she should do, cannot say. Has received a fashionable education; knows French and Italian. Likes dancing better than any thing else.

"Miss Jane Briggs. — Is the daughter of a respectable tradesman, — a grocer and tea-dealer. Looks forward to a union with somebody in her own station in life. Was for five years at a boarding school in Clapham. Really cannot say what a leger is: it may be the same as a day-book. Has an album. Has painted flowers in the album. Knows what a receipt-book is: it tells you how to dress things. Should suppose that a receipt in full was a receipt that told you all particulars. Never heard of a balance-sheet: it may be a calico sheet, for all she knows. Cannot say whether papa buys or sells at prime cost. Has eaten fowl occasionally. Never trussed one. Does not know how to make stuffing for a duck or a goose.

"Miss Elizabeth Atkins. — Resides at Hampstead with her parents. Papa is a solicitor; has an office in Gray's Inn. Will have a little money of her own shortly, when she comes of age. Is not aware whether she is a minor or not. The property was left her by an aunt. Cannot say whether she is a legatee or testatrix. Her property is real property. Is sure of that. It is in the funds. — Should say that it was not personal property, as it was not any thing about her person. Knows what consols are; has read about them in history; they were

ancient Romans. Mamma keeps house. When she marries, expects to do the same. Is unable to say what the family milk-score is a week. Starch is used to stiffen collars; — has no notion what it is a pound, or what made of, or whether it is used with hot water or cold. Drugget is cheaper than Turkey carpet; but how much, cannot say. Her time is principally occupied in fancy-work, reading novels, and playing quadrilles and waltzes on the piano."

Out of sixty other young ladies examined, three only knew how to corn beef, six what a sausage was composed of, and four how to make onion sauce. Not one of the whole number could brew. They mostly could tell what the last new song was; but none of them knew the current price of beef. Every soul of them meant to marry as soon as possible. What is to become of their husbands? Echo answers "What!" — and Punch shudders at the idea.

EXERCISE CXXII.

A VISIT TO EDGEWORTHSTOWN. *Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

The demesne of Edgeworthstown is judiciously and abundantly planted; and the dwelling-house is large and commodious. We drove up the avenue at evening. It was cheering to see the lights sparkle through the windows, and to feel the cold nose of the house-dog thrust into our hand as an earnest of welcome; it was pleasant to receive the warm greetings of Miss Edgeworth; and it was a high privilege to meet Miss Edgeworth in the library, — the very room in which had been written the immortal works that redeemed a character for Ireland, and have so largely promoted the truest welfare of human kind. We had not seen her for some years, — except for a few brief moments, — and rejoiced to find her in nothing changed; her voice as light and happy, her laughing as full of gentle mirth, her eyes as bright and truthful, and her countenance as expressive of goodness and loving-kindness, as they had ever been.

The library at Edgeworthstown is by no means the reserved and solitary room that libraries are, in general. It is large, and capacious, and lofty; well stored with books, and embellished with the most valuable of all classes of prints, — the suggestive; it is also picturesque, — having been added to, so

as to increase its breadth. The addition is supported by square pillars; and the beautiful lawn, seen through the window, embellished and varied by clumps of trees, judiciously planted, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior.

An oblong table, in the centre, is a sort of rallying point for the family, who group around it, — reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious on one point, — that all in the house should do exactly as they like, without reference to her, — sits quietly and abstractedly in her own peculiar corner, on a sofa; her desk, upon which lies Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ireland, placed before her upon a little quaint table, as unassuming as possible. Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness would puzzle the philosophers: in that same corner, and upon that table, she has written nearly all that enlightened and delighted the world; there she writes as eloquently as ever, wrapped up, to all appearance, in her subject, and knowing, by a sort of instinct, when she is really wanted in dialogue; and, without laying down her pen, hardly looking up from her page, she will, by a judicious sentence, wisely and kindly spoken, explain and elucidate, in a few words, so as to clear up any difficulty, or turn the conversation into a new and more pleasing current. She has the most harmonious way of throwing in explanations, — informing, without embarrassing.

A very large family party assemble daily in this charming room; young and old, bound alike to the spot by the strong cords of memory and love. Mr. Francis Edgeworth, the youngest son of the present Mrs. Edgeworth, and, of course, Miss Edgeworth's youngest brother, has a family of little ones, who seem to enjoy the freedom of a library as much as their elders. To set these little people right, if they are wrong; to rise from her table to fetch them a toy, or even to save a servant a journey; to mount the steps, and find a volume that escapes all eyes but her own, and done so as to find exactly the passage wanted, are hourly employments of this most unspoiled and admirable woman. She will then resume her pen, and, what is more extraordinary, hardly seem to have even frayed the thread of her ideas. Her mind is so rightly balanced, every thing is so honestly weighed, that she suffers no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer.

The library also contains a piano; and, occupied as it is, by some members of the family, from morning until night, it is the most unstudied, and yet, withal, from its shape and

EXERCISE CXVI.

SUSQUEHANNA. *Mrs. Ellet.*

Softly the blended light of evening rests
Upon thee, lovely stream! Thy gentle tide,
Picturing the gorgeous beauty of the sky,
Onward, unbroken by the ruffling wind,
Majestically flows. — Oh! by thy side,
Far from the tumults and the throng of men,
And the vain cares that vex poor human life,
'Twere happiness to dwell, alone with thee,
And the wide solemn grandeur of the scene!
From thy green shores, the mountains that enclose
In their vast sweep the beauties of the plain, —
Slowly receding, toward the skies ascend,
Enrobed with clustering woods, o'er which the smile
Of Autumn in his loveliness hath passed,
Touching their foliage with his brilliant hues,
And flinging o'er the lowliest leaf and shrub
His golden livery. On the distant heights
Soft clouds, earth-based, repose, and stretch afar
Their burnished summits, in the clear blue heaven,
Flooded with splendour, that the dazzled eye
Turns drooping from the sight. — Nature is here
Like a throned sovereign; and thy voice doth tell, —
In music never silent, — of her power.
Nor are thy tones unanswered, where she builds
Such monuments of regal sway. These wide,
Untrodden forests eloquently speak,
Whether the breath of Summer stir their depths,
Or the hoarse moaning of November's blast
Strip from the boughs their covering.

All the air
Is now instinct with life. The merry hum
Of the returning bee, and the blithe song
Of fluttering bird, mocking the solitude,
Swell upward; and the play of dashing streams,
From the green mountain side, is faintly heard.
The wild swan swims the water's azure breast
With graceful sweep, or startled, soars away,
Cleaving with mounting wing the clear bright air

Oh! in the boasted lands beyond the deep,
Where beauty hath a birth-right, — where each mound
And mouldering ruin tells of ages past, —
And every breeze, as with a spirit's tone,
Doth waft the voices of oblivion back,
Waking the soul to lofty memories, —
Is there a scene whose loveliness could fill
The heart with peace more pure? — Nor yet art thou,
Proud stream! without thy records, — graven deep
On yon eternal hills, which shall endure
Long as their summits breast the wintry storm,
Or smile in the warm sunshine. They have been
The chroniclers of centuries gone by,
Of a strange race, who trod perchance their sides,
Ere these gray woods had sprouted from the earth
Which now they shade. Here onward swept thy waves,
When tones now silent mingled with their sound,
And the wide shore was vocal with the song
Of hunter chief, or lover's gentle strain.
Those passed away, — forgotten as they passed;
But holier recollections dwell with thee:
Here hath immortal Freedom built her proud
And solemn monuments. The mighty dust
Of heroes in her cause of glory fallen,
Hath mingled with the soil, and hallowed it.
Thy waters in their brilliant path have seen
The desperate strife that won a rescued world, —
The deeds of men who live in grateful hearts, —
And hymned their requiem.

Far beyond this vale
That sends to heaven its incense of lone flowers,
Gay village spires ascend, — and the glad voice
Of industry is heard. — So, in the lapse
Of future years, these ancient woods shall bow
Beneath the levelling axe, — and Man's abodes
Displace their sylvan honours. They will pass
In turn away; — yet, heedless of all change,
Surviving all, thou still wilt murmur on,
Lessoning the fleeting race that look on thee,
To mark the wrecks of time, and read their doom.

EXERCISE CXVII.

FEMALE COURAGE. *Lady Stanhope.*

I SET out, one day, from Damascus, to visit Balbec and its ruins. My friend the Pacha had referred me to the charge of the Sheik Nasel, who was the chief of fifty Arabs. My people followed me at the distance of a day's journey.

We travelled on, sometimes in the night, and sometimes in the day; and the sun had thrice risen since my departure, when a messenger, mounted on a dromedary, sped forward towards our caravan. He addressed a word to the Sheik Nasel, who became troubled, and changed countenance.

"What is the matter?" said I. "Nothing," he replied, and we proceeded on our route. Presently a second dromedary reached us; and the result much increased the depression evinced by Nasel. I insisted on knowing the cause of it.

"Well, then, *Cid Milady*," answered he, "since I must tell you, my father is pursuing me with a force three times superior to mine, and will shortly overtake us. He seeks my life, I am certain. The offence demands blood; but *you* have been intrusted to my care; and I will rather die than abandon you."—

"Make your escape; fly!" exclaimed I. "For me, I will sooner abide singly in the desert, than see you slain by your father's hand. *I* will await his coming, and attempt your reconciliation. In any case, Balbec cannot be far off; and the sun shall be my guide." With these words I quitted him. He sprang forward, and disappeared with his fifty Arabs.

I had been left alone, nearly an hour, with no other company than the animal that carried me, and no other protection than my dagger, when a cloud of dust showed itself in the horizon: horsemen approached at full gallop; and, in a few moments, Nasel was at my side.

"Honoured be the *Cid Milady!*" was his exclamation,— "he * wears the heart of a warrior! All that I have pretended to him, has only been to prove his courage. Come, my father is at hand to receive you."—

* Forgetting her sex, in the hardihood and fearless bearing which sometimes almost concealed it, the wild Arabs were accustomed, it seems, to address Lady Stanhope in the masculine gender.

I followed him, and was welcomed beneath his tent, with all the state and ceremony of the desert. Gazelles and young camels supplied our repast; and poets celebrated the exploits of past times. I cultivated the alliance of their tribe who, from that day, have loved and respected me.

EXERCISE CXVIII.

GRACE DARLING. *Wordsworth.*

Among the dwellers in the silent fields,
The natural heart is touched; and public way
And crowded street resound with ballad strains,
Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks
Favour divine, exalting human love;
Whom, since her birth, on bleak Northumbria's coast,
Known unto few, but prized as far as known,
A single act endears to high and low,
Through the whole land, — to manhood, moved in spite
Of the world's freezing cares, — to generous youth, —
To infancy, that lisps her praise, — and age,
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
Awaits her *now*. But, verily, good deeds
Do no imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power calls forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!

A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared
On the island rock, her lonely dwelling-place;
Or like the invincible rock itself, that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell:
All night the storm had raged, nor ceased nor paused,
When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,
Espies, far off, a wreck, amid the surf

They who would know exactly where his abode there is, may readily see it by standing on the fine airy bridge at Dresden, and looking down the valley to the next range of hills. On their ridge, at Tosnitz, stands a tower; directly below it, at the foot of the hills, is a white house; and there nestles Retsch in his poetical retirement, maturing those beautiful conceptions which have given him so wide a fame.

A pleasant drive down the valley, brought us into the region of vineyards, which, in the bright colours of autumn, did not want for picturesque effect. In the midst of these, we found the very simple cottage of the artist. His wife and niece compose all his family; and he can muse on his fancies at will. His house was furnished as German houses often are, somewhat barely, and with no trace of picture or print upon the walls; but a piano and heaps of music told of the art of which his wife is passionately fond. While noticing these things, a very broad and stout-built man, of middling stature, and with a great quantity of gray hair, stood before us. By portraits which we had seen of him, and which are like and yet unlike, we immediately recognized him. Though polite, yet there was a coldness about his manner, which seemed plainly to say, "Who are these who come to interrupt me out of mere curiosity? for they are quite strange to me."

When, however, he understood that Mrs. Howitt was the English poetess in whom he had expressed so much interest, a mist seemed to pass from his eyes; he stretched out his arms, grasped her hand in both of his, and shook it with a heartiness that must have been felt for some minutes after. He then gave one hand to our daughter and another to myself, with equally vigorous demonstrations of pleasure, and set about to display to us every thing that he thought could gratify us. Through various narrow passages, and up various stairs of his rustic abode, he conducted us to his own little study, where he showed to us from the window, his vineyard running up the hill, pulled from the shelf a copy of Mrs. Howitt's "Seven Temptations," and sat on a table, where he told us he had sketched most of the outlines of Faust and Shakspeare. He exhibited to us drawings and paintings in profusion, till his niece appeared with a tray bearing splendid wine and grapes from his own vineyard; a perfect little picture in itself, for in the pretty and amiable-looking niece we could see the prototype of a good many of his young damsels in his sketches. He then drew forth from under a heap of drawings, the album of his wife, — a book

which, from Mrs. Jameson's interesting description, we had a great desire to see.

This is most unquestionably the most valuable and beautiful album in the world. It is filled with the most perfect creations of his fancy, whether sportive or solemn, as they have accumulated through years; and it is a thousand pities that they are not published during his lifetime, while he could superintend their execution, and see that justice was done them. It is a volume of the poetry of sublimity, beauty, and piety; for, while he is the finest illustrator of the ideas of great poets, he is also a great poet himself, writing out his imaginations with a pencil. The zephyrs besetting his wife on a walk, fluttering her dress, and carrying off her hat, is a charming piece of sportiveness; the Angel of Goodness blessing her, is most beautiful with the heavenly beauty of love; Christ as a youth, standing with an axe in his hand, before the shop of Joseph, with children about him, to whom he is pointing out the beauties of nature, and thence unfolding to them the Creator, is full of the holiest piety and youthful grace; the Angel of Death, "severe in youthful beauty," and the sublime figure of Imagination advancing on its way, and looking forward into the mysteries of futurity, are glorious creations. In short, this gem of a book, with its truly wonderful drawings,—not merely outlines, but most delicately and exquisitely finished,—will one day raise still higher the true fame of this great original artist.

We had gone so far with the Herr Professor, (as he is there called,) into the fairy land, or rather heaven of poetry, that we were startled to find the day going fast over. As we turned over these charmed leaves, the artist sat by, and read to us his written description of the various sketches, ever and anon breaking away into half-moralizing, half-sentimental and poetical observations, quite in the spirit of his fancies. We were extremely sorry that the arrangements for our farther journey did not allow us once more to return to this simple and happy retreat of the muses of poetry and painting. With true country cordiality, himself, his wife, and lovely niece, accompanied us to our carriage; and as we whirled away through the ocean of vines, the good-hearted man stood and waved his cap to us, till the last turn shut out from view him and his house.

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the long grass hissing as it sweeps through, and its own solemn monotony over all; — and the dimple of that same brook, and the waterfall's unaltered bass shall still reach you, in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn.

There is no accident of nature's causing which can bring in discord. The loosened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown tree rush down through the branches of the wood, and the thunder peal awfully in the sky; — and sudden and violent as these changes seem, their tumult goes up with the sound of wind and waters, and the exquisite ear of the musician can detect no jar.

I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands, which, in connection with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed that, to the ear of the dying, (which, just before death, becomes always exquisitely acute,) the perfect harmony of the voices of nature, is so ravishing, as to make him forget his suffering, and die gently, like one in a pleasant trance. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from the close shieling, and bear him out into the open sky, that he may hear the familiar rushing of the streams. I can believe that it is not superstition. I do not think we know how exquisitely nature's many voices are attuned to harmony, and to each other.

The old philosopher we read of, might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars, (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death, in the very places he mentioned,) were wanting to complete the harmony. We know how wonderful are the phenomena of colour; how strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and in the cups of flowers; so that, to the practised eye of the painter, the harmony is inimitably perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the universe equally perfect; and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music; and that the sounds we daily listen to are but part of a melody that reaches to the very centre of God's illimitable spheres

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EXERCISE CXII.

THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF. *Caroline Bowles*

There is a tongue in every leaf—
A voice in every rill;
A voice that speaketh everywhere—
In flood and fire, through earth and air,—
A tongue that's never still.

'Tis the great Spirit wide diffused
Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth,
Of things mysterious,—Life and Death,
Time and Eternity.

I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder-cloud;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar,
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, *everywhere*,—
In *all things*,—darkness, light,
Silence and sound,—but most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
At the dead hour of night.

I *feel* Him in the silent dews,
By grateful earth betrayed;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine and the shade.

And yet, (ungrateful that I am!)
I've turned, in sullen mood,
From all these things, whereof He said,—
When the great whole was finishèd,—
That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
Fell like ungrateful dew;

"Next week."

"I hope we shall induce papa to take us soon," said Charlotte; "I want to hear Paganini."

"Yes."

"Have you heard him?"

"No."

"He must be very wonderful."

"Yes."

"You are fond of music, I believe?"

"Pretty well." — (*Pause the second.*)

"The Dean ages, I think," observed Mrs. Shawford, with a sigh.

"I think he does."

"I suppose William Rushton will soon return," observed Miss Charlotte Shawford.

"I suppose he will," replied Mr. Henry Waring. — (*Pause the third.*)

"Pray, is there any talk of Donnington balls this year?"

"I don't know."

"They were very pleasant."

"Yes, very." — (*Pause the fourth.*)

"Have you heard any thing of your cousin?" inquired Mrs. Shawford.

"Believe they had a letter, the other day."

"I hope he is quite well?"

"Yes, quite well."

"I suppose the important day will soon arrive now?"

"I suppose it will." — (*Pause the fifth.*)

"Will you take some luncheon, Mr. Waring? — It is in the dining-room." —

"Thank you, — I have lunched."

"How does John like Oxford?"

"Oh! I don't know: — pretty well."

"Great change!"

"Yes." — (*Pause the sixth.*)

"Sure you will not take any luncheon?"

"No, thank you. Good morning, Mrs. Shawford: Good morning, Miss Shawford."

"Good morning. Pray remember us most kindly at home."

"Yes, — Good morning;" — and he retired.

"Very heavy man is Mr. Henry Waring," observed Mrs. Shawford. — "Shocking!" said Charlotte.

EXERCISE CVIII.

BALLAD. *Heber.*

"O CAPTAIN of the Moorish hold,
  Unbar thy gates to me!
And I will give thee gems and gold,
  To set Fernando free.
For I a sacred oath have plight
  A pilgrim to remain,
Till I return, with Lara's knight,
  The noblest knight of Spain."

"Fond Christian youth," the captain said,
  "Thy suit is soon denied;
Fernando loves a Moorish maid,
  And will with us abide.
Renounced is every Christian rite;
  The turban he hath ta'en;
And Lara thus hath lost her knight,
  The noblest knight of Spain."

Pale, marble pale, the pilgrim turned, —
  A cold and deadly dye;
Then in his cheeks the blushes burned,
  And anger in his eye; —
From forth his cowl a ringlet bright
  Fell down of golden grain: —
"Base Moor! to slander Lara's knight,
  The boldest knight of Spain!

"Go look on Lugo's gory field,
  Go look on Tayo's tide!
Can ye forget the red-cross-shield,
  That all your host defied?
Alhama's warriors turned to flight,
  Granada's sultan slain,
Attest the worth of Lara's knight,
  The boldest knight of Spain."

"By Allah, yea!" with eyes of fire
  The lordly paynim said,
"Granada's sultan was my sire,
  Who fell by Lara's blade;

And though thy gold were forty fold,
  The ransom were but vain
To purchase back thy Christian knight,
  The boldest knight of Spain."

"Ah! Moor, the life that once is shed,
  No vengeance can repay;
And who can number up the dead
  That fall in battle fray?
Thyself in many a manly fight
  Hast many a father slain:
Then rage not thus, 'gainst Lara's knight,
  The boldest knight of Spain!"

"And who art thou, whose pilgrim vest
  Thy beauties ill may shroud,—
The locks of gold, the heaving breast,—
  A moon beneath a cloud?—
Wilt thou our Moorish creed recite,
  And here with me remain?
He may depart,—that captive knight,
  The conquered knight of Spain."

"Ah, speak not so!"—with voice of woe,
  The shuddering stranger cried;
"Another creed I may not know,
  Nor live another's bride!
Fernando's wife may yield her life,
  But not her honour stain,
To loose the bonds of Lara's knight,
  The noblest knight of Spain."

"And know'st thou, then, how hard the doom
  Thy husband yet may bear?—
The fettered limbs, the living tomb,
  The damp and noisome air?—
In lonely cave, and void of light,
  To drag a helpless chain,
Thy pride condemns the Christian knight,
  The prop and pride of Spain."

"Oh! that within that dungeon's gloom
  His sorrows I might share,
And cheer him in that living tomb,
  With love and hope and prayer!

But still the faith I once have plight
  Unbroken must remain;
And God will help the captive knight,
  And plead the cause of Spain."

"And deem'st thou from the Moorish hold
  In safety to retire,
Whose locks outshine Arabia's gold,
  Whose eyes the diamond's fire?"
She drew a poniard small and bright,
  And spake in calm disdain,—
"*He* taught me how,—my Christian knight,—
  To guard the faith of Spain!"

The drawbridge falls! with loud alarm
  The clashing portals fly,
She bared her breast,—she raised her arm,
  And knelt, in act to die;—
But ah! the thrill of wild delight
  That shot through every vein!—
He stood before her,—Lara's knight,
  The noblest knight of Spain!

EXERCISE CIX.

THE CONDITION OF THE BLIND. *Sydney Smith.*

[*From a Discourse before an Asylum for the Blind.*]

The object of the Society for which I now implore your protection, is, to diminish the misfortune of blindness, by giving to those afflicted with it, the means of obtaining support by their ingenuity and labour, and of walking in the law of Christ, by attending to the religious instructions and exercises prescribed by this institution. They are here instructed in a variety of works for which manual skill is requisite, rather than manual labour; and which they perform with a dexterity astonishing to those who have connected with blindness the notion of absolute helplessness and incapacity.

A charitable institution, conducted upon such principles

as an asylum for the blind, is superior to any common charity, as it interweaves science with compassion; and by showing how far the other senses are capable of improvement, takes off from the extent of human calamity all that it adds to the limits of human knowledge.

Who could have imagined, — to speak of a kindred instance of ingenious benevolence, that the deaf and dumb could be taught to reason, to speak, and to become acquainted with all the terms and intricate laws of a language, — or that men who never, from their earliest infancy, enjoyed the privilege of sight, could be taught to read and to write, to print books, and the ablest of them to penetrate into all the depths of mathematical learning? Such facts afford inexhaustible encouragement to men engaged in the benevolent task of instructing those in whom the ordinary inlets of knowledge are blocked up. They seem to place within our reach the miracles of those Scriptures from whence they have sprung, and to show the fervent votary of Christ, that he, also, like his great Master, can make the deaf hear, the dumb speak, and the blind see.

Consider the deplorable union of indigence and blindness, and what manner of life it is from which you are rescuing these unhappy people. — The neglected blind man comes out in the morning season to cry aloud for his food: when he hears no longer the feet of men, he knows that it is night, and gets him back to the silence and famine of his cell. Active poverty becomes rich; labour and prudence are rewarded with distinction; the weak of the earth have risen up to be strong; but he is forever dismal and ever forsaken. The man who comes back to his native city, after years of absence, beholds again the same extended hand into which he cast his boyish alms; the self-same spot, the old attitude of sadness, the ancient cry of sorrow, the intolerable sight of a human being that has grown old in supplicating a miserable support for a helpless, mutilated frame. Such is the life these unfortunate children would lead had they no friends to appeal to your compassion. Such are the evils we will continue to remedy, if they experience from you that compassion their magnitude so amply deserves.

The author of the book of Ecclesiastes has told us, that "the light is sweet; that it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun." The sense of sight, is, indeed, the highest bodily privilege, the purest physical pleasure, which man has

derived from his Creator. To see that wandering fire, after he has finished his journey through the nations, coming back to us in the eastern heavens; the mountains painted with light; the floating splendour of the sea; the earth waking from deep slumber; the day flowing from the sides of the hills, till it reaches the secret valleys; the little insect recalled to life; the bird trying her wings; man going forth to his labour; each created being, moving, thinking, acting, continuing, according to the scheme and compass of his nature,—by force, by reason, by cunning, by necessity;—is it possible to joy in this animated scene, and feel no pity for the sons of darkness,—for the eyes that will never taste the sweet light,—for the poor, clouded in everlasting gloom?

If you ask me why they are miserable and dejected, I turn you to the plentiful valleys; to the fields now bringing forth their increase; to the freshness and the flowers of the earth; to the endless variety of its colours; to the grace, the symmetry, the shape of all it cherishes, and all it bears:—these you have forgotten, because you have always enjoyed them; but these are the means by which God Almighty makes man what he is,—cheerful, lively, erect, full of enterprise, mutable,—glancing from heaven to earth; prone to labour and to act.

Why was not the earth left without form and void? Why was not darkness suffered to remain on the face of the deep? Why did God place lights in the firmament for days, for seasons, for signs, and for years? That he might make man the happiest of beings; that he might give to this his favourite creation, a wider scope; a more prominent decoration; a richer diversity of joy. This is the reason why the blind are miserable and dejected; because their soul is mutilated, and dismembered of its best sense. Therefore I implore you by the Son of David, have mercy on the blind! If there is not pity for all sorrows, turn out the full and perfect man to meet the inclemency of fate: let not those who have never tasted the pleasures of existence, be assailed by any of its sorrows:—the eyes which are never gladdened by light, should never stream with tears.

EXERCISE CX.

THE BLIND MAN'S LAY. *Mrs. Whitman.*

"At times Allan felt as if his blindness were a blessing; — for it forced him to trust to his own soul, — to turn for comfort to the best and purest human affections, — and to see God always. Fanny could almost have wept to see the earth and the sky so beautiful, now that Allan's eyes were dark; but he whispered to her, that the smell of the budding trees and of the primroses, that he knew were near his feet, was pleasant indeed, and that the singing of all the little birds made his heart dance within him." — *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

Though I hear thee gayly tell
Of the tulip's shaded bell,
Of the wall-flower's varied hue,
And the violet "darkly blue,"
And the crimson blush that glows
On the rich, voluptuous rose, —
These no longer bloom for me:
These I never more may see.

But this gentle season still
Can my heart with gladness fill; —
I can hear the spring-winds blow,
And the gurgling fountains flow.
Hark! e'en now a zephyr breathes,
Through the balmy hawthorn wreaths,
Unfelt, unheard by all but me,
It swells so soft, so silently!

I can hear the humming-bee
Flitting o'er the sunny lea,
Wooing every bashful flower,
From morn till evening's dewy hour. —
All around, the voice of birds,
And the lisped and laughing words
Of merry childhood, greet my ear,
With power the saddest heart to cheer.

When o'er earth night's shadow lies,
I hear thee tell of cloudless skies,

And countless stars that twinkle through
Heaven's broad and boundless arch of blue;
Of snow-white spires and turrets fair,
Soft gleaming in the moonlit air,
Whose dusky depths of shadows lie
Heightening the brilliant scenery.

Then beneath the pine-trees tall,
Near yonder foaming waterfall,
I listen to the stock-dove's wail,
Far floating through the quiet vale;
Soft-sighing breezes waft to me
The fragrance of the birchen tree; —
And the "brawling burnie" wimples by,
With a gush of soothing melody.

E'en all sweet sense of these will fade
At times, — as though impervious shade,
Like that which hides me from the day,
O'er each external image lay: —
Then many a form thou canst not see,
Unfolds its sun-bright wings to me,
And, deep within my silent soul,
High thoughts and holiest visions roll.

EXERCISE CXI.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC. *N. P. Willis.*

There is unwritten music. The world is full of it. I hear it every hour that I wake; and my waking sense is surpassed sometimes by my sleeping, — though that is a mystery. There is no sound of simple nature that is not music. It is all God's work, and so harmony. You may mingle, and divide, and strengthen the passages of its great anthem; and it is still melody, — melody.

The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear, as if their sweetness were linked by an accurate finger; yet the wind is but a fitful player; and you may go out when the tempest is up, and hear the strong trees moaning as they lean before it, and

suffering and of sacrilege, of the prostration of Christ's followers, the profanation of his name, the pollution of the holy places, — tales of Moslem oppression and impiety, — were diffused and exaggerated, and believed with fierce and revengeful determination, from one end of Europe to the other.

"About twenty years after the conquest of Jerusalem by the Turks," says Gibbon, "the holy sepulchre was visited by a hermit of the name of Peter, a native of Amiens, in the province of Picardy, in France. His resentment and sympathy were excited by his own injuries, and the oppression of the Christian name. 'I will rouse,' exclaimed the hermit, 'the martial nations of Europe in the cause;' and Europe was obedient to the call of the hermit.

"Invigorated by the approbation of the pope, this zealous missionary traversed, with speed and success, the provinces of Italy and France. His diet was abstemious, his prayers long and fervent; and the alms which he received with one hand, he distributed with the other; his head was bare, his feet naked; his meagre body was wrapped in a coarse garment; he bore and displayed a weighty crucifix; and the ass on which he rode, was sanctified, in the public eye, by the service of the man of God. He preached to innumerable crowds in the churches, the streets, and the highways; the hermit entered, with equal confidence, the palace and the cottage; and the people, — for all were *people*, — were impetuously moved by his call to repentance and to arms. When he painted the sufferings of the natives and pilgrims of Palestine, every heart was melted to compassion; every breast glowed with indignation, when he challenged the warriors of the age to defend their brethren, and rescue their Saviour. His ignorance of art and language was compensated by sighs, and tears, and ejaculations; and Peter supplied the deficiency of reason by loud and frequent appeals to Christ and his mother, to the saints and angels of paradise, with whom he had personally conversed."

The practice of making foreign pilgrimages, existed in England, from the seventh till about the middle of the fifteenth century. Few persons of any station or wealth, failed, during that period, to engage in those religious tours; and, in later ages, they were not uncommon among persons in the middle ranks of life.

EXERCISE CXXVIII.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS. *Anna Maria Wells.*

Winter is coming on: the forest trees
Put off their green; and leaves that early fall,
Already lie, crushed by the white-winged frost;—
Others, yet waving to the breeze, array
Themselves in tints of crimson, brown, and gold,—
Gauds that foretell their ruin.

Now the last
Autumnal sunset bathes in yellow light
The hills! The pale-eyed moon, and that one star,
That never doth her mistress' side forsake,
Go wandering coldly through the clear blue sky.
Old earth her yearly task accomplished hath;
The joyous harvest is in-gathered; and
The labourer rests awhile from toil and care,
In fireside comfort, and the joys of home!
Winter is coming on! I feel it near,
The winter of my life!—Now, half afraid
To scan the train that startled memory brings,
Thought backward glances, and an inward voice
Asks for the harvest of my summer time.
In that sweet season, when all vital things
Within my soul first woke; when childhood smiled
As only childhood can, and life flowed on
As a clear stream that dances in the sun,
Though oft my wayward spirit would rebel,
I still, with answering gentleness, gave smile
For smile into the eyes that loved me. As
Young thoughts expanded, in my mind there grew
Heart-fancies, like to flowers that breathe delight;
While hopes, like butterflies, with gilded wings,
Lay lightly on them,—and false Flattery's voice
Mellifluous sang ever in my ear!
Did I then feel?—I did,—I did,—that there
Were purer, nobler objects. Then I had
Keen aspirations unto better things:—
I felt what virtue was, and worshipped it.
But in the bustle and the stir of life,
'Mid varied good and ill,—the gush of joy,—

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I felt what virtue was, and worshipped it.
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'Mid varied good and ill, — the gush of joy, —

Corroding sorrow, — oh! 'mid these, that power
Of holy truth that on me early fell,
Hath it been purely kept? and o'er my path
With steady ray, still doth it light me on?
My spirit — hath it known the grace of mild
Forbearance? And hath resignation kissed
Meekly the rod, — and grateful love adored
The Hand that blessed? The powers God gave—have they
Been nurtured, and, within their humble sphere,
Diffused around love, — joy, — intelligence?
Where are the golden stores of mind? — the fruits
Of intellectual and of moral strength? —
O inward voice, that *must* be answered, cease, —
Or help my prayers, — or tell my sinking heart
That the All-Wise is the All-Merciful!

EXERCISE CXXIX.

THE OCEAN. *Greenwood.*

"We sail the sea of life; — a calm one finds;
And one, a tempest; — and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all."

Thus discourses the ocean on the great themes of mortality, — the eloquent ocean, sounding forth incessantly, in its deep-toned surges, a true and dignified philosophy; repeating to every shore the moral and the mystery of human life.

But it does something more. — It is so vast, so uniform, so full, so all-enveloping, that it leads the thoughts to a sublimer theme than life or time, to the theme of dread eternity. When contemplations on this subject are suggested by it, human life shrinks up into a stream, wandering through a varied land, — now through flowers, and now through sands, now clearly and now turbidly, now smoothly and quietly, and now obstructed and chafed, till it is lost, at last, in the mighty ocean, which receives, and feels it not.

There is nothing among the earthly works of God, which brings the feeling, — for it can hardly be termed a conception, — the feeling of eternity so powerfully to the soul, as does the

"wide, wide sea." We look upon its waves, succeeding each other continually, one rising up as another vanishes; and we think of the generations of men, which lift up their heads for a while, and then pass away, one after the other,— for all the noise and show they make,— even as those restless and momentary waves. Thus the waves and the ages come and go, appear and disappear; and the ocean and eternity remain the same, undecaying and unaffected, abiding in the unchanging integrity of their solemn existence.

We stand upon the solitary shore; and we hear the surges beat, uttering such grand, inimitable symphonies as are fit for the audience of cliffs and skies; and our minds fly back through years and years, to that time, when, though we were not and our fathers were not, those surges were yet beating, incessantly beating, making the same wild music, and heard alone by the overhanging cliffs, and the overarching skies, which silently gave heed to it, even as they do now.

In the presence of this old and united company, we feel on what an exceedingly small point we stand, and how soon we shall be swept away, while the surges will continue to beat on that very spot, and the cliffs and the skies will still lean over to hear. This is what may be called the feeling of eternity.

Perhaps the feeling is rendered yet more intense, when we lie on our bed, musing and watching, and hear the sonorous cadences of the waves coming up solemnly and soothingly through the stillness of night. It is as the voice of a spirit, — as the voice of the spirit of eternity. The ocean seems now to be a living thing, ever living and ever moving, a sleepless influence, a personification of unending duration, uttering aloud the oracles of primeval truth.

"Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder, everlastingly."

Where are the myriads of men who have trodden its shores, and gone down to it in ships? They are passed away. Not a single trace has been left by all their armaments. Where are the old kingdoms which were once washed by its waves? They have been changed, and changed again, till a few ruins only tell where they stood. But the sea is still the same. Man can place no monuments upon it, with all his ambition and pride. It suffers not even a ruin to speak of his triumphs or his existence. It remains as young, as strong, as free, as when

it first listened to the Almighty Word, and responded with all its billows to the song of the morning stars.

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!"

EXERCISE CXXX.

ODE TO THE FLOWERS. *Horace Smith.*

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with man to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instinctive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer,—

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Assert the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned,—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamp the sun and moon supply;
Its choir, the winds and waves; its organ, thunder
Its dome, the sky!

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,

Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God,

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,—
Each cup a pulpit,—every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From lowliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour
Weep without woe, and blush without a crime!
Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed,"—the lily cries,—"in robes like ours:
"How vain your grandeur! ah! how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist!
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Nor useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night;
From every source your sanction bids me measure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope;
Each fading calyx a "*memento mori*,"—
Yet fount of hope?

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

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EXERCISE CXXXI.

THE BESIEGED CASTLE. *Scott.*

[The wounded knight of Ivanhoe, is lying sick and helpless, in a chamber of the castle, under the care of Rebecca the Jewess.]

The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text, — "The quiver rattleth — the glittering spear and the shield — the noise of the captains and the shouting."

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go, — if I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! — It is in vain, — it is in vain, — I am alike nerveless and weaponless."

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca; "the sounds have ceased, of a sudden: — it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfrid, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm: — it will burst anon in all its fury. — Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you, as I can, what passes without."

"You must not, — you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe;

"each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft" ——

"It shall be welcome," murmured Rebecca, as with a firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime,—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice, as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification, of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle-moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress; so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally-port, corresponding to the postern of the castle; and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and, from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to

storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed.—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" demanded Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron and a padlock painted blue, on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shackle-bolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device; but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance—God of Zion, protect us!—what a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers, (a species of kettle-drum,) retorted, in notes of defiance, the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "*En avant De Braçy!—Beau-seant! Beau-seant!—Front-de-Bœuf a la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was to be decided; and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence, on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge,

which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew, by scores together, against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed, — by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence, proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death, is played out by the hand of others! — Look from the window once again, kind maiden; but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath, — look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight of the fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer

barrier of the barbican.* — They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barrier with axes. — His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like the raven over the field of the slain. — They have made a breach in the barriers, — they rush in, — they are thrust back! — Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders, — I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides, — the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds."

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

EXERCISE CXXXII.

SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. — Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. — Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down! — he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear lady's sake tell me, — which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness, — "But no, — but no! the name of the Lord of hosts be blessed! — he is upon his feet again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. — His sword is broken, — he snatches an axe from a yeoman, — he presses Front-de-Bœuf

* Every Gothic castle and city had, beyond the outer walls, a fortification composed of palisades, called the barriers, which were often the scene of severe skirmishes; as these must necessarily be carried before the walls themselves could be approached. Many of those valiant feats of arms which adorn the chivalrous pages of Froissart, took place at the barriers of besieged places.

with blow on blow. — The giant stoops, and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman, — he falls, — he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf," answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty templar. — Their united force compels the champion to pause. — They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls!"

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have, — they have; — and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall: some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other, — down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees, upon their haeds; and, as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their place in the assault. — Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe: "this is no time for such thoughts: — Who yield? — who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them, like crushed reptiles. — The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" said the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly, — the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe: — the thundering blows which he deals, — you may hear them above all the din and shout of the battle. — Stones and beams are hailed down upon the bold champion, — he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers."

"By Saint John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed."

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes — it is splintered by his blows: — they rush in, — the outwork is won: — O God! — they hurl the defenders from the battlements, — they throw them into the moat: — O men! — if ye be indeed men, — spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge! — the bridge which communicates with the castle, — have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed: — few of the defenders es-

caped with him into the castle: — the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. — Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe. "Look forth yet again: — this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," said Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered; and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it, from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfrid, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. — Oh! no. — I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe has rent heart of oak and bars of iron. — Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there can be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do* — a fetterlock, and a shackle-bolt on a field sable! — what may that mean? — Seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; — but, having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! — it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero. Surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. — Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant enterprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house, — I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impa-

tient yearning after action,—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health.—How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry, to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live,—the dust of the mellay is the breath of our nostrils!—We live not,—we wish not to live longer than while we are victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a dream of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch?—What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled,—of all the travail and pain you have endured,—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe; "glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre, and embalms our name."

"Glory," continued Rebecca, "alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb,—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim,—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable?—Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

EXERCISE CXXXIII.

SHIP BY MOONLIGHT. *Wilson.*

It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous sea,
  Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,

While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
  Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the ocean's breast were stirred
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep,—
  'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
  That lies like a garment floating fair
    Above the happy deep.
The sea, I ween, cannot be fanned
By evening freshness from the land,
  For the land it is far away;
But God hath willed that the sky-born breeze,
In the centre of the loneliest seas,
  Should ever sport and play.
The mighty moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light,
That makes her wakeful eye more bright!
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellowed day!
The gracious Mistress of the Main
Hath now an undisturbèd reign,
And, from her silent throne, looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest!—
And lo! upon the murmuring waves
  A glorious Shape appearing,
A broad-winged Vessel, through the shower
  Of glimmering lustre steering!
As if the beauteous ship enjoyed
  The beauty of the sea,
She lifteth up her stately head,
  And saileth joyfully.
A lovely path before her lies,
  A lovely path behind:
She sails amid the loveliness
  Like a thing with heart and mind.
Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
  Slowly she beareth on;
A glorious phantom of the deep,
  Risen up to meet the moon.
The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
  On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings;

And the quiet voice of the rocking sea
To cheer the gliding vision sings.
Oh! ne'er did sky and water blend
In such a holy sleep,
Or bathe in brighter quietude
A roamer of the deep.
So far the peaceful soul of heaven
Hath settled on the sea,
It seems as if this weight of calm
Were from eternity.
O world of waters! the steadfast earth
Ne'er lay entranced like thee! —
Is she a vision wild and bright,
That sails amid the still moonlight,
At the dreaming soul's command?
A vessel borne by magic gales,
All rigged with gossamery sails,
And bound for Fairy-land?
Ah! no: — an earthly freight she bears,
Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
And lonely as she seems to be,
Thus left by herself on the moonlight sea
In loneliness that rolls,
She hath a constant company, —
In sleep, or waking revelry, —
Five hundred human souls!
Since first she sailed from fair England,
Three moons her path have cheered;
And another lights her lovelier lamp,
Since the Cape hath disappeared.
For an Indian isle she shapes her way; —
With constant mind, both night and day,
She seems to hold her home in view,
And sails as if the path she knew;
So calm and stately is her motion
Across the unfathomed pathless ocean!

EXERCISE CXXXIV.

BEAUTY. *R. W. Emerson.*

Beauty is ever that divine thing the ancients esteemed it. It is, they said, the flowering of virtue. Who can analyze the nameless charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency; but we cannot find whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam, points. It is destroyed for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organization. Nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love, that society knows and has, but,—as it seems to me,—to a quite other and unattainable sphere,—to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness,—a true fairy land;—to what roses and violets hint and foreshow.

We cannot get at beauty. Its nature is like opaline doves'-neck lustres, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things,—which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean Paul Richter signify, when he said to music, "Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have found not, and shall not find."

The same fact may be observed in every work of the plastic arts. The statue is then beautiful, when it begins to be incomprehensible, when it is passing out of criticism, and can no longer be defined by compass and measuring wand, but demands an active imagination to go with it, and to say what it is in the act of doing. The god or hero of the sculptor, is always represented in a transition *from* that which is representable to the senses, *to* that which is not. Then first it ceases to be a stone. The same remark holds of painting. And of poetry, the success is not attained when it lulls and satisfies, but when it astonishes and fires us with new endeavours after the unattainable. Concerning it, Landor inquires "whether it is not to be referred to some purer state of sensation and existence."

So must it be with personal beauty, which love worships. Then first is it charming and itself, when it dissatisfies us with any end; when it becomes a story without an end; when

it suggests gleams and visions, and not earthly satisfactions; when it seems

"too bright and good,
For human nature's daily food;"

when it makes the beholder feel his unworthiness; when he cannot feel his right to it, though he were Cæsar; — he cannot feel more right to it, than to the firmament, and the splendours of a sunset.

Hence arose the saying, "If I love you, what is that to you?" We say so, because we feel that what we love, is not in your will, but above it. It is the radiance of you, and not you. It is that which you know not in yourself, and can never know.

This agrees well with that high philosophy of Beauty, which the ancient writers delighted in; for they said, that the soul of man, imbodied here on earth, went roaming up and down in quest of that other world of its own, out of which it came into this, but was soon stupified by the light of the natural sun, and unable to see any other objects than those of this world, which are but shadows of real things. Therefore, the Deity sends the glory of youth before the soul, that it may avail itself of beautiful bodies, as aids to its recollection of the celestial good and fair; and the man beholding such a person in the female sex, runs to her, and finds the highest joy in contemplating the form, movement, and intelligence of this person, because it suggests to him the presence of that which, indeed, is within the beauty, and the cause of the beauty.

If, however, from too much conversing with material objects, the soul was gross, and misplaced its satisfaction in the body, it reaped nothing but sorrow; body being unable to fulfil the promise which beauty holds out; but if, accepting the hint of these visions and suggestions which beauty makes to his mind, the soul passes through the body, and falls to admire strokes of character, and the lovers contemplate one another in their discourses and their actions, then, they pass to the true palace of Beauty, — more and more inflame their love of it, and by this love extinguishing the base affection, as the sun puts out the fire by shining on the hearth, they become pure and hallowed. By conversation with that which is in itself excellent, magnanimous, lovely and just, the lover comes to a warmer love of these nobilities, and a quicker apprehension of them. Then, he passes from loving them in

one, to loving them in all; — and so is the one beautiful soul only the door through which he enters to the society of all true and pure souls. In the particular society of his mate, he attains a clearer sight of any spot, any taint, which her beauty has contracted from this world, and is able to point it out, and this with mutual joy that they are now able, without offence, to indicate blemishes and hinderances in each other, and give to each all help and comfort in curing the same. And, beholding in many souls the traits of the divine beauty, and separating in each soul that which is divine from the taint which they have contracted in the world, the lover ascends ever to the highest beauty, to the love and knowledge of the Divinity, by steps on this ladder of created souls.

Somewhat like this have the truly wise told us of love in all ages. The doctrine is not old, nor is it new. If Plato, Plutarch, and Apuleius taught it, so have Petrarch, Angelo, and Milton. It awaits a truer unfolding in opposition and rebuke to that subterranean prudence which presides at marriages with words that take hold of the upper world, whilst one eye is eternally boring down into the cellar, so that its gravest discourse has ever a slight savour of hams and powdering-tubs. Worst, when the snout of this sensualism intrudes into the education of young women, and withers the hope and affection of human nature, by teaching, that marriage signifies nothing but a housewife's thrift, and that woman's life has no other aim.

EXERCISE CXXXV.

THE FLOWER-STEALERS. *Laman Blanchard.*

Following the gardener through some of the loveliest portions of the ducal demesne, we all entered the conservatory.

The heat was oppressive. As we passed out of the fresh air, although the light breeze that crept about had just before appeared to serve no other purpose than that of blowing the sunshine into our eyes, the atmospheric change was strikingly perceptible. The uneasy sensation, however, was but momentary; for as soon as the rapid glance, startled and delighted, had taken in the full display of flower and leaf,

every sense seemed to share the intoxication of the eye, and the rapt soul fed on a profusion of beauty.

The collection so striking and superb in its general effect, was more enchanting in detail. We paused at every step; admiring in plants familiar to us, a perfection and maturity unknown to them elsewhere; and in others, which were new to our eyes, a charm surpassing all. We became converts to the melancholy doctrine, that the loveliest things are after all the rarest. But there was no touch of melancholy in the feeling then. That keen perception of the beautiful was all joy.

The ladies, who were my companions, were gladdened beyond telling. Among their various tastes there was one, — it was rather a passion, — that made the whole five hearts beat as with a single pulse. One love united them all, — gave the same lustre of earnestness and admiration to their eyes, the same flush of warmth and pleasure to their cheeks, — it was the Love of Flowers!

On they passed, slowly and inquiringly, but with quick sight and leaping hearts; their ribands, their draperies, all but the cheeks before mentioned, and the lips that might be yet more lovingly alluded to, made pale by the hues which surrounded us.

The plants, in their utmost rarity and bloom, still seemed but worthy, — only worthy, — of their human admirers.

While I was gently musing upon the elevating, the purifying influence which the love of floriculture exercises, even over coarser minds, and exulting in its exquisite workings upon the refined natures of my fair companions, I was stopped by a general exclamation of pleasure, suddenly elicited by the view of an unrivalled cluster of blossoms, crowning many others, which rose or fell in infinite variety and with astonishing profusion. Why record the name of this plant? — even its colour, or the figure of its countless leaves?

As we stopped, the gardener, who had left us to gather bouquets for the party, reëntered, and presenting each of us with some choice flowers, said,

"I would cut you some of these beautiful clusters, ladies," (turning to the *one* plant,) "but they would die directly in the open air — *you could not keep them ten minutes.*"

I felt half angry with the good nature of our attendant. Cut them! *Those!* The precious perishables! To doom their short lives to a yet shorter date, — to destroy their consummate symmetry, — seize their peerless beauty, and waste

it on "the desert air!" The idea of it awoke terror. It seemed impiety. It was like shooting nightingales while in full song, or clipping the wings of humming-birds.

When he again quitted the conservatory, we pursued our tour of admiration, found numberless beauties we had missed, and presently returning, stood before the same specimen of floricultural perfection. And here the pen seems actually to burn between my fingers; — my very fingers, as they guide it, blush.

Whether it was that the idea of cuttings from its rich stem had been implanted in the minds of my innocent and gentle companions by him who had given breath to it, — or whether that spark of doubtful and conditional promise had fallen upon an inflammable train of wishes already existing in the mind, I know not; but their desires now appeared all to take the same direction; — they grew ungovernable; — they began to find expression, not in coveting look alone, but in broken words and half-repressed exclamations. United in one guileless and enthusiastic love before, they seemed united still, — but it was in one wish, — one fear, — not a fear of sacrilege, but of detection.

Yes, a fear of humiliation and exposure! — not of profanation and theft, in plucking a forbidden treasure of unexampled delicacy, and trampling it in the dust.

Before we passed over the threshold of that conservatory, every one of the five ladies had snatched a slip!

As I stepped into the fresh air, the breeze was not in the least degree cooler to my cheek than the atmosphere within; but in one instant I felt my heart plunged into a cold bath.

"That thing of beauty is a pang forever."

O ancient mariner "who shot the albatross!" Young hearts that never throbbed on the far sea, — spirits tender and weak, that would tremble even in the calm, and expire in the first breath of tempest, — may yet do as cruel and terrible things, calling them all the while the deeds of rapturous love!

O Bardolph! who, having stolen the lady's lute-case, carried it eleven miles, and sold it for three-halfpence, a most judicious thief wert thou, compared with purloiners, whose fragrant prizes wither in the common air, and yield them nothing.

O lady, whom the great prose-teacher of memorable lessons in our complex and erring humanity, has immortalized

without naming,—you, who, prompted by your religious love, stole Tillotson's Sermons from your friend,—look earthward, wherever you are, and see what love of flowers will prompt its votaries to do!

Under what sacred robes do we play our tricks! What holy names we bestow upon our covetous desires! What theft and spoliation we commit in the temple of the purest affection, amidst the symbols and evidence of innocence! Let no one ever talk of the "sentiment of flowers," who has not within him the hallowed principle, which ever guards him from the temptation of stealing even the meanest,—violating truth at her very altar, and uprooting the sheltering plant of confidence.

EXERCISE CXXXVI.

QUALITIES REQUISITE IN A WIFE. *Dr. Aikin.*

Tastes, manners, and opinions, being things not original, but acquired, cannot be of so much consequence as the fundamental properties of good sense and good temper. Possessed of these, a wife, who loves her husband, will fashion herself in the others according to what she perceives to be his inclination; and if, after all, a considerable diversity remain between them, in such points, this is not incompatible with domestic comfort. But sense and temper can never be dispensed with in the companion for life: they form the basis on which the whole edifice of happiness is to be raised. As both are absolutely essential, it is needless to inquire which is so in the highest degree. Fortunately, they are oftener met with together, than separate; for the just and reasonable estimation of things, which true good sense inspires, almost necessarily produces that equanimity and moderation of spirit, in which good temper properly consists.

There is, indeed, a kind of thoughtless good nature, which is not unfrequently coupled with weakness of understanding; but, having no power of self-direction, its operations are capricious; and no reliance can be placed on it for promoting solid felicity. When, however, this easy humour appears with the attractions of youth and beauty, there is some danger lest even men of sense should overlook the defects of a shallow capacity, especially if they have entertained the too

common notion, that women are no better than playthings, designed rather for the amusement of their lords and masters, than for the more serious purposes of life. But no man ever married a fool without severely repenting it; for though the pretty trifler may have served well enough for the hour of gayety, yet when folly assumes the reins of domestic, and especially of parental control, she will give a perpetual heart-ache to a considerate partner.

On the other hand, there are to be met with instances of considerable powers of the understanding, combined with waywardness of temper, sufficient to destroy all the comfort of life. Malignity is sometimes joined with wit, haughtiness and caprice with talents, sourness and suspicion with sagacity, and cold reserve with judgment. But all these being in themselves unamiable qualities, it is less necessary to guard against the possessors of them. They generally render even beauty unattractive; and no charm, but that of fortune, is able to overcome the repugnance they excite. How much more fatal than even folly they are to all domestic felicity, you have probably already seen enough of the matrimonial state to judge.

Many of the qualities which fit a woman for a companion, also adapt her for the office of a helper; but many additional ones are requisite. The original purpose for which this sex was created, is said, you know, to have been, providing man with a help-mate; yet it is, perhaps, that notion of a wife, which least occupies the imagination in the season of courtship. Be assured, however, that, as an office for life, its importance stands extremely high to one whose situation does not place him above the want of such aid; and fitness for it should make a leading consideration in his choice. Romantic ideas of domestic felicity will infallibly, in time, give way to that true state of things, which will show that a large part of it must arise from well-ordered affairs, and an accumulation of petty comforts and conveniences.

A clean and quiet fireside, regular and agreeable meals, decent apparel, a house managed with order and economy, ready for the recéption of a friend or the accommodation of a stranger, a skilful as well as affectionate nurse in time of sickness, — all these things compose a very considerable part of what the nuptial state was intended to afford us; and, without them, no charms of person or understanding will long continue to bestow delight. The arts of housewifery should be regarded as professional to the woman who intends to be-

come a wife; and to select one for that station, who is destitute of them, or disinclined to exercise them, however otherwise accomplished, is as absurd, as it would be to choose for your lawyer or physician a man who excelled in every thing rather than in law or physic.

Let me remark, too, that knowledge and good will are not the only requisites for the office of a helper. It demands a certain energy both of body and mind, which is less frequently met with among the females of the present age, than might be wished. How much soever infirm and delicate health may interest the feelings, it is certainly an undesirable attendant on a connection for life. Nothing can be more contrary to the qualification of a help-mate, than a condition, which constantly requires that assistance which it never can impart.

EXERCISE CXXXVII.

LOVE FOR HUMANITY. *Mrs. Child.*

If at times, the discord of man proves too strong for thee, go out into the great temple of Nature, and drink in freshness from her never-failing fountain. The devices of men pass away as a vapour; but she changes never. Above all fluctuations of opinion, and all the tumult of the passions, she smiles ever, in various but unchanging beauty. I have gone to her with tears in my eyes, with a heart full of the saddest forebodings, for myself and all the human race; and lo! she has shown me a babe plucking a white clover, with busy, uncertain little fingers, and the child walked straight into my heart, and prophesied as hopefully as an angel; and I believed her, and went on my way rejoicing.

The language of nature, like that of music, is universal: it speaks to the heart, and is understood by all. *Dialects* belong to clans and sects; *tones* to the universe. High above all language, floats music on its amber cloud. It is not the exponent of *opinion*, but of *feeling*. The *heart* made it; therefore it is infinite. It reveals more than language can ever utter, or thoughts conceive. And high as music is above mere dialects, — winging its godlike way, while verbs and nouns go creeping, — even so, sounds the voice of Love,

that clear, treble-note of the universe, into the heart of man, and the ear of Jehovah.

In sincere humility do I acknowledge that if I am less guilty than some of my human brothers, it is mainly because I have been *beloved*. Kind emotions and impulses have not been sent back to me, like dreary echoes, through empty rooms. All around me, at this moment, are tokens of a friendly heart-warmth. A sheaf of dried grasses brings near the gentle image of one who gathered them for love; a varied group of the graceful lady-fern tells me of summer rambles in the woods, by one who mingled thoughts of me with all her glimpses of nature's beauty. A rose-bush, from a poor Irish woman, speaks to me of her blessings. A bird of paradise, sent by friendship, to warm the wintry hours with thoughts of sunny Eastern climes, cheers me with its floating beauty, like a fairy fancy. Flower-tokens from the best of neighbours, have come, all summer long, to bid me a blithe good morning, and tell me news of sunshine and fresh air. A piece of sponge, graceful as if it grew on the arms of the wave, reminds me of Grecian seas, and of Hylas borne away by water-nymphs. It was given me for its uncommon beauty; and who will not try harder to be good, for being deemed a fit recipient of the beautiful? A root, which promises to bloom into fragrance, is sent by an old Quaker lady, whom I know not, but who says, "I would fain minister to thy love of flowers." Affection sends childhood to peep lovingly at me from engravings, or stand in classic grace, imbodied in the little plaster cast. The far-off and the near, the past and the future, are with me in my humble apartment. True, the mementoes cost little of the world's wealth; for they are of the simplest kind; but they express the universe,—because they are thoughts of love, clothed in forms of beauty.

Why do I mention these things? From vanity? Nay, verily; for it often humbles me to tears, to think how much I am loved more than I deserve; while thousands, far nearer to God, pass on their thorny path, comparatively uncheered by love and blessing. But it came into my heart to tell you how much these things helped me to be *good;* how they were like roses dropped by unseen hands, guiding me through a wilderness-path unto our Father's mansion. And the love that helps *me* to be good, I would have you bestow upon all, that *all* may become good. To love others, is greater happiness than to be beloved by them; to *do* good is more blessed

than to *receive*. The heart of Jesus was so full of love, that he called little children to his arms, and folded John upon his bosom; and this love made him capable of such divine self-renunciation, that he could offer up even his life for the good of the world.

The desire to be beloved is ever restless and unsatisfied; but the love that flows out upon others, is a perpetual well-spring from on high. *This* source of happiness is within the reach of all: here, — if not elsewhere, — may the stranger and the friendless satisfy the infinite yearnings of the human heart, and find therein refreshment and joy.

EXERCISE CXXXVIII.

A QUAKER MEETING. *Charles Lamb.*

READER, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite: come with me into a Quaker meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that "before the winds were made," go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thine ears, with little-faithed, self-mistrusting Ulysses. Retire with me into a Quaker meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is a great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert, compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes? Here the goddess reigns and revels. "Boreas, and Cecias, and Argestes loud," do not with their inter-confounding uproars more augment the brawl, — nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds, — than their opposite, (Silence, her sacred self,) is multiplied and rendered more intense by

numbers, and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and less! and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quaker meeting. Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brother by his agreeing spirit of uncommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by, — say a wife, — he, or she, too, (if that be probable,) reading another, without interruption, or oral communication? Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words? Away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitariness! Give me, — Master Zimmerman, — a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone in the cloisters or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken, —

"Or under hanging mountains,
Or by the fall of fountains," —

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy, who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness "to be felt." The abbey church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quaker meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions, —

"sands, ignoble things,
Dropped from the ruined sides of kings;" —

but here is something which throws Antiquity herself into the foreground, — Silence, — eldest of things, language of old Night, — primitive discourser, — to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

"How reverend is the view of these hushed heads,
Looking tranquillity!"

Nothing-plotting, naught-caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! —

What a lesson dost thou read to council and to consistory! If my pen treat of you lightly, — as haply it will wander, — yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewsbury. I have witnessed that which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violence of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you; — for ye sat between the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and offscouring of church and presbytery. I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amid lambs. And I remember Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and "the judge and the jury became as dead men under his feet."

EXERCISE CXXXIX.

SONG FOR AUGUST. *Harriet Martineau.*

BENEATH this starry arch,
  Nought resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march
  As if by one great will.
    Moves one, move all;
    Hark to the footfall!
      On, on, forever.

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed;
As eave-drops swell the streams,
Day thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song.
      On, on, forever.

By night, like stars on high,
  The hours reveal their train;

They whisper and go by;
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, forever.

They pass the cradle head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime,
The harvests of all time.
On, on, forever.

EXERCISE CXL.

RECIPROCAL INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE AND MORALS. *Prof. Frisbie.*

Those compositions in poetry and prose, which constitute the literature of a nation, — the essay, the drama, the novel, — it cannot be doubted, have a most extensive and powerful influence upon the moral feelings and character of the age. The very business of the authors of such works, is, directly or indirectly, with the heart. Even descriptions of natural scenery, owe much of their beauty and interest to the moral associations they awaken.

In like manner, fine turns of expression or thought, often operate more by suggestion than enumeration. But when feelings and passions are directly described, or imbodied in the hero, and called forth by the incidents of a story, it is then that the magic of fiction and poetry is complete, — that they enter in and dwell in the secret chambers of the soul, moulding it at will. In these moments of deep excitement, must not a bias be given to the character, and much be done to elevate and refine, or degrade and pollute, those sympathies and sentiments which are the sources of much of our virtue and happiness, or our guilt and misery?

The danger is that, in such cases, we do not discriminate the distinct action of associated causes. Even in what is presented to the senses, we are aware of the power of habit-

nal combination. An object naturally disagreeable, becomes beautiful, because we have often seen the sun shine or the dew sparkle upon it, or it has been grouped in a scene of peculiar interest. Thus the powers of fancy and of taste, blend associations in the mind, which disguise the original nature of moral qualities. A liberal generosity, a disinterested self-devotion, a powerful energy, or deep sensibility of soul, a contempt of danger and death, are often so connected in story with the most profligate principles and manners, that the latter are excused and even sanctified by the former. The impression, which so powerfully seizes all the sympathies, is one; and the ardent youth becomes almost ambitious of a character he ought to abhor. So too sentiments, from which, in their plain form, delicacy would revolt, are insinuated with the charms of poetical imagery and expression; and even the coarseness of Fielding is probably less pernicious than the seducing refinement of writers like Moore; whose voluptuous sensibility steals upon the heart, and corrupts its purity, as the moonbeams, in some climates, are believed to poison the substances on which they fall.

But in no productions of modern genius is the reciprocal influence of morals and literature more distinctly seen, than in those of the author of Childe Harold. His character produced the poems; and it cannot be doubted, that his poems are adapted to produce such a character. His heroes speak a language, supplied not more by imagination, than consciousness. They are not those machines, that, by a contrivance of the artist, send forth a music of their own, — but instruments, through which he breathes his very soul, in tones of agonized sensibility, that cannot but give a sympathetic impulse to those who hear. The desolate misanthropy of his mind rises, and throws its dark shade over his poetry, like one of his own ruined castles: we feel it to be sublime; but we forget, that it is a sublimity it cannot have, till it is abandoned by every thing that is kind and peaceful and happy, and its halls are ready to become the haunts of outlaws and assassins.

Nor are his more tender and affectionate passages those, to which we can yield ourselves without a feeling of uneasiness. It is not that we can here and there select a proposition formally false or pernicious; but that he leaves an impression unfavourable to a healthful state of thought and feeling, peculiarly dangerous to the finest minds and most susceptible hearts. They are the scene of a summer evening, where all

is tender and beautiful and grand; but the damps of disease descend with the dews of heaven, and the pestilent vapours of night are breathed in with the fragrance and balm; and the delicate and fair are the surest victims of the exposure.

Although I have illustrated the moral influence of literature, principally from its mischiefs; yet it is obvious, if what I said be just, it may be rendered no less powerful, as a means of good. Is it not true that within the last century a decided and important improvement in the moral character of our literature, has taken place; and, had Pope and Smollett written at the present day, would the former have published the imitations of Chaucer, or the latter the adventures of Pickle and Random? Genius cannot now sanctify impurity or want of principle; and our critics and reviewers are exercising jurisdiction not only upon the literary but moral blemishes of the authors, that come before them. We observe, with peculiar pleasure, the sentence of just indignation, which the Edinburgh tribunal has pronounced upon Moore, Swift, Goethe, and in general the German sentimentalists. Indeed, the fountains of literature into which an enemy has sometimes infused poison, naturally flow with refreshment and health. Cowper and Campbell have led the muses to repose in the bowers of religion and virtue; and Miss Edgeworth has so cautiously combined the features of her characters, that the predominant expression is ever what it should be; she has shown us, not vices ennobled by virtues, but virtues, degraded and perverted by their union with vices. The success of this lady has been great; but had she availed herself more of the motives and sentiments of religion, we think it would have been greater. She has stretched forth a powerful hand to the impotent in virtue; and had she added, with the apostle, — "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth," — we should almost have expected miracles from its touch.

The incorporating of religion with morality we mention, in the last place, as a means of practical influence. Those we have hitherto noticed, have a more particular reference to the higher and intellectual classes; but this extends to every order in society. It is not the fountain, which plays only in the gardens of the palace, but the rain of heaven which descends alike upon the enclosures of the rich and the poor, and refreshes the meanest shrub, no less than the fairest flower. The sages of antiquity seem to have believed, that morality had nothing to do with religion; and Christians of the middle age, that religion had nothing to do with morality;

but, at the present day, we acknowledge how intimate and important is their connection. It is not views of moral fitness, by which the minds of men are at first to be affected, but by connecting their duties with the feelings and motives, the hopes and fears, of Christianity. Both are necessary: the latter, to prompt and invigorate virtue; the former, to give it the beauty of knowledge and taste. It is heat, that causes the germ to spring, and flourish in the heart; but it is light, that imparts verdure to its foliage, and their hues to its flowers.

EXERCISE CXLI.

BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS. *Cunningham.*

The cottage in which Burns was born, was raised by the hands of his father, on Doonside, nigh to the town of Ayr, and close to the old kirk of Alloway. It would seem to have been but a frail structure: a few days after his birth, a rough wind shook part of the gable and roof to the ground; and the swaddled poet was carried to the shelter of a neighbouring cottage. He loved, it is said, to allude to this when he grew up, and gayly claim commiseration for the stormy passions of one to whom a tempest had acted as handmaid.

In other days, a mason was seldom called in, and an architect never, to the construction of our northern shealings. The peasant marked out the ground-floor, (near a stream, and in the shelter of wood or hill,) of his projected dwelling-place: the wood-work, — nearly as rough as when felled in the forest, — was first framed and erected; around the legs of the couples, or principal timbers of the roof, which generally stood on the ground, the rustic artist reared his walls of clay, straw, and stone; shaped out his windows and his door, made his fireside roomy, and then covered the whole in with turf and broom.

The abode had a rough comfort about it, which atoned for want of elegance; and with a well-managed "kale-yard," behind the house, a spring-well probably nigh the door, and meal in the chest, and some books on the shelves, the "inventor and maker" of the shealing set up his staff; and with the wife of his bosom, commenced housekeeping. There is little either poetic or heroic in this; yet poets of a high or-

der, and heroes of the truest stamp, have sprung from such hovels.

The birthplace of Burns, like the dwelling-places of other bards, has had its revolutions. The houses in which Milton lived are cast down; the home of Shakspeare has become a butcher's shop; through part of the abode of Cowley, the members of a turnpike-trust have driven a road; in the grove of Pope, — the nightingale of Twickenham, — birds, but not of song, roost and abide; while, in the cottage of Burns, an alehouse-keeper bottles off his barrels, and makes an honest penny of passers by, who halt to look at the place whence the great light of Scottish song came.

All around are to be seen places made sacred by his muse: every hill has its fame; every stream its praise; every wood its immortality; nor has the poet failed to consecrate in verse the rude structure which has been described. In the words uttered at the hour of his birth, he indicates the fame which awaits him.

"He'll be a credit to us a', —
We'll a' be proud of Robin."

A random sentiment of his own, — but now the fixed opinion of mankind.

EXERCISE CXLII.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S MOTHER. *Anon.*

To his mother, the Ettrick Shepherd was more indebted for much of his after-celebrity, than the world will perhaps be inclined to allow. In this remarkable woman he found a mental nurse, capable of fostering his rising genius, and of cheering him on in his earliest aspirations after fame. She soon discovered that her shepherd-boy had something within him not to be found in the common herd of mankind: to bring that out was her early, and, as the world has seen, her successful endeavour.

Margaret Laidlaw would, in any station of life, have been considered a woman of no ordinary character. Like her more remarkable son, she was almost entirely self-educated. When in her twelfth or thirteenth year, she had the misfortune to lose her own mother; and, being the eldest of several

children, the care of a father's family wholly devolved upon her, at a period of her life when the children of the Scottish peasantry usually enjoy the advantages which the parochial schools of their country so widely diffuse over their land. Margaret Laidlaw early felt her inferiority to her more favoured brothers and sisters; and, with a zeal highly laudable in one so young, determined to overcome the disadvantages under which she laboured. To accomplish this, on the Sabbath day,—her only day of rest,—she would wander out upon the mountains, a solitary being, yet not alone; her Bible was her companion. Her zeal soon accomplished the object dearest to her heart, and supplied many of the defects in her imperfect education.

At this period,—about the year 1740,—the race of minstrels was not altogether extinct, on the borders of Scotland; and, from the recitations of one of these wanderers, an old man verging on his ninetieth year, Margaret Laidlaw stored her memory, a most retentive one, with many thousand lines of the border ballads. To the knowledge of this aged individual,—perhaps the last of his race,—she was no unworthy successor; and from her lips Sir Walter Scott afterwards took down several of the finest ballads in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

The cottage in which Margaret Laidlaw was born, and under the roof of which she passed the first thirty years of her life, is situated in one of the wildest and most sequestered glens in the south of Scotland. To those who have been accustomed to the luxuriant valleys and richer plains of the south, Phaup might well appear a region of desolation:—at best it is but the nursing-place of the storm,—where thick mists and thunder-clouds lord it over the surrounding mountains, for the greater part of the year.

During the long months of winter, little or no intercourse was to be had between the inhabitants of this dwelling in the wilderness and the more busy world: when we reflect upon such circumstances, is it to be wondered at, that the mind of Margaret Laidlaw was early filled with all the superstitious notions which were then so prevalent? She lived, as it were, at the fountain-head of superstition, and had drunk deeply from its troubled waters: a dweller in the lonesome wilderness, she had heard, or imagined she had heard—

"Those airy tongues, which syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

She was a firm believer in the existence of those spiritual beings with which fancy had peopled every hill and dale, and every running stream, in her native wilds. In her day, the shepherd, while tending his flock, had seen, in imagination, that playful race from fairy land, dancing in the dewy dell, beneath the light of the broad harvest moon; the "brownie" was no unfrequent visitor at the cottage of the peasant, as well as in the hall of the lordly proprietor; the shriek of the "water-kelpie" had been heard amid the rising storm; and the deceitful glare of the Will-o'-the-wisp had often allured the unsuspicious and homeless wanderer to an untimely grave.

In after-years, when Margaret Laidlaw became a mother, it was her practice to amuse her children, during the long nights of winter, with animated recitations from the border ballads: these she would deliver in a strain something between a chant and a song; or she would relate tales of fairy land or witchcraft, or might, perhaps, thrill the young hearts of her children, by affecting accounts of the death of some unfortunate shepherd, who had perished amidst the snow, when endeavouring to rescue his flock from the wreath under which they had been buried. But while she thus gave vent to her imagination, she was never forgetful of that which was of still greater importance; we mean the religious instruction of her children: she was in the daily habit of reading passages to them from the sacred volume, and those of a nature which she knew would not only interest, but would also improve, the infant mind.

EXERCISE CXLIII.

LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES, IN 1707. *Addison.*

There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory, I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago, it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men.* The women were of such an enormous stature, that we appeared as grasshop-

* This refers to the commode called by the French *fontange*,—a kind of head-dress worn by the ladies at the beginning of the eighteenth century, which, by means of wire, boro up the hair, and

pers before them: at present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of; or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizable, is still a secret: though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout and flourish with greater heads than before.

For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of Nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the "coiffure" now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present reigns among the valuable part of the sex.

One may observe, that women, in all ages, have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and, indeed, I very much admire, that those female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time, the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it:—

"With curls on curls they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tower:
A giantess she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pygmy kind."

the forepart of the cap,—consisting of many folds of fine lace,—to a prodigious height. The transition from this to the opposite extreme was very abrupt and sudden.

But I do not remember, in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones, or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a pygmy without her head-dress, appeared like a colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin * says, "These old-fashioned '*fontanges*' rose an ell above the head; that they were pointed like steeples; and had long loose pieces of crape, fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers."

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place, to preach down this monstrous commode; and succeeded so well in it, that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames, upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned, as well for the sanctity of his life, as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, who appeared, (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer,) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and, whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure; or, — to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, — "The women, that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over." This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age, is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre in his History of Bretagne,† and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

* Guillaume Paradin was a French writer of the sixteenth century, author of several voluminous histories.

† Thomas Conecte, mentioned above, was a Carmelite monk born in Bretagne, who began to be famous for his preaching in 1428. After having travelled through several parts of Europe, opposing the fashionable vices of the age, this celebrated preacher came at length

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for the making of laws against the exorbitance of power: in the same manner, an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers, by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bone lace.

EXERCISE CXLIV.

ATTEMPTS AT DOMESTIC EDUCATION. *Mrs. Gilman.*

[*From "Recollections of a Southern Matron."*]

After the departure of our Connecticut teacher, papa resolved to carry on our education himself. We were to rise by daylight, that he might pursue his accustomed ride over the fields, after breakfast. New writing-books were taken out and ruled,—fresh quills laid by their side,—our task carefully committed to memory; and we sat with a mixture of docility and curiosity, to know how he would manage as a teacher.

to Rome, where his zeal led him to reprove the enormities of the papal court, and the dissoluteness of the Romish clergy. On this, he was imprisoned, tried, and condemned to the flames for heresy: a punishment which he suffered with great constancy in 1434.

The first three days, our lessons being on trodden ground, and ourselves under the impulse of novelty, we were very amiable, — he, very paternal. On the fourth, John was turned out of the room, — Richard was pronounced a mule; and I went sobbing to mamma, as if my heart would break; while papa said he might be compelled to ditch rice-fields, but he never would undertake to teach children again.

A slight constraint was thrown over the family, for a day or two. But it soon wore off; and papa returned to his good nature. For three weeks, we were as wild as fawns, until mamma's attention was attracted by my sunburnt complexion, and my brother's torn clothes.

"This will never answer," said she to papa. "Look at Cornelia's face! It is as brown as a chincapin. Richard has ruined his new suit; and John has cut his leg with the carpenter's tools. I have half a mind to keep school for them, myself."

Papa gave a slight whistle, which seemed rather to stimulate than check her resolution.

"Cornelia," said she, "go directly to your brothers, and prepare your books for to-morrow. *I* will teach you."

The morning after mamma's order, we assembled at ten o'clock. There was a little trepidation in her manner; but we loved her too well to annoy her by noticing it. Her education had been confined to mere rudiments; and her good sense led her only to conduct our reading, writing, and spelling.

We stood in a line.

"Spell *irrigate*," said she. Just then the coachman entered, and bowing, said, "Maussa send me for de key for get four quarts o' corn for him bay horse."

The key was given.

"Spell *imitate*," said mamma.

"We did not spell *irrigate*," we all exclaimed.

"Oh! no," said she, "*irrigate*."

By the time the two words were well through, Chloë, the most refined of our coloured circle, appeared.

"Will mistress please to *medjure* out some calomel for Syphax, who is feverish and onrestless?"

During mamma's visit to the doctor's shop, as the medicine-closet was called, we overturned the inkstand on her mahogany table, and wiped it up with our pocket-handkerchiefs. It required some time to cleanse and arrange ourselves; and just as we were seated, and had advanced a little way, on our

orthographical journey, Maum Phillis entered with her usual drawl, "Little maussa want for nurse, marm."

While this operation was going on, we gathered round mamma, to play bo-peep with the baby, until even she forgot our lessons. At length, the little pet was dismissed; and our line was formed again.

Mamma's next interruption, after successfully issuing a few words, was to settle a quarrel between La Fayette and Venus, two little creatures, who were going through their daily drill, in learning to rub the furniture, which, with brushing off flies at meals, constitutes the first instruction for house servants.

These important and classical personages rubbed about a stroke to the minute, on each side of the cellaret; rolling up their eyes, and making grimaces at each other. At this crisis, they had laid claim to the same rubbing-cloth. Mamma stopped the dispute by ordering my seamstress Flora, who was sewing for me, to apply the weight of her thimble, that long-known weapon of offence, as well as implement of industry, to their organ of firmness.

"Spell *accentuate*," said mamma, whose finger had slipped from the column.

"No, no; that is not the place," we exclaimed, rectifying the mistake.

"Spell *irritate*," said she, with admirable coolness; and John fairly succeeded, just as the overseer's son, a sallow little boy with yellow hair, and blue homespun dress, came in with his hat on, and kicking up one foot, for manners, said, "Fayther says as how he wants Master Richard's horse, to help tote some tetters * to t'other field."

This pretty piece of alliteration was complied with, after some remonstrance from brother Dick; and we finished our column.

At this crisis, before we were fairly seated at writing, mamma was summoned to the hall, to one of the field hands, who had received an injury in the ankle from a hoe. Papa and the overseer being at a distance, she was obliged to superintend the wound. We all followed her; La Fayette and Venus bringing up the rear. She inspected the sufferer's great foot, covered with blood and perspiration, superintended a bath, prepared a healing application, and bound it on with her own delicate hands, first quietly tying on a black

* Potatoes.

apron over her white dress. Here was no shrinking, no hiding of the eyes; and, while extracting some extraneous substance from the wound, her manner was as resolute as it was gentle and consoling.

This episode gave Richard an opportunity to unload his pockets of ground-nuts, and treat us therewith. We were again seated at our writing-books, and were going on swimmingly with "Avoid evil company," when a little crow-minder, hoarse from his late occupation, came in with a basket of eggs, and said,—

"Mammy Phillis send missis some egg for buy, ma'am: she ain't so bery well, and ax for some 'baccer."

It took a little time to pay for the eggs, and send to the store-room for the Virginia weed, of which opportunity we availed ourselves to draw figures on our slates: mamma reproved us; and we were resuming our duties, when the cook's son approached, and said,—

"Missis, Daddy Ajax say he been broke de axe, and ax me for ax you for len' him de new axe."

This made us shout out with laughter; and the business was scarcely settled, when the dinner-horn sounded. That evening, a carriage full of friends arrived from the city, to pass a week with us; and thus ended mamma's experiment in teaching.

EXERCISE CXLV.

THE WATER-LILY. *Mrs. Hemans.*

"The water-lilies, that are serene amid the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves." — *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen!—
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower! —
The gentle and the firm — thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee, —
The love of woman, — quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Midst Life's dark sea!

And Faith — Oh! is not Faith
Like thee, too, Lily, — springing into light,
Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, linked with such high thought,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And peace is wrought: —

Something yet more divine
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre, shed
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine!

EXERCISE CXLVI.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

Miss Landon.

"The rose — the glorious rose is gone."
Lays of Many Lands.

"Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute, —
Bring flowers, — the bride is near;
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell,
Bring flowers to strew the bier!

Bring flowers!" thus said the lovely song;
  And shall they not be brought
To her who linked the offering
  With feeling and with thought?

Bring flowers, — the perfumed and the pure, —
  Those with the morning dew,
A sigh in every fragrant leaf,
  A tear on every hue.
So pure, so sweet thy life has been,
  So filling earth and air
With odours and with loveliness,
  Till common scenes grew fair.

Thy song around our daily path
  Flung beauty born of dreams,
That shadows on the actual world
  The spirit's sunny gleams.
Mysterious influence, that to earth
  Brings down the heaven above,
And fills the universal heart
  With universal love!

Such gifts were thine, — as from the block,
  The unformėd and the cold,
The sculptor calls to breathing life
  Some shape of perfect mould,
So thou from common thoughts and things
  Didst call a charmėd song,
Which on a sweet and swelling tide
  Bore the full soul along.

And thou from far and foreign lands
  Didst bring back many a tone,
And gavest such new music, still,
  A music of thine own: —
A lofty strain of generous thoughts,
  And yet subdued and sweet, —
An angel's song, who sings of earth,
  Whose cares are at his feet.

And yet thy song is sorrowful;
  Its beauty is not bloom:
The hopes of which it breathes, are hopes
  That look beyond the tomb.

Thy song is sorrowful as winds
  That wander o'er the plain,
And ask for summer's vanished flowers,
  And ask for them in vain.

Ah! dearly purchased is the gift,
  The gift of song like thine! —
A fated doom is hers who stands
  The priestess of the shrine.
The crowd — they only see the crown,
  They only hear the hymn, —
They mark not that the cheek is pale,
  And that the eye is dim.

Wound to a pitch too exquisite,
  The soul's fine chords are wrung:
With misery and melody
  They are too highly strung.
The heart is made too sensitive
  Life's daily pain to bear:
It beats in music; but it beats
  Beneath a deep despair.

It never meets the love it paints,
  The love for which it pines:
Too much of heaven is in the faith
  That such a heart enshrines.
The meteor wreath the poet wears
  Must make a lonely lot; —
It dazzles, only to divide
  From those who wear it not.

Didst thou not tremble at thy fame,
  And loathe its bitter prize,
While what to others triumph seemed,
  To thee was sacrifice?
O Flower brought from paradise
  To this cold world of ours, —
Shadows of beauty such as thine
  Recall thy native bowers!

Let others thank thee, — 'twas for them
  Thy soft leaves thou didst wreathe; —

The red rose wastes itself in sighs
  Whose sweetness others breathe!
And they have thanked thee; — many a lip
  Has asked of thine for words,
When thoughts, — life's finer thoughts, — have touched
  The spirit's inmost chords.

How many loved and honoured thee
  Who only knew thy name;
Which o'er the weary working world
  Like starry music came!
With what still hours of calm delight
  Thy songs and image blend!
I cannot choose but think thou wert
  An old familiar friend.

The charm that dwelt in songs of thine
  My inmost spirit moved;
And yet I feel as thou hadst been
  Not half enough beloved.
They say that thou wert faint, and worn
  With suffering and with care; —
What music must have filled the soul
  That had so much to spare!

O weary one! since thou art laid
  Within thy mother's breast, —
The green, the quiet mother earth, —
  Thrice blessèd be thy rest!
Thy heart is left within our hearts,
  Although life's pang is o'er; —
But the quick tears are in my eyes,
  And I can write no more.

EXERCISE CXLVII.

THE DYING MIDSHIPMAN. *Anon.*

On Lord Nelson's arrival off Palermo, all Sicily flocked on board to compliment him and his gallant crew. The royal standard, seen in the admiral's barge, and the long measured

stroke of the rowers, with the respectful standing position of the lieutenant at the helm, denote that the very highest in the realm are on board. The boatswain's shrill pipe called attention; and the words, "All hands, man ship," reëchoed by his mates through the different decks, instantly placed seven hundred men in our rigging, the light top-men, that were to ascend the dizzy height of the royal yards, in advance.— "Away aloft!" and, like a flash of lightning, they ascend to their respective posts. The graceful toss of the bowman's oar, and the tune from the boatswain's call, gave the signal to "lay out;" and our well-squared yards were covered by sailors in their long-quartered shoes, check shirt, blue jacket, and trousers white as driven snow, with queues hanging down their backs; for cropping was not then in fashion; while three bold and active boys climbed the royal masts, and sat on the trucks apparently much at ease.

"Turn out a captain's guard, summon all the officers!"— and six of the best-dressed midshipmen attend the side ropes, and plant the silk standard in the ladies' chair, into which the hero of England and the pride of the navy, awkwardly, (from the want of an arm,) assisted the Queen of Sicily and her three daughters.

The daughter of Maria Theresa, with animated eyes and a quick step, advanced to the captain, who gallantly kissed her fair hand, while she, with great volubility, complimented and thanked him over and over again; and turning to the officers with inimitable grace, she and her daughters presented hands to be kissed by each and all of us. The band played a march; the guard presented arms; and the officers uncovered, as the descendant of Maria Theresa placed her foot on the deck of the conqueror's ship. The Sicilian royal standard superseded Lord Nelson's flag; and the unfolding of its banners roused the sleeping thunder of the squadron. A royal salute welcomed this energetic woman, whose slender and perfect form seemed to tread on air, while the tender animation of her sparkling eyes expressed the warmth of her heart.

Very little time did she devote to the splendid collation prepared for her; but, with her amiable daughters, sought to soothe the anguish of pain, and alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. The drums beat to arms; and the court inspected the quarters, on their way to the different hospitals established in the ship: with every wounded man and boy they shook

hands, saying something kind and consoling, while their gifts were munificent.

The princesses shed tears over the sufferings they beheld, and enclosed their delicate hands in the iron grasp of Jack, as he lay restless on his couch of pain; but still he was an object of envy to me, as the beauteous Marie Antoinette bent over him with looks of pity, that an angel might have envied, while her coral lips gave utterance to the most melodious sounds that ever extracted the sting from the anguish of the suffering, either in mind or body.

The last object of attention to the royal party, was my excellent friend and brother signal-midshipman, Mr. West; the chaplain making way for us. Here was a change shocking to behold: the fine apple-cheeked, bold boy, had shrunk into a withered, and apparently old man, by his sufferings; fevered, emaciated, and wan, he lay a ghastly spectacle. Lord Nelson, with great feeling, took him by the hand, praised his courage, told him he was promoted by him, and hailed him as Lieutenant West. No emotion was shown by the heroic boy, no other word uttered by him than "drink:" the young princess, with great promptitude, divided an orange, and squeezed the juice on his parched lips.

Lord Nelson introduced the Queen of Naples and her fair daughters as mourning his misfortunes, in which, in truth, they took a deep interest, as they stood by his cot in tears: he exhorted him to look forward to long life, and high rank in his profession: the surgeon shook his head, and whispered, an hour was the utmost tenure he held of this world, as the wound had gangrened. The good-natured hero seemed much shocked, and showed great emotion. The boy, finding relief and gratification from the kind exertions of the princess, opened his eyes with a death-like stare, as she bent over him: at once he seemed to comprehend his situation; the blood again rallied to the heart; the pulse that had nearly ceased, again resumed its beat; animation lighted up his eyes: as he surveyed the beautiful vision, he, no doubt, thought of his far-distant home, and its affectionate inmates. I heard him audibly sigh, and saw him make a feeble attempt to kiss the fair hand that had so kindly administered to his wants. It was the last effort of expiring nature: the gallant boy dropped on his pillow,—his fine eyes assumed the glazed hue of death,—the rattles in the throat gave notice of the difficulty of respiration; and the surgeon announced him to be in his last agonies.

Here was a lesson of mortality to a frivolous and dissolute court. The maids of honour and the officers of the household, walked off without waiting for orders; first attempting, in vain, to move the queen and princesses, who evinced deep feeling; and the sobs of the lovely young princess were quite hysterical.

Lord Nelson, in silent grief, motioned Lady Hamilton to remove the queen, and — the princess royal on his only arm, — led the way on deck. Our gallant captain gave an arm to each of the younger princesses; and the royal procession embarked in his barge in solemn silence, so different from the animation and pleasure that had lighted up their expressive features, on their arrival. The guard had been dismissed; the band ceased to play; and silence was ordered fore and aft, on the knowledge of my friend's fate. The gallant boy was interred with military honours, in the ground of the Protestant chapel of the ambassador.

EXERCISE CXLVIII.

THE DEPARTED. *Mary Ann Browne.*

THEY are not there! where once their feet
Light answer to sweet music beat, —
Where their young voices sweetly breathed,
And fragrant flowers they lightly wreathed.
Still flows the nightingale's sweet song, —
Still trail the vine's green shoots along, —
Still are the sunny blossoms fair; —
But they who loved them are not there!

They are not there! by the lone fount
That once they loved at eve to haunt;
Where, when the day-star brightly set,
Beside the silver wave they met:
Still lightly glides the quiet stream, —
Still o'er it falls the soft moonbeam; —
But they who used its beams to share
With fond hearts by it, are not there!

They are not there! by the dear hearth
That once beheld their harmless mirth;
When through their joy came no vain fear,
And o'er their smiles no darkening tear:
It burns not now a beacon-star;—
'Tis cold and fireless as they are:
Where is the glow it used to wear?—
'Tis felt no more,—they are not there!

EXERCISE CXLIX.

"I SEE THEE STILL." *Charles Sprague.*

"I rocked her in the cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the *youngest*.
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
Of that sweet tie? The youngest ne'er grow old.
The fond endearments of our earlier days
We keep alive in them; and when they die,
Our youthful joys we bury with them."

I SEE thee still;
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust:
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night,—
In dreams I meet thee as of old;
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;—
In every scene to memory dear,
I see thee still.

I see thee still
In every hallowed token round;
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided,
These flowers,—all withered now, like thee,—
Sweet *Sister!* thou didst cull for me:
This book was thine; here didst thou read
This picture,—ah! yes, here, indeed
I see thee still.

I see thee still;
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Here was thy favourite fireside seat;
This was thy chamber, — here, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie,
Here, on this pillow, — thou didst die.
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold; —
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still.

I see thee still;
Thou art not in the grave confined, —
Death cannot claim the immortal Mind.
Let Earth close o'er its sacred trust;
But goodness dies not in the dust:
Thee, O my *Sister!* 'tis not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see; —
Thou to a fairer land art gone: —
Then, let me hope, — my journey done, —
To see thee still!

EXERCISE CL.

A DIRGE. *Moir.*

Weep not for her! — Oh! she was far too fair,
Too pure to dwell on this guilt-tainted earth!
The sinless glory, and the golden air
Of Zion seemed to claim her birth:
A Spirit wandered from its native zone,
Which soon discovering, took her for its own: —
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — Her span was like the sky
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright;
Like flowers, that know not what it is to die;
Like long-linked, shadeless months of polar light
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While Echo answers from the flowery brake: —
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich, romantic hues;
When human bosoms seemed the homes of truth,
And earth still gleamed with beauty's radiant dews.
Her summer-prime waned not to days that freeze;
Her wine of life was run not to the lees: —
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — By fleet or slow decay,
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away;
Her prospects wither; or her hopes grow dark; —
Translated by her God, with spirit shriven,
She passed as 'twere in smiles from earth to heaven. —
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — It was not hers to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down Age's vale of tears,
As whirl the withered leaves from Friendship's tree,
And on earth's wintry world alone to be: —
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floor of Paradise;
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow, —
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes;
Victorious over death; to her appear
The vista'd joys of Heaven's eternal year: —
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light, —
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night: —
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! — there is no cause for woe;
But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back

So, when a few fleet severing years are flown,
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate, — and lead thee on!
Weep not for her!

EXERCISE CLI.

RISE OF THE GUELPH AND GHIBELINE FACTIONS.

Da Ponte.

About the year 1215, the differences between distinguished families, in Florence, began to manifest themselves in such a manner as to render it too evident that family feuds, independent of all political character, and family alliances, were sufficient to disturb the peace of the city, beyond the power of the magistracy to restore. If a difference, however, of views and opinions, prevailed in the state, at a period like this, it would naturally be seized, in each personal quarrel; and a party name would be eagerly sought, to add importance and bitterness to private feuds. The political bias of the government and the people, might be easily interested; and the first ground of quarrel, would be speedily lost, in the espousal of the cause of the church or of the empire.

Seventy or eighty families formed, at this time, in Florence, the high nobility. Among these, were many who had been distinguished before, as most powerful for their fortified castles, and for the number of their retainers and alliances. Young * Buondelmonte, the head of an ambitious race, had been betrothed to a daughter of the house of †Amidei. In this union, — which was to join with their extensive connections, the ‡ Buondelmonti, the Amidei, and the § Uberti, with others whose influence was sufficient to enlist in their quarrel the whole population of Florence, — the parties were unknown to each other.

Time was considered necessary, between the plighting and the solemnization of the nuptials, to give them that splendour which the dignity of both houses was supposed to require. In this interval, while the peace of the city was left in the power of an unsteady youth, his fortune was preparing for it years of anarchy and civil wars.

* Pronounced, *Boo-ondelmontay.*
† *Ahmeeday'ee*
‡ *Boo-ondelmontee.*
§ *Oober'tee.*

"O Buondelmonte! what ill counselling
Prevailed on thee to break the plighted bond?
Many, who now are weeping, would rejoice
Had God to Emma given thee, the first time
Thou near our city cam'st.—But so was doomed Florence!"

says Dante; and all the writers of the time, attribute to the faithlessness of Buondelmonte and the revenge of his enemies, all the misfortunes which were inevitable in the constitution of the times; and which resulted in the establishment of a liberty that must otherwise have early perished, between the claims of Rome and Germany. "During these troubles," says a writer, "talent was roused and invigorated by collision, while each leader struggled to obtain some temporary popularity by some popular concession."

Meanwhile, the preparations for the marriage were nearly completed; and young Buondelmonte was looked upon, by all, as the husband of Emma of the Amidei. But the ambitious hopes of the *Donati, were concerned in the completion, or, rather, in the interruption, of these espousals; and the projected union was soon to be converted into an eternal feud. The head of this family was a female, at the trying crisis, when, as the only heir to its honours was a daughter, a protecting alliance by marriage was thought necessary, to maintain and direct its authority. Buondelmonte, besides being the most accomplished cavalier, was also one of the most powerful barons of the state; and the Donati could form no more honourable or useful alliance. †Ammirato observes that "neither fabulously nor poetically, but with all regard to truth, it may be said, that the beauties of this fair Donati were no less pernicious to Florence, than those of Helen had been to Troy."

The mother of this young girl, who was destined to produce a more than ten years' war to Italy, watched eagerly each opportunity of obtruding herself upon the young Buondelmonte. None, however, occurred until the day, almost, on which the last ceremonial was to be solemnized. Buondelmonte was then in Florence; and however desperate the hope might seem of winning him, it was still sufficient for the intriguing mother aided by the charms of her daughter. Buondelmonte and this woman met, by accident, as it appeared to the former, near the palace of the Donati. He

* Pronounced, *Donahtee.* † *Ammeerahto*

received the salutations and congratulations of the lady, and would have passed, but she detained him for a farther compliment; and that compliment was the signal for the entrance into Italy, of what her historians call the accursed names of Ghibelines and Guelphs.

"You have chosen fairly," said the lady; "but fairer might have been your choice; and the daughter of a Donati would have brought no disgrace to the best blood of Florence." Buondelmonte at that moment cast his eyes on the daughter, who, in obedience to a sign from her mother, appeared from the palace. "I kept her for your sake," continued the mother: "Is she beautiful? look on her! I cherished her beauties for you." "For me?" said Buondelmonte, "then, that which is kept for me, is mine: the beauty that has bloomed for me, none else shall gather."

The Italians, though but little romantic in their religion and their wars, were full of the spirit of adventure in their love. That night, the nuptials of Buondelmonte were performed with the heiress of the Donati; and, soon after, he was found near the passage of the Arno, mangled with the wounds of the revengeful partisans of the outraged Amidei.

While all Italy witnessed the differences between the popes and the emperor, it was impossible that men should not become, in feeling at least, and by sympathy, parties on either side in the contest as interest dictated, or as political predilections inclined. In Florence, this sympathy was deeply felt, and greatly divided the people: but, with the utmost acrimony of feeling, the citizens had found, as yet, no pretext for violence. The moment, however, was at hand; the friends of the Buondelmonti, on one side, and those of the Amidei, on the other, were in arms; the streets were barricaded, that none might escape who were destined, and that none who were bound to support the quarrel of either, might avoid the encounter: the civil authority was lost, in the desperate struggle that enlisted, on either side, the interest, and, on both, excited the fury of the citizens. All the rancour of long-repressed hatred, burst forth, to strengthen the animosity of the combatants; and, while the friends of the church attached themselves, naturally, to that one of the leading families whose opinions were known in favour of the Romish cause, a similar impulsive force attracted, to the opposite side, the friends of the emperor. The name of Ghibeline, by which the latter had already been distinguished in other countries, thus changed, in a moment, the quarrel of

he Amidei and Uberti into that of half of Italy; and the epithet of Guelph converted the cause of the Buondelmonti into that of religion. Those who cared little for the fate of the first disputants, were excited by the obstinacy and warmth of contested opinion; and passion, or conscience, or cunning, conducted to this civil slaughter the children of one soil, and the offspring of the same parents.

EXERCISE CLII.

VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

Miss Pardoe.

As the evening closed in, I remarked that the eldest son of the house, was carrying on a very energetic *sotto voce** conversation with his venerable father; and I was not a little astonished when he ultimately informed me, in his imperfect French, that there was one method of visiting the mosques, if I had nerve to attempt it, which would probably prove successful; and that, in the event of my resolving to run the risk, he was himself so convinced of its practicability, that he would accompany me with the consent of the father, attended by the old kiära, or house-steward, upon the understanding, (and on this the gray-bearded effendi had resolutely insisted,) that in the event of detection it was to be *sauve qui peut;* an arrangement that would enable his son at once to elude pursuit, if he exercised the least ingenuity or caution.

What European traveller, possessed of the least spirit of adventure, would refuse to encounter danger in order to stand beneath the dome of †Santa Sophia? And, above all, what wandering ‡Giaour could resist the temptation of entering a mosque during High Prayer?

These were the questions that I asked myself as the young bey vowed himself so gallantly to the venture, (to him, in any case, not without its dangers,) in order to avert from me the disappointment which I dreaded.

I at once understood that the attempt must be made in a Turkish dress; but this fact was of trifling importance, as no costume in the world lends itself more readily or more con-

* Pronounced, *vŏchay.* † *Sahnta Sopheea.* ‡ *Jawoor,* (Infidel.)

veniently to the purposes of disguise. After having deliberately weighed the chances for and against detection, I resolved to run the risk, and accordingly stained my eyebrows with some of the dye common in the harem; concealed my female attire beneath a magnificent pelisse, lined with sables, which fastened from my chin to my feet; pulled a *fèz* low upon my brow; and preceded by a servant with a lantern, attended by the bey, and followed by the kiära and a pipe-bearer, at half-past ten o'clock I sallied forth on my adventurous errand.

We had not mentioned to either the wife or the mother of the bey whither we were bound, being fearful of alarming them unnecessarily; and they consequently remained perfectly satisfied with the assurance of the old gentleman, that I was anxious to see the Bosphorus by moonlight, though a darker night never spread its mantle over the earth.

I am extremely doubtful whether, on a less exciting occasion, I could have kept time with the rapid pace of my companion over the vile pavement of Constantinople; as it was, however, I dared not give way, lest any one among the individuals who followed us, and who were perhaps bound on the same errand, should penetrate my disguise.

"If we escape from Santa Sophia unsuspected," said my chivalrous friend, "we will then make another bold attempt; we will visit the mosque of Sultan Achmet; and as this is a high festival, if you risk the adventure, you will have done what no Infidel has ever yet dared to do; but I forewarn you that, should you be discovered, and fail to make your escape on the instant, you will be torn to pieces."

This assertion somewhat staggered me; and for an instant, my woman-spirit quailed; I contented myself, however, with briefly replying: "When we leave Santa Sophia, we will talk of this," and continued to walk beside him in silence. At length we entered the spacious court of the mosque, and as the servants stooped to withdraw my shoes, the bey murmured in my ear: "Be firm or you are lost!"—and making a strong effort to subdue the feeling of mingled awe and fear which was rapidly stealing over me, I pulled the *fèz* deeper upon my eyebrows, and obeyed.

On passing the threshold, I found myself in a covered peristyle, whose gigantic columns of granite are partially sunk in the wall of which they form a part; the floor was covered with fine matting, and the coloured lamps, which were suspended in festoons from the lofty ceiling, shed a broad light

on all the surrounding objects. In most of the recesses formed by the pillars, beggars were crouched down, holding in front of them their little metal basins, to receive the * paras of the charitable; while servants lounged to and fro, or squatted in groups upon the matting, awaiting the egress of their employers. As I looked around me, our own attendant moved forward, and raising the curtain which veiled a double door of bronze, situated at mid-length of the peristyle, I involuntarily shrank back before the blaze of light that burst upon me.

Far as the eye could reach upwards, circles of coloured fire, appearing as if suspended in mid-air, designed the form of the stupendous dome; while beneath, devices of every shape and colour were formed by myriads of lamps of various hues; the imperial closet, situated opposite to the pulpit, was one blaze of refulgence; and its gilded lattices flashed back the brilliancy, till it looked like a gigantic meteor!

As I stood a few paces within the doorway, I could not distinguish the limits of the edifice, — I looked forward, upward, — to the right hand, and to the left; — but I could only take in a given space, covered with human beings, kneeling in regular lines, and, at a certain signal, bowing their turbaned heads to the earth, as if one soul and one impulse animated the whole congregation; while the shrill chanting of the choir pealed through the vast pile, and died away in lengthened cadences, among the tall dark pillars which support it.

And this was Santa Sophia! To me it seemed like a creation of enchantment: — the light, — the ringing voices, — the mysterious extent, which baffled the earnestness of my gaze, — the ten thousand turbaned Moslems, all kneeling with their faces turned towards Mecca, and at intervals laying their foreheads to the earth, — the bright and various colours of the dresses, — and the rich and glowing tints of the carpets that veiled the marble floor, — all conspired to form a scene of such unearthly magnificence, that I felt as though there could be no reality in what I looked on; but that, at some sudden signal, the towering columns would fail to support the vault of light above them, and all would become void.

* Pronounced, *pahras*

EXERCISE CLIII.

SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT." *Shakspeare.*

Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone.

Cel. I PRAY thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldest thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but me, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; — by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry!

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; — what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. [*Enter Touchstone.*]

Cel. Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's: who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always

the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits. — How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, — if we had them, — thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, — if I had it, — then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, — for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation, some of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have, makes a great show.

EXERCISE CLIV.

SABBATH MUSINGS. *Harriet Martineau.*

While all here is still, as if the breezes had forgotten their accustomed haunt, how that single elm on the lawn, shivers and stoops, as if an invisible giant were uprooting it for a

trophy! The gust is coming, lighting here and there on the tree-tops, and rolling blackness and tempest before it. Far off the commotion begins. How the roar swells as it approaches, rushing, driving athwart the ivied stems, and whistling among the tossing boughs above!

The terrified birds come fluttering, each from its domestic tree. How that boy's light laugh mingles with the uproar, as he rocks fearlessly in his lofty seat! He feels not, more than I, that these are tokens of wrath around us, or that these heavy drops are signs of Nature's sorrow. Human joy overflows in tears; and why should not the oppression of Her solemn joy be removed in like manner? What a brimming shower! and the sun already gleaming again on the thousand tricklings from the shining leaves, which refuse to retain their liquid burden! The whole grove glitters, as if beneath the spray of Niagara. In a moment the chill is gone; and but for the pearls which gem those pendent crowns, the gust and the shower might be supposed the dream of a spring noon, the creation of preceding thoughts.

Thus may end, thus will end, the storms of the spirit; and in bright and harmonious praise, like that which greets my senses now, shall man bear his part, when the vicissitudes of his early day are passed. Praise, praise alone shall be the end, as it ought to be the beginning, of devotion, though praise must change and advance its character as the mind of the worshipper advances.

The infant's first communion should be praise. He knows, or ought to know, no fear; he knows, or ought to know, no want: for what then should he petition? When he learns that others have wants, he begins to petition for them, and in time for himself. When he becomes a subject of conscience, he is led to confession and to intercession. All this time, praise should be the beginning and end of his communion: praise first for the low good of which alone he is sensible; then for each new glimpse of glory which his opening vision reveals, till his thanksgivings reach the ends of the earth, and compass the starry heavens.

Of the more sacred heights and depths, which teem with realities instead of shadows, he knows not yet, nor has learned to praise creative and preserving power, as manifested in the external creation, for its true grandeur and ulterior purposes. Of the spiritual creation he knows nothing till long after he has been accustomed to adore the Maker of unnumbered worlds. When the rich mysteries of the sublimer

creation, become dimly discerned, he petitions less fervently for external good. As they wax clearer, his fears perish, his desires subside, his hopes pass through perpetual mutations till they become incorruptible; and his praise is of a kindred nature, however far inferior to that of the unseen world.

He henceforth regards the moving heavens only as they send their melodies through the soul; the forms of the earth only as they are instinct with life; and, no longer calling inanimate forms to witness his praises, he appeals from the infant on his bosom to the archangel who suspends new systems in the farthest void, for sympathy in his adoration of the Father of his spirit. — Of higher subjects of praise, man knows not, nor can conceive. It is bliss enough to discern the end of human worship, (in kind, if not in degree,) and in some rare moments, in occasional glimpses of a celestial Sabbath, to reach it.

Oh! that our earthly Sabbaths could bear something of this character! But as long as so many ranks of mind join in its services, these services must be too high for some, and too low for others. Blessed is the season to multitudes, and holy its rites to innumerable worshippers. But its benefits are of a specific kind; its devotion is peculiar, and can in no degree supply the place of private communion. Alas! then, for those who join not in its rites; and alas! also for those who look not beyond its rites! Strange, that any should turn away coldly from the divinely-kindled altar, where multitudes are thronging to cast in their incense, and returning with the reflection of its glory in their faces! Yet more strange that any should avoid the still solitude where the fount of this glory welleth up forever!

EXERCISE CLV.

A CONNECTICUT FARM-HOUSE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Mrs. Sigourney.

It was a long, low, unpainted house, with narrow casements, situated about half a mile from the main road. Near it was a substantial barn, surrounded by a large yard, where a number of animals, assembled, exhibited an appearance of comfort, which denoted, at once, a kind and careful master.

Cuffee alighting, removed the bars, which formed, or rather obstructed, the rustic entrance to the demesne; and then addressed a few soothing words to his horse, who advanced his head, and bent down his quivering ear, as if the sounds of the human voice were either comprehended or beloved.

As Madam L——, entered, she heard, in the clattering of knives and forks, the reason, why she was not as usual welcomed at the door. Unwilling to interrupt the refection of the family, she took a seat, unobserved. She found herself in the best room in the mansion; but to this the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages would assign, neither the name of "parlour, hall, nor drawing-room;" avoiding the example of their city acquaintance, as the ancient reformers did the abominations of the church of Rome. Adhering to their habits of precision as tenaciously as to their ideas of simplicity, they gave to this most honourable room, an appellation derived from its bearing upon the cardinal points. The one under present consideration, being visited by the latest beams of the setting sun, and the first breathing of the summer breeze, was denominated the "south-west room." As the furniture of this best apartment of Farmer Larkin, may serve as a sample of the interior of most of the "best rooms" of the better sort of agriculturists, at that early period, it may be well to add a brief description.

The bed,—an indispensable appendage,—was without either curtains or high posts, and decorated with a new woollen coverlet, where the colour of red gorgeously predominated over the white and green, with which it was intermingled. So small a space did it occupy, that if, like Og, king of Bashan, whose gigantic height was predicated from his bedstead of nine cubits, the size of our farmers should have been estimated by the dimensions of their places of repose, posterity would do them immense injustice.

A * buffet, or corner-cupboard, was a conspicuous article, in which were arranged a set of bright pewter plates, some red and white cups and saucers, not much larger than what now belong to a doll's equipage, and a pyramidal block-tin tea-pot. The lower compartment of this repository, which was protected by a door, furnished a receptacle for the Sabbath-day hats and bonnets of the children; each occupying its own place upon the shelves. In the vicinity was what was denominated "a chist o' draws," namely, a capacious vault of stained pine, which, opening like a chest, contained

* Accented, *buffet'*.

the better part of the wardrobe of the master and mistress of the family; while, beneath, space was left for two or three "draws," devoted to the accommodation of the elder children.

But the masterpiece of finery was a tea-table, which, elevating its round disk perpendicularly, evinced that it was more for show than use. Its surface displayed a commendable lustre, protected by a penal statute from the fingers of the children. But an unruly kitten used to take delight in viewing, on the lower extremity of that polished orb, a reflection of her own round face, and formidable whiskers. Unhappily mistaking the appearance of these for an adversary, she imprinted thereon the marks of her claws, too deeply for all the efforts of the good housewife to efface, and soon after expiated her crime upon the scaffold.

A looking-glass, much smaller than the broad expansion of the farmer's face, hung against the roughly-plastered, yet unsullied wall. A few high straight-backed chairs, and a pair of small andirons, nicely blacked, whose heads bore a rude resemblance to the "human face divine," completed the inventory of goods and chattels. Over the low, wide fireplace, hung, in a black frame, without the superfluity of a glass, the family record, legibly penned, with a space very considerately left for future additions.

The apartment had an air of neatness, beyond what was then generally observed in the houses of those who made the dairy, and spinning-wheel, the prime objects of attention. The white floor was carefully sanded; and, at each door, a broad mat, made of the husks of the Indian corn, claimed tribute from the feet of those who entered.

Where Madam L—— was seated, she had a full view of the family, surrounding their peaceful board, and so cordially engaged in doing justice to its viands, that not a glance wandered to the spot which she occupied. The table, covered with a coarse white cloth, bore at the head a large supply of boiled beef and pork, served up in a huge dish of glazed ware, of a form between platter and bowl, though it probably would rank with the latter genus. A mass of very fine cabbage appeared in the same reservoir, like a broad, emerald islet, flanked with parsnips and turnips, the favourite "long and short saace" of the day. At the bottom of the board, was an enormous pudding of Indian meal, supported by its legitimate concomitants, a plate of butter, and a jug of molasses. Four brown mugs of cider, divided into equal compartments the quadrangle of the board; and the wooden

trenchers, which each one manfully maintained, were perfectly clean and comfortable.

Farmer Larkin and his wife, not deeming it a point of etiquette to separate as far as the limits of the table would permit, shared together the post of honour by the dish of meat. At the left hand of the father, sat his youngest son, and at the right hand of the mother, her youngest daughter. Thus the male line, beginning at Jehu, and touching every one, according to his age, passed over the heads of Timothy and Jehoiakim, ending in Amariah, the nephew. On the other hand, the female line, from the mother, who held in her lap the chubbed Tryphosa, passed with geometrical precision through the spaces allotted to Tryphena, Keziah, Roxey, and Reuey, terminating with buxom Molly. She was indeed a damsel of formidable size, but of just proportions, and employed her brawny arm, in cutting slices from a large loaf of brown bread, which she distributed with great exactness by each trencher, as soon as her father had stocked it with meat, and her mother garnished it with vegetables. There was something pleasing in the sight of so many healthy and cheerful faces, and in the domestic order which evidently prevailed.

EXERCISE CLVI.

CONNECTICUT. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

Thou hast no mountain peering to the cloud,
   No boundless river for the poet's lyre,
Nor mighty cataract, thundering far and loud,
   Nor red volcano, opening through its pyre
   A safety-valve to earth's deep, central fire,
Nor dread * *glacier*, nor forest's awful frown.
   Yet turn thy sons to thee with fond desire,
And from Niagara's pride, or Andes' crown,
In thy scant, noteless vales delight to lay them down.

Thou art a Spartan mother, and thy sons
   From their sweet sleep at early dawn dost call,
Mindless of wintry blast or sultry suns,
   Some goodly task proportioning to all,—

* Pronounced, here, for metrical accent, *glassyay*, in the French mode.

Warning to fly from sloth and folly's thrall,
And patient meet the tempest or the thorn,—
Nor ermine robe thou giv'st, nor silken pall,
Nor gilded boon, of bloated luxury born,
To bid the pampered soul its lowly brother scorn.

Yet hath bold Science in thy sterile bed
Struck a deep root; nor from thy clime recoil
The Arts, but wide their wingèd seeds have spread,
For hardened hands, embrowned with peasant toil,
To pluck their delicate flowers; and, while the soil
Their plough hath broken, some the Muse have hailed,
Smit with her love 'mid poverty's turmoil,—
And, like the seer by angel might assailed,
Wrestled till break of day, and then like him prevailed.

Yet humbler virtues throw their guard around
Thy rocky coast; and, 'mid the autumn leaves
That, falling, rustle with a solemn sound,
His magic spell a hidden spirit weaves.
Nursed 'neath the peaceful shade of cottage eaves,
By chime of Sabbath-bell from hallowed dome,
And breath of household prayer, which Heaven receives,
It binds around the heart of those who roam,
The patriot's stainless shield,—the sacred love of home.

EXERCISE CLVII.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE. *Anon.*

Did you ever live with a particular lady?—one possessed not simply with the spirit, but the demon of tidiness,—who will give you a good two hours' lecture upon the sin of an untied shoe-string, and raise a hurricane about your ears, on the enormity of a fractured glove?—who will be struck speechless at the sight of a pin instead of a string, or set a whole house in an uproar, on finding a book on the table, instead of in the book-case?

Those who have had the misfortune to meet with such a person, will know how to sympathize with me. I have passed two whole months with a particular lady.

I had often received very pressing invitations to visit an old schoolfellow, who is settled in a snug parsonage, about fifty miles from town; but something or other was continually occurring to prevent me from availing myself of them.

But on the 17th of June, 1826, (I shall never forget it, if I live to the age of old Parr,) having a few spare weeks at my disposal, I set out for my chum's residence. He received me with his wonted cordiality; but I fancied that he looked a little more care-worn than a man of thirty might be expected to look, — married as he is to the woman of his choice, and in the possession of an easy fortune.

Poor fellow! I did not know that his wife was a precisian. The first hint I received of the fact, was from Mr. S., who, removing my hat from the first peg in the hall to the fourth, observed, "My wife is a little particular in these matters; the first peg is for my hat, the second, for William's, the third for Tom's, and you can reserve the fourth, if you please, for your own: ladies, you know, do not like to have their arrangements interfered with."

I promised to do my best to recollect the order of precedence with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs, impressed with an awful veneration for a lady who had contrived to impose so rigid a discipline on a man formerly the most disorderly of mortals; mentally resolving to obtain her favour by the most studious observance of her wishes.

I might as well have determined to be emperor of China! Before the week was at an end, I was a lost man. I always reckon myself tolerably tidy; never leaving more than half my clothes on the floor of my dressing-room, nor more than a dozen books about any apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour. I do not lose more than a dozen handkerchiefs in a month; nor have more than a quarter of an hour's hunt for my hat or gloves, whenever I am going out in a hurry.

I found all this was but as dust in the balance. The first time I sat down to dinner, I made a horrible blunder; for, in my haste to help my friend to some asparagus, I pulled a dish a little out of its place, thereby deranging the exact hexagonal order in which the said dishes were arranged. I discovered my mishap on hearing Mr. S. sharply rebuked for a similar offence.

Secondly, I sat, the whole evening, with the cushion a full finger's length beyond the cane-work of my chair; and what is worse, I do not know that I should have been aware of my delinquency, if the agony of the lady's feelings had not over-

powered every consideration, and at last burst forth, "Excuse me, Mr. ——, but do pray put your cushion straight: it annoys me, beyond measure, to see it otherwise!"

My third offence was displacing the snuffer-stand from its central position between the candlesticks; my fourth, leaving a pamphlet I had been perusing on the piano-forte; its proper place being a table in the middle of the room, on which all books in present use were ordered to repose; my fifth — but, in short, I should never have done, were I to enumerate every separate enormity of which I was guilty. My friend S.'s drawing-room had as good a right to exhibit a placard of "steel traps and spring guns," as any park I am acquainted with:

In one place, you are in danger of having your legs snapped off; and in another, your nose. There never was a house so atrociously neat: every chair and table knew its duty; — the very chimney ornaments "had been trained up in the way they should go;" and woe to the unlucky wight who should make them depart from it!

Even those "chartered libertines," the children and dogs, were taught to be as demure and hypocritical as the matronly tabby cat herself, who sat with her two fore-feet together and her tail curled round her, as exactly as if she had been worked in an urn-rug, instead of being a living mouser. It was the utmost stretch of my friend's marital authority, to get his favourite spaniel admitted to the honour of the parlour; and even this privilege is only granted in his master's presence. If Carlo happens to pop his unlucky brown nose into the room when S. is from home, he sets off directly with as much consciousness in his ears and tail, as if he had been convicted of larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the application of the broomstick. As to the children, I believe that they look forward to their evening visit to the drawing-room with much the same sort of feeling. Not that Mrs. S. is an unkind mother, or, — I should rather say, — not that she means to be so; but she has taken it into her head, that, as young people have sometimes short memories, it is necessary to put them verbally in mind of their duties, "from morn till dewy eve."

So it is with her servants. If one of them leaves a broom or a duster out of its place, for a second, she hears of it for a month afterwards. I wonder how they endure it! I have sometimes thought that from long practice, they do not heed it, as a friend of mine who lives in a bustling street in the

city tells me he does not hear the noise of the coaches and carts, in front of his house, nor even of a brazier, who hammers away in his near neighbourhood, from morning till night.

The worst of it is, that while Mrs. S. never allows a moment's peace to her husband, children, or servants, she thinks herself a jewel of a wife; but such jewels are too costly for every-day wear. I am sure poor S. thinks so in his heart, and would be content to exchange half-a-dozen of his wife's tormenting good qualities, for the sake of being allowed a little common-place repose.

I never shall forget the delight I felt on entering my own house, after enduring her thraldom for two months. I absolutely revelled in disorder, and gloried in my litters. I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another; pushed all the chairs into the middle of the room, and narrowly escaped kicking my faithful Christopher, for offering to put it "in order" again, — "straightening," as they call it in Cheshire. That cursed "spirit of order!" I am sure it is a spirit of evil omen. For my own part, I do so execrate the phrase, that if I were a member of the house of commons, and the "order" of the day were called for, I should make it a "rule" to walk out.

EXERCISE CLVIII.

THE GRANDAM. *Lamb.*

On the green hill top,
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,
And not distinguished from its neighbour-barn,
Save by a slender-tapering length of spire,
The grandam sleeps. — A plain stone barely tells
The name and date to the chance passenger.
For lowly born was she, and long had ate,
Well-earned, the bread of service: — hers was else
A mounting spirit, one that entertained
Scorn of base action, deed dishonourable,
Or aught unseemly.
I remember well
Her reverend image: I remember, too,
With what a zeal she served her master's house,
And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age

Delighted to recount the oft-told tale
Or anecdote domestic. Wise she was,
And wondrous skilled in genealogies,
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse
Of births, of titles, and alliances;
Of marriages, and intermarriages;
Relationship remote, or near of kin; —
Of friends offended, family disgraced, —
Maiden high-born, but wayward, disobeying
Parental strict injunction, and, regardless
Of unmixed blood and ancestry remote,
Stooping to wed with one of low degree.
But these are not thy praises; and I wrong
Thy honoured memory, recording chiefly
Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to tell,
How with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,
She served her *heavenly Master*. I have seen
That reverend form bent down with age and pain,
And rankling malady. Yet not for this
Ceased she to praise her Maker, nor withdrew
Her trust in Him, her faith, and humble hope, —
So meekly had she learned to bear her cross; —
For she had studied patience in the school
Of Christ; much comfort she had thence derived,
And was a follower of the Nazarene.

EXERCISE CLIX.

COTTAGE NAMES. *Miss Mitford.*

From the time of Goldsmith, down to the present day, fine names have been the ridicule of comic authors, and the aversion of sensible people; notwithstanding which the evil has increased almost in proportion to its reprobation. Miss Clementina Wilhelmina Stubbs was but a type of the Julias, and Isabels, and the Helens of this accomplished age.

I should not, however, so much mind if this folly were comprised in that domain of cold gentility, to which affectation usually confines itself. One does not regard seeing Miss Arabella seated at the piano, or her little sister Leonora tottling across the carpet, to show her new pink shoes. That is

in the usual course of events. But the fashion spreads deeper and wider: the village is infected, and the village green; Amelias and Claras sweep your rooms and cook your dinners; gentle Sophias milk your cows; and if you ask a pretty smiling girl at a cottage door to tell you her name, the rosy lips lisp out Caroline.

It was but the other day that I went into a neighbour's to procure a messenger, and found the errand disputed by a gentle Georgiana without a shoe, and a fair Augusta with half a frock. Now this is a sad thing. One looks upon cottage names as a part of cottage furniture,—of the costume,—and is as much discomposed by the change as a painter of interiors would be, should he find a Grecian couch instead of an oaken settle by the wide open hearth.

In fine houses, fine names do not signify; though I would humbly suggest to godfathers and godmothers, papas, mammas, maiden aunts, nurses, and gossips in general, the unconscious injury that they are doing to novelists, poets, dramatic writers, and the whole fraternity of authors, by trespassing on their (nominal) property, infringing their patent, encroaching on their privilege, underselling their stock in trade, depreciating their currency, and finally robbing poor heroes and heroines of their solitary possession, the only thing they can call their own.

Shakspeare has an admonition much to the purpose, "He who filches from me my *good name*," and so forth.—Did they never hear *that?* never see Othello? never read Elegant Extracts? never learn the speech by rote out of Enfield's Speaker? If they did, I must say the lesson has been as completely thrown away as lessons of morality commonly are. Sponsors in these days think no more harm of "filching a name" than a sparrow does of robbing a cherry-tree.

This, however, is an affair of conscience or of taste; and conscience and taste are delicate points to meddle with, especially the latter. People will please their fancies, and every lady has her favourite names. I myself have several; and they are mostly short and simple. Jane, that queenly name! Jane Seymour, Jane Grey, "the noble Jane de Montfort;"—Anne, to which Lady seems to belong as of right;—Mary, which is as common as a white violet, and like that has something indestructibly sweet and simple, and fit for all wear, high or low, suits the cottage or the palace, the garden or the field, the pretty or the ugly, the old or the

young; — Margaret, Marguerite — the pearl! the daisy! Oh! name of romance and of minstrelsy, which brings the days of chivalry to mind, and the worship of flowers and of ladies fair! Emily, in which all womanly sweetness seems bound up, — perhaps this is the effect of the association of ideas: — I know so many charming Emilies; and Susan, the sprightly, the gentle, the home-loving, the kind; — association again.

But certainly there are some names which seem to belong to particular classes of character, to form the mind, and even to influence the destiny: — Louisa, now; — is not your Louisa necessarily a die-away damsel, who reads novels, and holds her head on one side, languishing and given to love? Is not Lucy a pretty *soubrette*, a wearer of cast gowns and cast smiles, smart and coquettish? Must not Emma, as a matter of course, prove epistolary, if only for the sake of her signature? And is there not great danger that Laura may go a step farther, write poetry, and publish? Oh! beware, dear godmammas, when you call an innocent baby after Petrarch's muse! Think of the peril! Beware!

Next to names simple in themselves, those which fall easily into diminutives seem to be most desirable. All abbreviations are pretty — Lizzy, Bessy, Sophy, Fanny — the prettiest of all! There is something so familiar, so home-like, so affectionate in the sound; — it seems to tell, in one short word, a story of family love, to vouch for the amiableness of both parties.

I never thought one of the most beautiful and brilliant women in England quite so charming as she really is, till I heard her call her younger sister "Annie." It seemed to remove, at once, the almost repellent quality which belongs to extreme polish, — gave a genial warmth to her brightness, — became her like a smile. There was a tenderness in the voice too, a delay, a dwelling on the double consonant, giving to English something of the charm of Italian pronunciation, which I have noticed only in two persons, who are, I think, the most graceful speakers and readers of my acquaintance. "Annie!" If she had called her sister Anna Maria, according to the register, I should have admired, and feared, and shunned her to my dying day. That little word made us friends immediately.

EXERCISE CLX.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE. *Rogers.*

It was St. Mary's Eve; and all poured forth,
As to some grand solemnity. The fisher
Came from his islet, bringing o'er the waves
His wife and little one; the husbandman
From the Firm Land, along the Po, the Brenta, —
Crowding the common ferry. All arrived;
And in his straw the prisoner turned and listened, —
So great the stir in Venice. Old and young
Thronged her three hundred bridges; the grave Turk,
Turbaned, long-vested, and the cozening Jew,
In yellow hat and threadbare gabardine,
Hurrying along. For, as the custom was,
The noblest sons and daughters of the state,
They of patrician birth, the flower of Venice,
Whose names are written in the "Book of Gold,"
Were on that day to solemnize their nuptials.
At noon, a distant murmur through the crowd,
Rising and rolling on, announced their coming;
And never from the first was to be seen
Such splendour or such beauty. Two and two,
(The richest tapestry unrolled before them,)
First came the brides in all their loveliness;
Each in her veil, and by two bridemaids followed,
Only less lovely, who behind her bore
The precious caskets that within contained
The dowry and the presents. On she moved,
Her eyes cast down, and holding in her hand
A fan, — that gently waved, — of ostrich-feathers.
Her veil, transparent as the gossamer,
Fell from beneath a starry diadem;
And on her dazzling neck a jewel shone,
Ruby or diamond or dark amethyst;
A jewelled chain, in many a winding wreath,
Wreathing her gold brocade.
Before the church,
That venerable pile on the sea-brink,

Another train they met, — no strangers to them, —
Brothers to some, and to the rest still dearer;
Each in his hand bearing his cap and plume,
And, as he walked, with modest dignity
Folding his scarlet mantle, his *tabarro*.
They join, they enter in, and up the aisle
Led by the full-voiced choir, in bright procession,
Range round the altar. In his vestments there
The patriarch stands; and, while the anthem flows,
Who can look on unmoved? — mothers in secret
Rejoicing in the beauty of their daughters,
Sons in the thought of making them their own;
And they, — arrayed in youth and innocence, —
Their beauty heightened by their hopes and fears.
At length the rite is ending: — All fall down
In earnest prayer, all of all ranks together;
And, stretching out his hands, the holy man
Proceeds to give the general benediction;
When hark! — a din of voices from without,
And shrieks, and groans, and outcries, as in battle;
And lo! the door is burst, — the curtain rent, —
And armèd ruffians, robbers from the deep,
Savage, uncouth, led on by Barbarigo,
And his six brothers in their coats of steel,
Are standing on the threshold! — Statue-like,
Awhile they gaze on the fallen multitude,
Each with his sabre up, in act to strike;
Then, as at once recovering from the spell,
Rush forward to the altar, and as soon
Are gone again, — amid no clash of arms
Bearing away the maidens and the treasures.
Where are they now? — ploughing the distant waves;
Their sails all set; and they upon the deck
Standing triumphant. To the east they go,
Steering for Istria; their accursèd barks,
(Well are they known, the galliot and the galley,)
Freighted with all that gives to life its value!
The richest argosies were poor to them!

EXERCISE CLXI.

SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

Now might you see the matrons running wild
Along the beach; the men half-armed and arming;
One with a shield, one with a casque and spear;
One with an axe, hewing the mooring-chain
Of some old pinnace. Not a raft, a plank,
But on that day was drifting. In an hour
Half Venice was afloat. But long before,—
Frantic with grief, and scorning all control,—
The youths were gone in a light brigantine,
Lying at anchor near the arsenal;
Each having sworn, and by the holy rood,
To slay or to be slain.
And from the tower
The watchman gives the signal. In the east
A ship is seen, and making for the port;
Her flag St. Mark's — And now she turns the point,—
Over the waters like a sea-bird flying!
Ha! 'tis the same, 'tis theirs! from stern to prow
Hung with green boughs, she comes, she comes, restoring
All that was lost!
Coasting, with narrow search,
Friuli — like a tiger in his spring,
They had surprised the corsairs where they lay,
Sharing the spoil in blind security,
And casting lots,— had slain them, one and all,—
All to the last,— and flung them far and wide
Into the sea, their proper element;—
Him first, as first in rank, whose name so long
Had hushed the babes of Venice, and who yet
Breathing a little, in his look retained
The fierceness of his soul.
Thus were the brides
Lost and recovered; and what now remained
But to give thanks? Twelve breastplates and twelve crowns,
Flaming with gems and gold, the votive offerings
Of the young victors to their patron saint,
Vowed on the field of battle, were ere long
Laid at his feet; and to preserve forever

The memory of a day so full of change,
From joy to grief, from grief to joy again,
Through many an age, as oft as it came round,
'Twas held religiously with all observance.
The Doge resigned his crimson for pure ermine;
And through the city in a stately barge
Of gold, were borne, with songs and symphonies,
Twelve ladies young and noble. Clad they were
In bridal white with bridal ornaments,
Each in her glittering veil; and on the deck,
As on a burnished throne, they glided by; —
No window or balcony but adorned
With hangings of rich texture, — not a roof
But covered with beholders, and the air
Vocal with joy. Onward they went; their oars
Moving in concert with the harmony,
Through the Rialto to the ducal palace;
And at a banquet there, served with due honour,
Sat, representing, in the eyes of all, —
Eyes not unwet, I ween, with grateful tears, —
Their lovely ancestors, the "Brides of Venice."

EXERCISE CLXII.

LIGHT. *Anon.*

Look at that glassy wave, the light of which dazzles our eyes, as if it came from a silvered mirror: where does that light originate? Oh! you will say, it is only the sunbeams. To be sure: you admit, then, that the light from the wave does not originate in the wave itself, but that it comes from the sun? — ninety-five millions one hundred and seventy-three thousand miles. — A pretty long journey, you will confess; but is the light tardy in accomplishing it? No; it travels at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second, and, consequently, arrives at the earth from the sun, in about eight minutes. Does it travel farther than the earth? For what we know, it may travel on forever, till intercepted by some opaque or ponderable object; but we khow for certain, that it reaches Herschel, — the most distant planet of

our system, which is no less than eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun.

Is light material? I have no knowledge of it but what is obtained through the medium of sight; no other sense recognizes it; we cannot taste it; we cannot smell it; and it makes no impression on the nerves of touch. But I can learn, that it is not only compounded of three primary coloured rays, but also of others not connected with colour at all; of calorific and of oxidizing and deoxidizing rays. I can see, that it is necessary to vegetation; that plants, deprived of its presence, lose their green colour; that it effects various chemical decompositions; and that it is subjected to certain fixed laws, which form the basis of the science of optics. From these circumstances I infer that it is matter, that it is a substance. But how subtile must be the nature of a substance whose particles can move in every direction, without interfering with each other; which can travel ninety-five millions of miles in eight minutes, and yet not exert the least perceptible force of collision; which will pass through the hardest crystal, or the purest diamond, with as much ease as through air or water!

Light is imponderable, and wants various properties which philosophers have thought to be essential to matter; but, in fact, we can seldom tell what is essential to any thing. We see objects and light by the eyes: that you will admit; and you will admit, also, that without organs of vision, we could have no knowledge of light and colours. But is it the eye that sees? Consider now. You say, Yes: I say, No.

When you take up a telescope, and look at the moons of Jupiter, you see those moons, which, without the telescope, you could not see. But does the telescope see them? You laugh, perhaps: you think the question childish. It is not so. Suppose a card were slipped in between your eye and the eye-glass, you would then neither perceive the planet nor his satellites.

Now, the eye is to vision what the telescope is: it is an optical instrument; it serves to form an image; but the eye itself does not see: it is the organ of communication with light, and is necessary to vision; but the sensation lies in the brain, or rather, I should say, in the mind which inhabits it. Cut off the communication between the eye and the brain; and the same result follows as when a card is placed between the eye and the telescope: all is dark. The optic

nerve is the cord through which the brain communicates with the eye; and when, by disease or other means, that nerve, or its expansion, the retina, on which the images of external objects are painted, loses its function, or if,—as has been often proved by experiment, the optic nerves be cut across,—then the animal sees no longer, though the eyes themselves remain as perfect as before.

EXERCISE CLXIII.

TO A LITTLE CLOUD. *Montgomery.*

The summer sun was in the west,
Yet far above his evening rest;
A thousand clouds in air displayed
Their floating isles of light and shade,—
The sky, like ocean's channels, seen
In long meandering streaks between.
Cultured and waste the landscape lay;
Woods, mountains, valleys stretched away,
And thronged the immense horizon round,
With heaven's eternal girdle bound:
From inland towns, eclipsed with smoke,
Steeples in lonely grandeur broke;
Hamlets, and cottages, and streams
By glimpses caught the casual gleams,
Or blazed in lustre broad and strong,
Beyond the picturing powers of song:
O'er all the eye enchanted ranged,
While colours, forms, proportions changed,
Or sank in distance undefined,
Still as our devious course inclined;
—And oft we paused, and looked behind.
One little cloud, and only one,
Seemed the pure offspring of the sun,
Flung from his orb to show us here
What clouds adorn *his* hemisphere;
Unmoved, unchanging, in the gale
That bore the rest o'er hill and dale,
Whose shadowy shapes, with lights around,
Like living motions, swept the ground.

This little cloud, and this alone,
Long in the highest ether shone;
Gay as a warrior's banner, spread
Its sunward margin, ruby-red,
Green, purple, gold, and every hue
That glitters in the morning dew,
Or glows along the rainbow's form,—
The apparition of the storm.
Deep in its bosom, diamond-bright,
Behind a fleece of pearly white,
It seemed a secret glory dwelt,
Whose presence, while unseen, was felt:
Like Beauty's eye, in slumber hid
Beneath a half-transparent lid,
From whence a sound, a touch, a breath,
Might startle it,—as life from death.
  Looks, words, emotions of surprise
Welcomed the stranger to our eyes:
Was it the phœnix, that from earth
In flames of incense sprang to birth?
Had Ocean from his lap let fly
His loveliest halcyon through the sky?
No:—while we gazed, the pageant grew
A nobler object to our view;
We deemed, if heaven with earth would hold
Communion, as in days of old,
Such, on his journey down the sphere,
Benignant Raphael might appear,
In splendid mystery concealed,
Yet by his rich disguise revealed:
—That buoyant vapour, in mid-air,
An angel in its folds might bear,
Who, through the curtain of his shrine,
Betrayed his lineaments divine.
The wild, the warm illusion stole,
Like inspiration, o'er the soul,
Till thought was rapture; language hung
Silent but trembling on the tongue;
And fancy almost hoped to hail
The seraph rushing through his veil,
Or hear an awful voice proclaim
The embassy on which he came.
  But ah! no minister of grace
Showed from the firmament his face,

Nor, borne aloof on balanced wings,
Revealed unutterable things.
The sun went down: — the vision passed;
The cloud was *but* a cloud at last;
Yet when its brilliancy decayed,
The eye still lingered on the shade,
And watching, till no longer seen,
Loved it for what it once had been.
  That cloud was beautiful, — was one
Among a thousand round the sun:
The thousand shared the common lot;
They came, — they went, — they were forgot
This fairy form alone impressed
Its perfect image in my breast,
And shines as richly blazoned there
As in its element of air.
  Bliss in possession will not last;
Remembered joys are never past:
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were, — they are, — they yet shall be.

EXERCISE CLXIV.

THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

[*From an Address on the Education of Females.*]

The cultivation of *taste*, is one of those departments of education, in which much depends on the action of the individual. The study of languages, and the practice of reading and of composition, are the chief sources of influence on taste, that can be resorted to, in the period of school education. In some establishments, it is true, pupils enjoy the additional aid of instruction in music and drawing, — pursuits which exert a powerful influence, in cherishing the tendencies of the young mind towards the beautiful in form and in sound. — Pure taste and discriminating judgment, in the teachers of these branches of education, must lie at the foundation of all valuable attainment, on the part of the pupil. Without these primary aids, girls had better be left to those

influences which spring from their own constitutional susceptibility to nature and to sentiment, as sources of refinement, than suffer the indescribable evils resulting from false or perverted taste.

But, after the best initiatory instruction, the benefits of practice in drawing and in music, depend entirely on judicious personal culture. It matters little that a young lady has studied the rudiments of drawing under a teacher of acknowledged taste and skill, if she allows her practice to run into the line of fancy scenes of delicately graceful Gothic castles, slender upright trees, and prettily draped knights and damsels, promenading in "trim gardens;" or if she restricts herself to the painting of those birds and flowers which exist nowhere but on much-abused paper or canvass. The taste which is formed by such exercises, is irretrievably perverted: every new essay, in such style, only stereotypes a fault.

Let the young student, on the other hand, attempt to draw a tree, to paint a flower, or to sketch a group of objects, from nature; and how different the result! Let the attempt even prove a failure,— there has been a flood of instruction poured over the mind, a whole world of impressions stamped on the imagination, and a fresh sensibility awakened to every beauty of form, and light, and colour. The student rises from her work to new perceptions of grace, and symmetry, and perfection, in nature and in art, and, not less, in soul and character.

Similar effects follow the cultivation of music. A girl at school may have enjoyed the best opportunities of faithful and able instruction. But it will all be unavailing, if she give up her subsequent hours of practice to the low strains of a popular ballad, or to rattling off some delicious little snuff-box waltz. Her instrument and her voice become thus the effectual means of degrading her taste to the low and the trivial; and every hour devoted to such practice, becomes an additional security that she shall never rise to the refinement and elevation of soul, which music is so beautifully adapted to confer.

Let a young lady, on the contrary, regard every hour which she devotes to music, as consecrated to higher attainments in the perception and enjoyment of beauty, and to the power of exalting her own sense of loveliness and perfection; and she will select the works of great composers only. She may not be able to perform any but their easiest and slightest productions. But to these she will adhere, as to the manna

of genius, and shrink from the other, as from the messes of Egypt. She will be content to wait patiently, and practise assiduously, for the skill which, in due time, will reward her resolution and her perseverance, and enable her to present more faithfully, and to enjoy more amply, the richer fruits of great minds.

EXERCISE CLXV.

DECEMBER. *Howitt.*

"I love thee, Winter! well." *Southey.*

"With his ice, and snow, and rime,
Let bleak Winter sternly come!
There is not a sunnier clime
Than the love-lit winter-home." *A. A. Watts.*

We are now placed in the midst of wintry scenes. Nature is stripped of all her summer drapery. Her verdure, her foliage, her flowers, have all vanished. The sky is filled with clouds and gloom, or sparkles only with a frosty radiance. The earth is spongy with wet, rigid with frost, or buried in snows. The winds that, in summer, breathe gently over nodding blooms, and undulating grass, swaying the leafy boughs with a pleasant murmur, and wafting perfumes all over the world, now hiss like serpents, or howl like wild beasts of the desert; cold, piercing, and cruel.

Every thing has drawn as near as possible to the centre of warmth and comfort. The farmer has driven his flocks and cattle into sheltered home enclosures, where they may receive from his provident care, that food which the earth now denies them; or into the farm-yard itself, where some honest Giles piles their cratches plentifully with fodder. The labourer has fled from the field to the barn; and the measured strokes of his flail are heard daily, from morn till eve.

It amazes us, as we walk abroad, to conceive where can have concealed themselves the infinite variety of creatures that sported through the air, earth, and waters, of summer. Birds, insects, reptiles,—whither are they all gone? The birds that filled the air with their music, the rich blackbird, the loud and cheerful thrush, the linnet, lark, and goldfinch,—whither have they crept?—The squirrel that played his

antics on the forest-tree; and all the showy and varied tribes of butterflies, moths, dragon-flies, beetles, wasps, and warrior-hornets, bees and cockchafers, — whither have they fled? Some, no doubt, have lived out their little term of being, and their bodies, lately so splendid, active, and alive to a thousand instincts, feelings and propensities, are become part and parcel of the dull and wintry soil; but the greater portion have shrunk into the hollows of trees and rocks, and into the bosom of their mother earth itself; where, with millions of seeds, and roots, and buds, they live in the great treasury of Nature, ready at the call of a more auspicious season, to people the world, once more, with beauty and delight.

The heavens present one of the most prominent and splendid beauties of winter. The long and total absence of the sun's light, and the transparent purity of a frosty atmosphere, give an apparent elevation to the celestial concave, and a rich depth and intensity of azure, in which the stars burn with resplendent beauty; the galaxy stretches its albescent glow athwart the northern sky; and the moon, in her monthly track, sails amongst the glittering constellations, with a more queenly grace; sometimes, without the visitation of a single cloud, and, at others, seeming to catch, from their wind-winged speed, an accelerated motion of her own. It is a spectacle of which the contemplative eye is never weary; though it is one, beyond all others, which fills the mind with feelings of the immensity of the universe, the tremendous power of its Creator, and of the insignificance of self.

A breathing atom, — a speck even, — upon the surface of a world which is itself a speck in the *universal* world, we send our imagination forth amongst innumerable orbs, all stupendous in magnitude, all swarming with existence, — vainly striving to reach the boundaries of space, till, astonished and confounded, it recoils from the hopeless task, aching, dazzled, and humbled to the dust. What a weary sense attends the attempt of a finite being to grasp infinity! — Space beyond space! space beyond space, still! There is nothing for the mind to rest its weary wing upon; and it shrinks back into its material cell, in adoration and humility.

Such are the feelings and speculations which have attended the human spirit in all ages, in contemplating this magnificent spectacle. The awful vastness of the power of the Deity, evinced in the scenes which night reveals, is sure to abase the pride of our intellect, and to shake the overgrowth of our self-love. But these influences are not without their benefit;

and the beauty and beneficence equally conspicuous in every object of creation,— whether a world or an atom,— come to our aid, to reassure our confidence, and to animate us with the proud prospect of an eternity of still perfecting and ennobling existence.

But the year draws to a close. I see symptoms of its speedy exit. And this awakes in me the consciousness of how little we have thought of man and his toils, and anxieties, as from day to day, and month to month, we have gone wandering over the glorious face of the earth, and drinking in its peaceful pleasures; and yet what a mighty sum of events has been consummated! — what a tide of passions and affections has flowed, — what lives and deaths have alternately arrived, — what destinies have been fixed forever, while we have loitered on a violet-path, and watched the passing splendours of the seasons! Once more our planet has completed one of those journeys in the heavens, which perfect all the fruitful changes of its peopled surface, and mete out the few stages of our existence; and every day, every hour of that progress, has, in all her wide lands, in all her million hearts, left traces that eternity shall behold.

Yet, if we have not been burdened with man's cares, we have not forgotten him; but many a time have we thanked God for his bounties to him, and rejoiced in the fellowship of our nature. If there be a scene to stir in our souls all our thankfulness to God, and all our love for man, it is that of Nature. When we behold the beautiful progression of the seasons, — when we see how leaves and flowers burst forth, and spread themselves over the earth, by myriads in spring, — how summer and autumn fill the world with loveliness and fragrance, with corn and wine; it is impossible not to feel our hearts "breathe perpetual benedictions" to the great Founder and Provider of the world, and warm with sympathetic affection towards our own race, for whom He has thought fit to prepare all this happiness. — There is no time in which I feel these sentiments more strongly, than when I behold the moon rising over a solitary summer landscape. The repose of all creatures on the earth, makes more sensibly felt the incessant care of Him who thus sends up "his great light to rule the night," and to shine softly and silently above millions of sleeping creatures, that take no thought for themselves.

EXERCISE CLXVI.

THE DESERTED HOUSE. *Tennyson.*

Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:—
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close;
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious,—
A great and distant city,—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.—
Would they could have staid with us!

EXERCISE CLXVII.

PORTIA. *Mrs. Jameson.*

Among Shakspeare's inimitable delineations of female character, Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind, may be classed together, as characters of intellect, because, when compared with others, they are at once distinguished by their mental superiority. In Portia, it is intellect, kindled into

romance, by a poetical imagination; in Isabel, it is intellect, elevated by religious principle; in Beatrice, intellect, animated by spirit; in Rosalind, intellect, softened by sensibility.

The wit which is lavished on each, is profound, or pointed, or sparkling, or playful,—but always feminine. Like spirits distilled from flowers, it always reminds us of its origin: it is a volatile essence, sweet as powerful; and,—to pursue the comparison a step farther,—the wit of Portia is like attar of roses,—rich and concentrated; that of Rosalind, like cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar; the wit of Beatrice is like *sal volatile;* and that of Isabel, like the incense wafted to heaven.

Of these four exquisite characters, considered as dramatic and poetical conceptions, it is difficult to pronounce which is most perfect in its way, most admirably drawn, most highly finished. But if considered in another point of view, as women and individuals, as breathing realities, clothed in flesh and blood, I believe we must assign the first rank to Portia,—as uniting in herself, in a more eminent degree than the others, all the noblest and most lovable qualities that ever met together in woman.

It is singular, that hitherto no critical justice has been done to the character of Portia: it is yet more wonderful, that one of the finest writers on the eternal subject of Shakspeare and his perfections, should accuse Portia of pedantry and affectation, and confess she is not a great favourite of his. *Schlegel, who has given several pages to a rapturous eulogy on the Merchant of Venice, simply designates Portia, as "a rich, beautiful, *clever* heiress."—If Portia had been created as a mere instrument to bring about a dramatic catastrophe,—if she had merely detected the flaw in Antonio's bond, and used it as a means to baffle the Jew, she might have been pronounced a clever woman. But what Portia does, is forgotten in what she *is*. The rare and harmonious blending of energy, gentleness, wisdom, and feeling, in her fine character, make, the epithet *clever* sound like a discord, as applied to *her*, and places her infinitely beyond the slight praise of Richardson and Schlegel, neither of whom appears to have fully comprehended her.†

* Pronounced, *Shlaygel.*

† I find that Schlegel's own word, is, literally, *rich in soul or spirit*,—a strong and beautiful expression, and just as it is beautiful. Would it not be well if this common and comprehensive word, *clever*,

These and other critics have been apparently so dazzled and engrossed by the amazing character of Shylock, that Portia has received less than justice at their hands; while the fact is, that Shylock is not a finer or more finished character in his way, than Portia in hers. These two splendid figures are worthy of each other; worthy of being placed together within the same rich frame-work of enchanting poetry, and glorious and graceful forms. She hangs beside the terrible, the inexorable Jew, — the brilliant lights of her character set off by the shadowy power of his, — like a magnificent beauty-breathing Titian by the side of a gorgeous Rembrandt.

Portia is endued with her own share of those delightful qualities which Shakspeare has lavished on many of his female characters; but, besides the dignity, the sweetness, and tenderness which should distinguish her sex generally, she is individualized by qualities peculiar to herself; by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit. These are innate: she has other distinguishing qualities, more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth: a train of obedient pleasures have ever waited round her; and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment.

Accordingly, there is a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence, in all that she does and says, as one to whom splendour had been familiar, from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, o'er cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry, — amid

were more accurately defined, or, at least, more accurately used? It signifies, properly, not so much the possession of high powers, as dexterity in the adaptation of certain faculties, (not necessarily of a high order,) to a certain end or aim, — not always the worthiest. It implies something common-place, inasmuch as it speaks the presence of the *active* and *perceptive*, with a deficiency of the *feeling* and *reflective* powers; and, applied to a woman, does it not almost invariably suggest the idea of something we should distrust or shrink from, — if not allied to a higher nature? The profligate Frenchwomen, who ruled the councils of Europe, in the middle of the last century, were clever women; and Madame Du Chatelet, who managed, at one and the same moment, the thread of an intrigue, her cards at piquet, and a calculation in algebra, was a very clever woman.

gardens full of statues, and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music. She is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but, as she has never known want, or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the sombre or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity.

EXERCISE CLXVIII.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.* *Mrs. Sigourney.*

Long hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dews. She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy Winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect.
But now we come
To do thee homage, — mother of our chief!
Fit homage, — such as honoureth him who pays.
— Methinks we see thee, — as in olden time, —
Simple in garb, — majestic and serene,
Unmoved by pomp or circumstance, — in truth
Inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing vice, and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth, — to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet, like the ephemeron, away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipped.
For the might that clothed
The "*Pater Patriæ*," — for the glorious deeds
That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine
For all the earth, what thanks to thee are due,

* On laying the corner-stone of the monument to her memory.

Who, 'mid his elements of being, wrought,
We know not: — Heaven can tell.
Rise, sculptured pile!
And show a race unborn, who rests below;
And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs, — with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.
Warn them to wake at early dawn, — and sow
Good seed, before the world hath sown her tares;
Nor in their toil decline; — that angel-bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to his garner.
Ye, who stand,
With thrilling breast, to view her trophied praise,
Who nobly reared Virginia's godlike chief, —
Ye, whose *last* thought upon your nightly couch,
Whose *first* at waking, is your cradled son, —
What though no high ambition prompts to rear
A second Washington, or leave your name
Wrought out in marble, with a nation's tears
Of deathless gratitude; — yet may you raise
A monument above the stars, — a soul
Led, by your teachings and your prayers, to God!

EXERCISE CLXIX.

FEMALE SENTIMENTALISTS. *Mrs. Sandford.*

The sympathy which works of fiction excite, though it has in it something tender and romantic, by no means involves real feeling. The young woman who is versed in romances, will, no doubt, acquire the language of sentiment. She will have a sigh and a tear for every occasion, — a languishing look, and a nervous palpitation; she will condole with every tale of distress, and be exuberant, at least, in her professions of sympathy. She will even imagine it very pretty and picturesque to appear in a cottage, to drop a guinea on a poor man's table, and to receive, with blushing modesty, his lavish thanks. But when the effort is really to be made, — when she finds that charity involves self-denial

and exertion, — that she must rise from her luxurious couch, and soil her silken sandals, and encounter, perhaps, rudeness and ingratitude from the objects of her relief; and that all this is to be done without observation or applause; that there is no one to overhear her silver voice, or to watch her gliding footsteps, or to trace her fairy form as she passes down the village street, — then her philanthropic ardour cools; — she shrinks from the painful duty, and discovers that what is very interesting and poetic in description, is very dull and irksome in practice.

The very morbidness of her sensibility, is a bar to the real exercise of benevolence: she cannot bear to look upon pain. There is so much that is offensive in human misery, and unromantic in its detail; there is so much that is appalling in scenes of misery, and sickness, and death, that she recoils from the mere observation of such calamities, and shuts her eyes, and closes her ears to genuine distress, — from the same feelings that cause her to scream at the approach of a spider, or faint at the sight of blood. Yet she delights to nurse imaginary griefs, to live in an ideal world, and so to pamper her fancy, and excite her sensibility, that they alone become to her prolific sources of unhappiness.

There is a romance in grief, that is highly poetic. There is something sublime, in the extremity of human woe. Who does not feel its pathos, when he reads of Antigone, or of Hecuba, of the daughter of Aiah, or of the widow of Nain? Who does not feel it, when he witnesses or experiences the too frequent tragedies of ordinary life?

Yet here there is also danger in the indulgence of sentiment. There may be a pride in the excess of grief. There may be a luxury in the exuberance of tears. There may be a dreaming trance, in which the sufferers find almost pleasure, and from which they will not descend. And thus they may shroud themselves in their grief, and discard every thing which would divert them from its contemplation, and indulge in a fond and sentimental reverie, which they may almost imagine it a desecration to disturb.

This is not unfrequently the case with women whose minds are sensitive, but weak, and who seem to make a merit of giving way to sorrow. But it is a perversion of feeling, — not its consequence. For that sentiment is, in reality, most intense that does not indulge itself in expression; that grief most affecting that is not selfish; that emotion most noble and

sublime that elevates not to ecstasy, but to exertion, — that does not spend itself in weeping over a tomb, or in wailing a dirge, but sends the mourner forth in modest, quiet, unobtrusive sorrow, to encounter again the trials of life, and to fulfil its obligations.

EXERCISE CLXX.

THE LOVER'S ECHO. *Anon.*

One evening, as lately I strayed by the wave,
While the sun in his sea-bed was sinking to rest,
A sigh and a thought to my heart-dear I gave,
And thus told the secret that burned in my breast·
"I *love;* — but alas! am I loved in return?"
When Echo repeating, said — "*loved in return.*"

With rapture I answered, — "Sweet daughter of air,
Thou hast brightened my mind with the light of thy spell,
Thou hast streamed like a meteor of joy o'er my care,
And tenderly whispered me hope from thy cell.
Yet tell me, lone maid, if there's trueness in man!"
Lo! Echo sighed softly — "*there's trueness in man!*"

Out of breath, I exclaimed — "Oh! but tell me of this, —
And I'll fondly believe it is Heaven that I hear, —
Oh! tell me, thou babbler, thou handmaid of bliss, —
Oh! tell if my lover be warm and sincere:
Oh! tell me, I pray, if he's fervent and true!"
Kind Echo made answer, — "*he's fervent and true.*"

"Thanks, thanks! dearest Echo, for all I have heard;
And now, ere we part, thy *best tidings* express:
'Tis the 'last time of asking,' — so waft me a word
That is spelt with a Y, with an E, and an S; —
Shall I soon be a bride? — tell me quick, *No* or *Yes!*" —
And Echo, dear Echo, distinctly said, — "Yes!"

EXERCISE CLXXI.

MORAVIAN FUNERALS. *Anon.*

If there be a period in life, when the heart is moved to tenderness, and the more susceptible feelings of our nature are softened in grief, with the wanness of melancholy hovering on the cheek, it is when we linger near the couch of a dying relative or friend:—it is when we listen to the faint accents of expiring love, and bid adieu to the cold mortal remnant with a trembling grasp; or clasp, in agonizing sorrow, the object in which was once centred all we held dear of earthly things. The sudden change occasioned by such an event, is an incident that rends the soul, and leaves it for a moment callous to every other object, but that upon which it would pour its last effusion of doting grief, and then resign it to the protection of a higher than earthly power, and the realization of a state of bliss, purer than earthly felicity.

And it is death, then, that causes this blank in human happiness, and invades, with its palsying touch, the animation of the social circle; that tends for a time to divest life of its charms, and poison the cup of its enjoyments with a bitter dreg!

Funeral ceremony is most natural to the heart: it is the last debt we can pay to the memory of departed worth. We cannot but acquiesce in the tendency it has to fit the mind for serious reflection, and prepare it for those subjects of eternal interest, which lay claim to the deepest consideration.

There is something peculiarly impressive in accompanying the "sable bier" to its last place of deposit, and in witnessing the last ceremonics of interment. In the high-wrought feelings of the moment, we can only contemplate the spectacle before us, while the more engaging objects of life and nature seem to have lost their chief delights. The placid stillness of a rural funeral, is calculated to enhance these feelings.

These remarks have been elicited, as appropriate to the subject of Moravian funerals; as their peculiarities render them the more impressive, and more congenial with the nature of heartfelt sorrow.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that music is something too intrusive to the feelings, when occupied by the corroding

emotions of grief: we cannot, however, deny its tendency to revive the drooping spirits, and elevate the mind to the participation of those blessed sensations, which are more nearly allied to heaven than to earth.

Soon after an individual's dissolution, a short but beautiful dirge is performed upon some elevated position, commonly on the chapel, the solemnity of which is finely adapted to strike upon the susceptible chord of the heart, which is wont to respond to the most casual object of tender inspiration.

This music is of a low and lengthened tenor, suited to the most solemn occasion, and calculated to heighten the general impressions of sorrow, which pervade the precincts of death.

It often breaks upon the stillness of morning, and calls the mind for a moment from its daily avocations, and leads it into a train of reflections least congenial with the scenes around us.

There appears to me something peculiarly striking in this custom of announcing the departure of another to his long home; and I have often listened, as if bound by a sacred spell, to catch the last melting tones of the melody, dying away in the distance. Whence is it, we may inquire, that the breast heaves under such a powerful impulse? It cannot be the melody itself, — which upon other occasions would fail to delight, — but the associations hereby revived, which relate so nearly to the object of our former love, and which, as the music of Caryll, "are like the memory of past joys, pleasant yet mournful to the soul."

This manner of announcing a death, is a regular observance, and seems to have been designed by the original founders of the sect, to be productive of a general expression of mourning, by inspiring all with an equal share of sorrow for the loss of a friend.

Upon the day of burial, and previous to interment, a solemn dirge is once more performed within the church, accompanied by vocal music, after which a discourse is given on the subject most appropriate to the occasion. The mourners and friends then assemble around the bier; a hymn is sung, accompanied by instruments, when the remains of the deceased are raised and carried towards the place of burial, preceded by musicians, who play the same dirge, during the procession to the graveyard. After the usual forms of interment are over, and the funeral attendants retire, the final dirge is sounded, until the earth is once more

levelled with the surface, and all that was mortal is finally consigned to the dust.

Yet this simple but beautiful ceremony of interment, cannot be said to bear any similarity to those funeral rites occasionally met with, and which, though innocent and touching in themselves, are still marked with superstition. The observances at rural funerals in England, so exquisitely sketched by the pen of Washington Irving, present us with an instance of those remaining traditional customs of the rustic class, who adorn the grave with chaplets of flowers.

We have heard, too, of Indian burials,—of the doleful lament,—and the train of virgins, who bear to the rude sepulchre the lifeless clay; while, as the last token of innocent affection, they lay near the body the implements of the chase, to serve it on its distant journey!

But deep and lasting affection makes a direct appeal to the finer feelings of human nature; and these, when severed from their object by the stroke of death, are most powerfully worked upon by recollections, by favourite associations, and the revival of those incidents which remind us most forcibly of past enjoyments.

The force of sincere attachment extends its influence beyond the grave;—it hovers in anguish over the silent tomb, and lingers there long after it has ceased to feel the ties of corresponding sympathy and mutual fondness.

That there is something peculiarly impressive in a Moravian funeral, an air of pensive melancholy pervading the whole ceremony, none who have witnessed it can deny. The effect of melody on the heart is powerful, and particularly so when employed in the solemn chant, the devotional hymn, or low dirge that becomes the knell of death. It is by a sort of eloquence, therefore, that musical rites address the soul, and lead it to indulge in moods of sadness, by their tender and irresistible charms.

I have frequently witnessed scenes calculated to melt the soul, and draw the tear of compassion; but I have never observed a more sublime, solemn, and affecting ceremony, than that of a Moravian burial.

EXERCISE CLXXII.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS. *Longfellow.*

When the hours of day are numbered,
  And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
  To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
  And, like phantoms, grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
  Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed
  Enter at the open door;
The belovèd, the true-hearted,
  Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished
  Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
  Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
  Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
  Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous
  Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
  And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
  Comes that messenger divine;
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
  Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me
  With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
  Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, but comprehended,
   Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
   Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
   All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
   Such as these have lived and died!

EXERCISE CLXXIII.

DREAMS. *Addison.*

Though there are many authors who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as presages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimations of its independency on matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action until her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case, dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she is disencumbered of her machine; — her sports and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy

in its motion. But, in dreams, it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself: the slow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with; —the grave abound in pleasantries; the dull, in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention; yet, in dreams, it works with such ease and activity, that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of Sir Thomas Browne, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps; and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity, my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpio: I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn; and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that which has passed. Thus it is observed that men, sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality."

I would here remark that wonderful power in the soul when dreaming, of producing her own company. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actor, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, that all men,

whilst they are awake, are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own. The waking man is conversant in the world of nature: when he sleeps, he retires to a private world, that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, namely, its power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned: the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have never been suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose that the soul, in these instances, is entirely loose and unfettered from the body: it is sufficient if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broken and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the body.

EXERCISE CLXXIV.

SONG OF THE MAY FASHIONS. *Anon.*

Fair May, to all fair maidens of May-Fair!
Ye matrons, too, the poet's greeting share;
May many a May to matron and to maid
Return without a grief, without a shade;

May all be gay from Middlesex to Mayo,
May never sigh be heaved or heard a heigh-ho!

All poets have their impulses and passions;
And mine it is to sing a song of Fashions,
Of bonnets, frills, and parasols, and capes,—
Of gauzes, *guipures*, *marabouts*, and *crêpes*,—
Of dresses, ribands, stomachers, and bustles,
And all that floats or flounces, waves or rustles;—
Of trimmings, flowers, feathers, fringes, shawls,
For fêtes and dinners, operas and balls.

Be gracious, Maia, queen of merry May!
As smooth as velvet make my summer lay;
And if you be a millinery muse,
Airy Muslina, don't your aid refuse,
But come with Fancy in your gauzy train,
And leave the Gallic for the British plain;
Like your best needle let my verses shine,
And with your thimble shield each fearful line.

Oh! be propitious! Make me glib on
Cambrics, and profound on ribbon,
Learned in *lamas*, bright on satin,
Chemisettes and corsets pat in;—
Aid me, lest I make a hash mere
Of mantilla, scarf, and Cashmere,—
Thus involve me in dilemmas
With the Graces, Maudes, and Emmas,—
Lest I get into quandaries,
Misdirecting Lady Maries;
Or damages may have to pay,
For leading Bell or Blanche astray;
Dishing Kate, deceiving Ellen,
Or misguiding Madam Helen,
By some costume which afar is
From the present mode of Paris.
Paris still is Helen's passion,
Paris still the glass of fashion.
Come Iris, too, with all your vivid hues!
Come Flora, with the dew-drops on your shoes!
For there will now be need of vernal dyes,
To suit young May, and charm the charmer's eyes,

Pale pinks, blue lilachs, and the softest greens,
For bonnets, ribands, silks, and bombazines;
And, Flora! mind you order all your bowers
To be profuse and prodigal of flowers.
Pray make the lazy lilies leave their bed,
To join in weaving crowns for beauty's head,
And bouquet-sceptres, for her royal hand; —
Beauty is queen of all by sea and land!
The daffodilly will not leave his cup;
But sure the temperate jonquille might be up.
Draw largely now upon your violet banks,
Your drafts will honoured be with ladies' thanks:
Mind, Flora! mind you order all your bowers
To be profuse of May's delicious flowers.

Say, first, what cap shall head of beauty wear, —
Though seldom cap should be admitted there.
Tulle chiffonnée, with heather blossoms gay,
Or any other tiny flowers of May.
Plain on the forehead are the caps in vogue,
A matron's air they give each charming rogue;
Broad at the back a pretty curtain placed,
With flowery wreath is elegantly graced,
And where, on each side, at the ear it closes,
Deck it with bunches of the same small roses;
Or place a point, with fluted *tulle* surrounded,
Or with raised lappets, "*à la paysanne*" bounded,
And held in bonds of double-tinted gauze,
Lest in "the pride of place" it break through Fashion's laws.

Pass we now from caps to bonnets,
Hard to be discussed in sonnets;
What should be their shape and size,
To engage all female eyes?
In what hues should we baptize them,
That the fair may not despise them?
Bonnets now, — list, maidens all, —
Bonnets now are — rather small;
Fashioned in the prettiest shapes,
Of satins overlaid with *crêpes*.
Some with ribands trimmed, and some,
Trimmed with lace of France, become.
Of the pretty, prettiest far
Those in *gros de Naples* are;

Colour suited to the face,
Covered with *appliqué* lace,
Decked with branch of rosy bloom,
Or with smart *feuillage de plume.*
White straw bonnets are the mode, —
Some are worthy of an ode, —
With a veil so thin and slight,
It seems woven of air and light.
Let *marabouts* around them cluster,
And lovers will not fail to muster.

Fashion now will always choose
Cheerful tints and vernal hues.
Proper now, the maiden thinks,
Softest greens, and palest pinks;
Captivated now she sees
Lilachs, blue, and French *cerise,*
But if she be light and merry,
Trick her out in English cherry.
Pretty colours! is it not,
Pity they should e'er be *shot?*
Western ladies chiefly prize
For ribands now your Eastern dyes.
Understand the East afar,
Not the east of Temple Bar.
Bavolets are deepening down,
And feathers flattening on the crown.

For colours, if you list my lay,
You will still consult the May.
I have no more rules in store; —
The law has been laid down before, —
Nothing dark, and nothing sad,
All be gay and all be glad.
Your greens you'll from the greenhouse choose,
From the sky select your blues.
Any garden-wall will teach
The most becoming shade of peach.
Dress in dark tints, you who dare!
'Tis high treason in May-Fair.
Should you pant to dress in brown, —
Do so; — but go out of town!
City dames their dowdy limbs on
Stiff display their odious crimson,

Ah! no better do they know,
Belles who hear the bell of Bow!

But now my song is sung.—I can no more;
May maids and matrons profit by my lore;
Accepted may it be by dames and damsels,
By all signoras, donnas, madames, ma'm'selles,—
By all the graces, beauties, virtues, powers,
In halls and parks, in boudoirs and in bowers!
And, oh! let none of woman born
The poet of the Fashions scorn,
Or account his labours light,
Or pronounce his merits slight.
Sir Husband, you whose thrifty purse they rifle,
Know well that London fashions are no trifle;
That coins must pay for *ceintures*, caps, and collars,
That *déshabilles* and dresses sound in dollars;
That for each pretty hat, each handsome gown,
You must,—ay, must you,—handsomely come down.
Call DRESS a trifle!—no, as I'm a sinner,
There's but one weightier theme,—oh! need I mention DINNER?

EXERCISE CLXXV.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT. *Hood.*

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death,
That Phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own, —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep.
O God! — that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? — A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, — and rags.
That shattered roof, — and this naked floor, —
A table, — a broken chair, —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime, —
Work — work — work!
As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work!
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work!
When the weather is warm and bright, —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet, —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour! —
A respite, however brief! —
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
Would that its tone could reach the rich! —
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

EXERCISE CLXXVI.

FREDERIKA BREMER. *Anon.*

What is it that has procured so general and well-merited approbation of the works of Frederika Bremer? Certainly, not alone the attractions presented by that which is new and foreign. For the new and foreign is offered to us yearly,—ay, daily, in such plenitude, that it must be richly endowed and originally conceived, when it not only finds an entrance and wins an ephemeral reputation, but also acquires unanimous and enduring approbation. The principal reason of the approbation which has been bestowed upon this worthy Swedish authoress is, probably, the perfectly unassuming manner in which she presented herself. There is not the least trace of pretension that she is about to offer us something unheard-of, unusual, or extraordinary; or that her object is to make for herself a name, and crown herself with the laurels of fiction. She does not claim to be an artist, but offers herself simply as she is, like a gentle pilgrim, who, from the treasures of her clear understanding and pure heart, would impart to her younger sisters her observations and experience, which serve not only for a delightful recreation, but also for instruction, warning, and advice. The modest title,—"Sketches from Every-day Life,"—is evidently, on her part, seriously intended; although she is doubtless aware that it is any thing but mere every-day life which flows from her pen. In each case, the appellation of *sketches* is too modest, and consequently untrue; for that which is here offered does not consist merely of designs, outlines, and sketches, but of finished paintings, always elaborate, and frequently carried out with the minuteness of the Flemish school; and even in the copies before us, (the genuine translations,) the fresh colouring of nature is still preserved.

Frederika Bremer possesses an uncommonly happy, versatile, exact, and attractive mode of expression: undoubtedly this is her own from nature, and inborn, but by study and practice developed and highly polished. Nowhere, in her works, can you discern study, while you cannot but enjoy its fruits; nowhere can you find a circumlocution, either in language or in expression; the one adapts itself immediately to the ideas, the other is equally easy and concise: there is nothing overstrained or tinselled; the same charming sim-

plicity is everywhere apparent. Her subject is so clearly presented and moulded, that the form involuntarily presents itself, and in the most unambiguous manner.

The charms of her pleasing style, however, are heightened by the richness and chasteness of the contents. They consist of pictures of real life, striking, calculated to excite reflection, well selected, attractive, illuminated with taste, and with a background of strong common sense; — in outline, disposition and colouring, all conceived and finished with the same ability. With all the palpable connection of the subjects, between which a family resemblance is soon detected, the variety of incidents and characters is very great. The conceptions, it is true, exhibit no marks of a fiery or luxuriant imagination; but they are neither barren nor uniform; and in no case are they wanting in the charms of novelty or originality. In every new volume, new characters are brought forward, which, although we may imagine that we have in part heard or seen them before; yet being exhibited in another dress and under other circumstances, or in another point of view, are no specimens of every-day individuality.

In the delineation of character, our authoress evinces uncommon skill. Not only the principal actors, but several of the inferior ones, are sharply and truly-defined portraits, which possess not only the appearance of life, but have, in fact, a substantial life; they stand, move, speak, and act before us; and we are continually taxing our memories for the originals, the counterparts of which the versatile authoress has placed before our eyes; we have a dim remembrance of having, somewhere or other, during our lives, encountered each one of them. But it is far from being the case that every-day forms, — those which every one is already acquainted with, — are all that are presented before us: even those readers who have lived much in the world, and have associated with many men, will here make new and interesting acquaintances, whose images they will ever fondly retain in memory. As the marks of truth and nature are everywhere impressed upon these portraits, so there are some which are conceived and drawn with peculiar force. Seldom has the graver, in the hands of a female, drawn and finished such sharply-defined and forcible characters.

Born upon a Finland estate, not far from Abo, Frederika Bremer was, in her earliest years, removed to Sweden, where her father was an extensive land-proprietor. The simple life

of the family glided calmly away from spring to autumn in the country, and from autumn to spring in the capital city, with agreeable society in either place; their time being taken up principally in the household duties, in familiar readings, where attention was mostly directed to the German classics, and the practice of the arts. Each daughter of the house availed herself of the means of education here offered,—each one, according to her own peculiar taste and disposition, and painted a future glowing with all the enchantment of a lively and excited imagination. It may be mentioned as characteristic, that our poetess, in all her visions, foresaw herself a warrior heroine.

A sad reality,—a deep and bitter melancholy, the origin of which, in consideration of her reluctance to explain it, we can only surmise, here drew like a dark gloomy cloud over the life of the young maiden; for many a year did she struggle with it; but at length she came out victorious, free, and strong. "The illusions of youth are dissolved; the spring-time of youth is past." But a new youth, light, and freedom, have arisen in the purified soul, and, with renovated strength, she goes to the daily work which she has recognized as her calling. She began early, even when but a girl, to write, yet it is but lately that she has allowed any of her productions to be printed. "I wrote under the impulse of youthful and restless feelings; I wrote that I might write. Latterly, I have resumed the pen under far different influences;" but upon what these are, she is silent. On the verge of the autumn of life, she still delights in the same cheerful society to which she has been accustomed from her earliest spring days, and in the possession of a beloved mother and sister. For the future, she has no other wish than that she may perfect the labours which she has undertaken, to which her former writings "form the beginning." Thus we may still expect many a ripe and rich offering from her; if her health remains as sound, and her heart as fresh, as the past warrants us in assuming.

These revelations from the life of the authoress, give a key to the peculiar delineation and colouring of several of the female characters in her romances,—a high-souled resignation, a calm and impartial contemplation of the world, a rising above the opposition of circumstances,—the joys of the peaceful life of a confiding family circle, together with a lively interest in all the noble and beautiful that lies beyond

its sphere; — these charming qualities, which she herself exhibits, she has impressed upon those characters which have been drawn by her with such vigour and success. But that which more firmly strengthens such qualities, that which imparts to her a generous sympathy in the sorrows and joys of mankind, a profound knowledge of the operations of the human heart, as well as the calm and lofty bearing of all her productions, is the deep and warm religious tone which gushes like a spring, refreshing and purifying, from her inner life, and, in all her works, mirrors her soul brightly before us.

Her piety has given her eyes for all the wonders of God in nature, as well as in human life, and has consecrated her a priestess of the religion of the visible creation. She observes and understands the mysterious and yet distinct language of the mountains and valleys, of the springs and floods, of plants and stones; the rustling of the leaves, the rippling of the waters, the chirping of the lonely cricket, and the song of the lark, "tone" sweetly in her breast. Her pictures of nature are so living, descriptive, and faithful, that we feel, as it were, at home in that country which she places before our eyes, as the field of the incidents she relates: they are landscapes, which, by their exquisite finishing, produce their full effect. Even when she takes us to that which is strange, — the scenery peculiar to the distant North, the life and distinctness of the representation, give us so true a picture, that we easily and speedily accommodate ourselves to our new position.

Yet she never loses herself, nor does she fall into a deification of nature, but points emphatically to the Unseen Hand, which so wisely orders all, and of whose goodness the universe is so full; and to the one Spirit in which we live, move, and have our being. She acknowledges, and praises, and loves God, in his mighty works: to these she does homage, with devotion and enthusiasm; and she goes to them and converses with them, as if she were in a loved and friendly home; but, as with a clear eye, she sees Him in his visible creation, so, with listening ear, has she also heard his paternal voice in revelation.

EXERCISE CLXXVII.

UNLUCKY DAYS.

Frederika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt.

In the history of the world, we see unfortunate periods, when, through whole centuries, every thing seems to go wrong; they murder, they burn, they overthrow thrones and religions; and as the great always mirrors itself in the little, and the little in the great, so does man number, in his life, unlucky days, *par excellence.*

You begin in the morning, for example, by putting on your dress wrong side outwards; and this is a sort of prelude to the events of the whole day; you cut yourself in shaving; you go out to seek for people, and you do not find them; you are found by people whom you do not seek, and who, perhaps, you wish were elsewhere; you say a stupid thing, when you mean to say something witty; your dinner is bad, every thing goes on so indescribably stupidly; and if, on one of these unlucky days, you should take it into your head to make proposals to a lady, you would certainly come off with a refusal.

What happened as it should not at the President's toilet one unlucky Thursday morning, I will not undertake to conjecture; but it is certain, that an unhappy destiny pursued him the whole day, and that every member of the family was obliged to feel this, more or less.

Early in the morning, it began to go wrong with the happiness and the good-humour of the President. He was to go to the palace; and three little black plasters adorned his chin and under lip; and the *friseur*, who was to cut his hair, did not make his appearance. On this, he scolded so vehemently, and was beside in such terrible uneasiness, that I, in my distress, offered to exercise the office of *friseur*. The President said, "Heaven forbid!" — made compliments from politeness, but asked me, however, — pleasantly jesting, — whether I had ever cut a man's hair; and when I told him of my uncle, the High-Court Notary, of my brother, the Auscultant, and of my brother-in-law, the Burgomaster, all of whose hair I had cut on festal occasions, he gladly accepted my services.

He went into his study. He sat down to look over his papers, whilst I pinned a napkin over his shoulders, and be-

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gan operations with my scissors in his rich and abundant growth of hair. The most difficult part of the affair was, that the President did not keep his head still a single instant. He was busily occupied with his papers, and, as it seemed, with something unpleasant in them; for he muttered to himself at intervals, and shook his head, at the same time, in such a manner, that my scissors were fain to make sudden and adventurous evolutions.

I had, as every body had told me, a real talent for cutting and dressing hair; but, after all, how can it be expected that one should dress a head which is in incessant motion, as well as one which is still? It was still worse when I attempted to use the curling tongs, to arrange a few locks which ornamented his temples very becomingly; for now, as the manœuvres of the tongs could not possibly be so rapid as those of the scissors, and the President continued the motions of his head, he was often quite seriously struck and burned.—"Ah! ah! dear lady, pray do not take off my head!"—The worst of it was, when the President got up, after the hair-cutting was over, and looked at himself in the glass;—for he stood now so astonished, and obviously enraged, that the perspiration from terror actually started out on my forehead.

"Good gracious," said he, in an angry tone, "what do I look like? Do you call that cutting hair? I am shaved clean, absolutely shorn! I cannot allow myself to be seen by any one." I assured him, in the midst of my agony, that it suited him uncommonly well; that I had never seen him look better;—but when Adelaide came in, and, embracing her father, burst out into a hearty laugh at his and my remarkable appearance, I was infected by her merriment, and laughed till I cried, while I in vain endeavoured to make excuses for my hair-cutting, and my laughter. The President, who was in a fair way to keep us company, turned about suddenly, however, was very angry, and, running all his ten fingers into his hair, rushed down the steps, got into the carriage, and drove off to the Court.

At noon the President came back; he was in a quiet mood, but rather ungracious towards me; and I must do him the justice to say, that this was by no means to be wondered at.

"God give us enough!" said he, looking over the table with a disturbed countenance, on which to-day there was one dish less than usual; that is, there were but four dishes, which, in my opinion, are quite enough to satisfy as many

persons as ourselves. I soon found, however, that the President's sighs were prophetic; for the food was badly prepared; the roast beef was so much underdone, that it could not be eaten; the cream-cakes so rancid, that the President insisted that they were poisonous. It was Edla's month for housekeeping; and her indifference and negligence became every day more apparent. The President cast upon her a dissatisfied glance; but he was too delicate in his feelings, and too refined, to reprove his daughter at table. He contented himself with remarking laconically the defects of the dishes, and not eating of them, but was internally the more annoyed.

After dinner, he attempted,—for the edification of the children, and, perhaps, to show his own stoicism,—a remarkable feat with a full glass of wine, which he intended to turn topsy-turvy, without spilling a drop; not a drop merely, but all the wine in the glass, poured down upon the white damask table-cloth, which occasioned great alarm, uproar, and confusion, but which proved, however, a favourable occurrence for me, as I assured the President, that I could take out the stain entirely. But all these experiments did not prepare for us a happier evening.

The evening came,—with it, Count Alaric, and the Countess Augusta, and with them, some animation, into our circle; for even Adelaide had been all day serious and *distraite*. The Countess was unusually gay and bright, and Alaric was gentle and cheerful; he took the children on his knees, played with them, and looked at Adelaide, who was sewing as diligently as if it had been for her daily bread.

The wild little ones ran round the room so turbulently, that, before any one could foresee it, a glass of lemonade was discharged into the President's lap; a teacup flew at my nose; and the cream was poured into the sugar-bowl. All this took place in *one* moment; and the President, extremely angry, put the little creatures, with his own hand, into the next room, *en penitence*. This little scene, however, did not much disturb the rest of the company.

We soon heard a shriek from the place of banishment of the children; and a bright light streamed through the half-open door. We rushed all together into the room; the curtains of both windows were in flames; even the inner hanging was on fire; the little ones stood by, trembling and screaming with all their might. Alaric took hold, fearlessly, of the burning curtain, and tore it with the hangings from one window; but his own clothes took fire while he did so. When

Adelaide saw this, she rushed impulsively towards him, and sought to stifle the fire by putting her arms around him. In an instant, her thin dress was in flames; and all at once Alaric and Adelaide were seen standing locked in an embrace, and enveloped in flames.—God of love! if thou didst so will it,—forgive me for putting an end,—by a pitcher of cold water, which I threw over them,—both to the embrace and to the conflagration!

Meanwhile, the President was busy at the other window,—and drew the curtain down upon his head, where the fire destroyed what I had left of his hair. He would probably have come off very poorly, if Edla had not remained steadily at his side. From the first moment, she had staid by her father, and had assisted him with as much courage as discretion; protecting him from injury at her own expense. When the fire was extinguished, she retired to her own room quietly, but much burned.

The President, angry and confused, looked at first like a thunder-cloud, but was pacified by degrees by Count Alaric; and now we endeavoured to find out the cause of the fire. Our suspicions fell at once upon the children. They had been trying various experiments during their exile; and their little wax tapers had been particularly serviceable in this way. Either they had really wished to try whether the curtains were combustible, or the kindling of them had taken place accidentally: at any rate, it must have happened through their means. We thought that the fright which the children had had, together with a severe reprimand, and the order to go supperless to bed, would secure us in future from similar illuminations.

The President's heart hesitated about the last punishment; but I insisted: Count Alaric joined me; and the President gave way rather reluctantly, saying, "The Count would have less inclination to send his own children hungry to bed." The Count made no answer to this.

Edla had a good deal of fever, the next morning; she went down, however, with Adelaide to her father, to fulfil the promise which she had given to Alaric, to ask her father's forgiveness. The President was touched by her conduct during the scene of the fire, and to her supplications he answered mildly, "Let us forgive each other our faults, Edla!"

[The moral of the unlucky evening, the authoress has put into the mouth of Count Alaric, who is conversing with Edla, the presiding housekeeper, and chief sufferer, of the "un-

lucky day:" "We are all, here, in this life, subject, in a certain degree, to the power of circumstances: it is partly through their influence that you suffer. But above these, there stands unshaken an eternal order: to go into this, and to find our place in it, is the problem given to us all; and it is possible to all to solve it. Then nothing more will essentially disturb our liberty and our happiness."]

EXERCISE CLXXVIII.

A DAUGHTER'S WISH, ON HER MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY, IN NOVEMBER. *Montgomery.*

THIS day to me most dear
In the changes of the year!—
Spring, the fields and woods adorning,
Spring may boast a gayer morning;
Summer noon, with brighter beams,
Gild the mountains and the streams;
Autumn, through the twilight vale,
Breathe a more delicious gale:
Yet though stern November * reigns,
Wild and wintry o'er the plains,
Never does the morning rise
Half so welcome to mine eyes;
Noontide glories never shed
Rays so beauteous round my head;
Never looks the evening scene
So enchantingly serene,
As on this returning day,
When, in spirit rapt away,
Joys and sorrows I have known,
In the years forever flown,
Wake, at every sound and sight,
Reminiscence of delight,—
All around me, all above,
Witnessing a mother's love.

* The English classification of the months, places November in the season of winter.

Love, that watched my early years
With conflicting hopes and fears;
Love, that through life's flowery May
Led my childhood, prone to stray;
Love, that still directs my youth
With the constancy of Truth,
Heightens every bliss it shares,
Softens and divides the cares,
Smiles away my light distress,
Weeps for joy, or tenderness:
—May that love, to latest age,
Cheer my earthly pilgrimage;
May that love, o'er death victorious,
Rise beyond the grave, more glorious!—
Souls, united here, would be
One to all eternity!
When these eyes, from native night,
First unfolded to the light,
On what object, fair and new,
Did they fix their fondest view?
On my Mother's smiling mien;
All the mother there was seen.
When their weary lids would close,
And she sang me to repose,
Found I not the sweetest rest
On my Mother's peaceful breast?
When my tongue from hers had caught
Sounds to utter infant thought,
Readiest then what accents came?
Those that meant my Mother's name.
When my timid feet begun,
Strangely pleased, to stand or run,
'Twas my Mother's voice and eye
Most encouraged me to try,
Safe to run, and strong to stand,
Holding by her gentle hand.

Time, since then, hath deeper made
Lines where youthful dimples played;
Yet to me my Mother's face
Wears a more angelic grace:
And her tresses thin and hoary,
Are they not a crown of glory?

— Cruel griefs have wrung that breast,
Once my paradise of rest;
While in these I bear a part,
Warmer grows my Mother's heart;
Closer our affections twine;
Mine with hers, and hers with mine.
— Many a name, since hers I knew,
Have I loved with honour due;
But no name shall be more dear
Than my Mother's to mine ear.
— Many a hand that Friendship plighted
Have I clasped, with all delighted,
But more faithful none can be
Than my Mother's hand to me.

Thus by every tie endeared,
Thus with filial reverence feared,
Mother! on this day, 'tis meet
That, with salutation sweet,
I should wish you years of health,
Worldly happiness and wealth,
And when good old age is past,
Heaven's eternal peace at last!
But with these I frame a vow
For a double blessing now;
One, that richly shall combine
Your felicity with mine;
One, in which, with soul and voice,
Both together may rejoice;
Oh! what *shall* that blessing be?
— Dearest Mother! may you see
All *your* prayers fulfilled *for me*!

EXERCISE CLXXIX

ENGLISH COMPLIMENTS. *Anon.*

The day I paid my visit to the Tower of London, I was accompanied by a young French nobleman; and he was highly amused at the pompous gravity of the men who exhibited the curiosities. Every time that a thumb-screw, toe-

screw, leg-screw, nose-screw, or any other article, was pointed out to our inspection, with the unavoidable comment,—the Frenchman turned to me, and exclaimed—"Ah! here are the Spaniards yet!" This was repeated a great number of times; and I was really put to the blush, when I considered how very flagitious my countrymen had been. At last, we came to a room where we were shown something similar to the above taken from the French. I then turned to my companion, and retorted on him.

We had already given several shillings, and were coming away, when I perceived a board stuck up at the door, on which some words were written to the following purpose, or something like it: "It is expected that visitors will compliment the warden."

This was the cause of a very ludicrous mistake. My French companion was not very conversant with the English language, at the time, and having read the above inscription, most innocently took the thing in a literal sense. Accordingly, while the plump and grave warden was, in becoming silence, expecting the "compliment," the Frenchman,—remarkable for politeness,—could not be neglectful of complying with what he conceived was enjoined by the inscription. He made, therefore, a graceful bow to the formal warden, and, in broken English, began to compliment the warden on his civil attentions. The man, addressed in this novel way, stared, for some time, in astonishment. A friend who was with us, burst out into laughter.—I did little less; and this tended to heighten the effect of the scene.

The warden, conceiving that it was a joke, and probably not being partial to such things, put on a most demure aspect. Indeed, he so far increased his natural stock of dull gravity, that he looked formidable. The Frenchman perceiving that his most elegant and well-bred compliments were received not merely with indifference, but had evidently offended, began to stare in turn, and ended, no doubt, by attributing the affair to his inexperience of the English tongue.

But his understanding was soon enlightened. I slipped half-a-crown into the hand of the warden, which made him unbend from his rigidity; whilst a few words from my friend Stanley set our companion right concerning his strange mistake. "The mischief!" cried the young Frenchman smiling. "This is what the English mean by 'compliments!'"

As we retraced our steps, this scene afforded ample matter for comment and mirth. The Frenchman now and then

brought out—"These English compliments," as he called them; and I make no doubt that, upon his return to Paris, he informed his countrymen, that the greatest proof of politeness one can possibly show an Englishman, is to give him money.

EXERCISE CLXXX.

THE GRAVE-DIGGERS. *Dickens.*

The old sexton soon got better, and was about again. He was not able to work; but, one day, there was a grave to be made; and he came to overlook the man who dug it. He was in a talkative mood; and Nelly, at first standing by his side, and afterwards sitting on the grass at his feet, with her thoughtful face raised towards his, began to converse with him.

Now the man who did the sexton's duty, was a little older than he, though much more active. But he was deaf; and when the sexton, (who peradventure, on a pinch, might have walked a mile, with great difficulty, in half-a-dozen hours,) exchanged a remark with him about his work, the child could not help noticing that he did so with an impatient kind of pity for his infirmity; as if he were himself the strongest and heartiest man alive.

"I'm sorry to see there is this to do," said the child, when she approached; "I heard of no one having died."

"She lived in another hamlet, my dear," returned the sexton. "Three mile away."

"Was she young?"

"Ye-yes," said the sexton;—"not more than sixty-four, I think. David, was she more than sixty-four?"

David, who was digging hard, heard nothing of the question. The sexton, as he could not reach to touch him with his crutch, and was too infirm to rise without assistance, called his attention by throwing a little mould upon his red nightcap

"What's the matter now?" said David, looking up.

"How old was Becky Morgan?" asked the sexton.

"Becky Morgan?" repeated David.

"Yes," replied the sexton; adding in a half-compassionate, half-irritable tone, which the old man couldn't hear, "You're getting very deaf, Davy, very deaf to be sure."

The old man stopped in his work, and cleansing his spade

with a piece of slate he had by him for the purpose, — and scraping off, in the process, the essence of Heaven knows how many Becky Morgans, — set himself to consider the subject.

"Let me think," quoth he. "I saw last night what they had put upon the coffin, — was it seventy-nine?"

"No, no!" said the sexton.

"Ah! yes: it was though," returned the old man, with a sigh. "For I remember thinking she was very near our age. Yes, it was seventy-nine."

"Are you sure you didn't mistake a figure, Davy?" asked the sexton, with signs of some emotion.

"What?" said the old man. "Say that again."

"He's very deaf. He's very deaf indeed," cried the sexton petulantly; "are you sure you're right about the figures?"

"Oh! quite," replied the old man. "Why not?"

"He's exceedingly deaf," muttered the sexton to himself. "I think he's getting foolish."

The child rather wondered what had led him to this belief, as, — to say the truth, — the old man seemed quite as sharp as he, and was infinitely more robust. As the sexton said nothing more just then, however, she forgot it for the time, and spoke again.

"You were telling me," she said, "about your gardening. Do you ever plant things here?"

"In the churchyard?" returned the sexton. "Not I."

"I have seen some flowers and little shrubs about," the child rejoined; "there are some over there, you see. I thought they were of your rearing; though, indeed, they grow but poorly."

"They grow as Heaven wills," said the old man; "and it kindly ordains that they never shall flourish here."

"I do not understand you."

"Why, this it is," said the sexton. "They mark the graves of those who had very tender, loving friends."

"I was sure they did!" the child exclaimed. "I am very glad to know they do!"

"Ay," returned the old man; "but stay. Look at them. See how they hang their heads, and droop, and wither. Do you guess the reason?"

"No," the child replied.

"Because the memory of those who lie below, passes away so soon. At first, they tend them, morning, noon, and night; they soon begin to come less frequently; from once a day, to once a week; from once a week, to once a month; then at

long and uncertain intervals; then, not at all. Such tokens seldom flourish long. I have known the briefest summer flowers outlive them."

"I grieve to hear it," said the child.

"Ah! so say the gentlefolks who come down here to look about them," returned the old man, shaking his head, "but I say otherwise. 'It's a pretty custom you have in this part of the country,' they say to me, sometimes, 'to plant the graves, but it's melancholy to see these things all withering or dead.' I crave their pardon, and tell them that, — as I take it, — 'tis a good sign for the happiness of the living. And so it is. It's nature."

"Perhaps the mourners learn to look to the blue sky by day, and to the stars by night; and to think that the dead are there, and not in graves," said the child in an earnest voice.

"Perhaps so," replied the old man doubtfully. "It may be."

"Whether it be as I believe it is, or not," thought the child within herself, "I'll make this place my garden. It will be no harm at least to work here day by day; and pleasant thoughts will come of it, I'm sure."

Her glowing cheek and moistened eye passed unnoticed by the sexton, who turned towards old David, and called him by his name. — It was plain that Becky Morgan's age still troubled him, though why, the child could scarcely understand.

The second or third repetition of his name, attracted the old man's attention. Pausing from his work, he leant upon his spade, and put his hand to his dull ear.

"Did you call?" he said.

"I have been thinking, Davy," replied the sexton, "that she," (he pointed to the grave,) "must have been a deal older than you or me."

"Seventy-nine," answered the old man, with a sorrowful shake of the head, "I tell you that I saw it."

"Saw it?" replied the sexton; "ay, but, Davy, women don't always tell the truth about their age."

"That's true indeed," said the other old man, with a sudden sparkle in his eye. "She might have been older."

"I'm sure she must have been. Why, only think how old she looked. You and I seemed but boys to her."

"She did look old," rejoined David. "You're right. She did look old."

"Call to mind how old she looked for many a long, long year, and say if she could be but seventy-nine at last, — only our age," said the sexton.

"Five years older at the very least!" cried the other.

"Five!" retorted the sexton. "Ten! Good eighty-nine. I call to mind the time her daughter died. She was eighty-nine if she was a day,—and tries to pass upon us now, for ten years younger. Oh! human vanity!"

The other old man was not behindhand with some moral reflections on this fruitful theme; and both adduced a mass of evidence, of such weight as to render it doubtful,—not whether the deceased was of the age suggested, but whether she had not almost reached the patriarchal term of a hundred. When they had settled this question to their mutual satisfaction, the sexton, with his friend's assistance, rose to go.

"It's chilly, sitting here, and I must be careful,—till the summer," he said, as he prepared to limp away.

"What?" asked old David.

"He's very deaf, poor fellow!" cried the sexton. "Good by!"

"Ah!" said old David, looking after him. "He's failing very fast. He ages every day!"

And so they parted: each persuaded that the other had less life in him than himself; and both greatly consoled and comforted by the little fiction they had agreed upon, respecting Becky Morgan; whose decease was no longer a precedent of uncomfortable application, and would be no business of theirs for half-a-score of years to come.

EXERCISE CLXXXI.

A LESSON TO REFORMERS. *Mrs. Child.*

Great is the strength of an individual soul, true to its high trust;—mighty is it, even to the redemption of a world.

A German, whose sense of sound was exceedingly acute, was passing by a church, a day or two after he had landed in this country; and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a piece of nasal psalmody, sung in most discordant fashion; and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air, and leave the hated sounds behind him. "But this,

too, I feared to do," said he, "lest offence might be given; so I resolved to endure the torture, with the best fortitude I could assume; when lo! I distinguished, amid the din, the soft clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord; but patiently and sweetly she sang in full, rich tones: one after another yielded to the gentle influence; and before the tune was finished, all were in perfect harmony."

I have often thought of this story, as conveying an instructive lesson for reformers. The spirit that *can* thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord, must indeed be of the strongest, as well as the gentlest kind. One scarce can hear his own soft voice, amid the braying of the multitude; and ever and anon comes the temptation to sing louder than they, and drown the voices that cannot thus be *forced* into perfect tune. But this were a pitiful experiment: the melodious tones, cracked into shrillness, would only increase the tumult.

Stronger, and more frequently, comes the temptation to stop singing, and let discord do its own wild work. But blessed are they that endure to the end, — singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loving acquiescence, and universal harmony prevails, without forcing into submission the free discord of a single voice.

This is the hardest and the bravest task, which a true soul has to perform amid the clashing elements of time. But *once* has it been done perfectly, unto the end; and that Voice, — so clear in its meekness, — is heard above all the din of a tumultuous world: one after another chimes in with its patient sweetness; and, through infinite discords, the listening soul can perceive that the great tune is slowly coming into harmony.

EXERCISE CLXXXII.

TWILIGHT. *Mrs. Norton.*

O Twilight! Spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams, —

Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, though such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage window throws;
Still as his heart forestalls his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recalls the treasures of his narrow life,
His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,
To whom *his* coming is the chief event
Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.
The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past;
And these poor cottagers have only cast
One careless glance on all that show of pride,
Then to their tasks turn quietly aside;
But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home,
Fixed sentinels look forth to see him come:
The fagot sent for, when the fire grew dim,
The frugal meal prepared, are all for him;
For him the watching of that sturdy boy,
For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,
For him, — who plods his sauntering way along,
Whistling the fragment of some village song!

EXERCISE CLXXXIII.

ELYSIUM. *Mrs. Hemans.*

"In the Elysium of the ancients, we find none but heroes and persons who had either been fortunate or distinguished upon earth: the children, and, apparently, the slaves and lower classes, — that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and Innocence, — were banished to the infernal regions."—*Chateaubriand.*

Fair wert thou, in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers
And summer-winds, and low-toned silvery streams,
Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-bowers!
Where, as they passed, bright hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things!

Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains! — but *thy* golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Eolian sound went by,
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers, making sweet reply
To summer's breezy sigh!
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath,
Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of death!

And thy transparent sky
Rang as a dome, all thrilling to the strain
Of harps that 'midst the woods, made harmony
Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not the brain
With dreams and yearnings vain,
And dim remembrances, that still draw birth
From the bewildering music of the earth.

But who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving asphodel?
Who, called and severed from the countless dead,
Amidst the shadowy amaranth-bowers might dwell,
And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in the immortal gale?

They of the sword, — whose praise,
With the bright wine at nations' feasts, went round!
They of the lyre, — whose unforgotten lays
On the morn's wing had sent their mighty sound,
And in all regions found
Their echoes 'midst the mountains! — and become
In man's deep heart, as voices of his home!

They of the daring thought! —
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied;
Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths had sought

The soul's far birthplace, — but without a guide!
Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born 'midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.

But they, of whose abode
'Midst her green valleys earth retained no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face, —
A void and silent place
In some sweet home; — thou hadst no wreaths for these,
Thou sunny land! with all thy deathless trees.

The peasant, at his door
Might sink to die, when vintage-feasts were spread,
And songs on every wind! — From *thy* bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head; —
Thou wert for nobler dead!
He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
And sighed to bid the festal sun farewell!

The slave, — whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast
Shut up the woes and burning thoughts of years,
As in the ashes of an urn compressed, —
He might not be thy guest! —
No gentle breathings from thy distant sky
Came o'er his path and whispered "Liberty!"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before its mother lay;
Even so to pass away,
With its bright smile! — Elysium! what wert *thou*
To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's first flowers just opening in her hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,
Which in its clear eye shone
Like the spring's waking! — But that light was past —
Where went the dew-drop, swept before the blast?

Not where thy soft winds played,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep! —
Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of visions, fade!
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep!
Fade, with the amaranth-plain, the myrtle-grove
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love!

For the most loved are they,
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion-voice
In regal halls! — the shades o'erhang their way;
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice;
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps! — till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And the world knows not then, —
Not then, nor ever, — what pure thoughts are fled!
Yet these are they, that on the souls of men
Come back, when Night her folding veil hath spread,
The long-remembered dead!
But not with *thee* might aught save glory dwell: —
Fade, fade away, thou shore of asphodel!

EXERCISE CLXXXIV.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

Fenelon, translated by Mrs. Follen.

Let us follow the traces of the Divinity through what are called the works of nature. We may observe, at the first glance, an All-powerful hand, that is the first mover of every thing, in every part of the universe. The heavens, the earth, the stars; plants, animals; our bodies, our spirits; — all discover an order, a nice arrangement, a skill, a wisdom far superior to our own, — a wisdom which is the soul of the whole world, and which conducts every thing to its destined end, with a gentle and insensible, but all-powerful sway. We see, — if we may so speak, — the architecture of the universe, the just proportion of all its parts; and one look is enough to

discover to us,—in an insect, yet more than in the sun,—a wisdom and a power that shine forth in its meanest works.

These are views that would strike the most ignorant. What would be our impressions, if we could enter the secrets of the material world; if we could dissect the internal parts of animals, and observe their perfect mechanism? Every thing, then, in the universe, bears the marks of the Divinity, and man more than all the rest.

It often happens, that what appears like a defect to our limited vision, viewed separately from the whole, gives a beauty to the general design, for the perception of which we do not possess that enlargement and simplicity of mind, by which alone we could comprehend the perfection of the whole. Does it not often happen, that we hastily condemn parts of the works of men, because we have not sufficiently penetrated into the whole extent of their designs? It is the same with the great features of the providence of God, delineated in the government of the world for so many ages. It is only the whole that can be intelligible; and the whole is too vast for a near view.

The hand of God is displayed everywhere, even in the worm; and weakness and nothingness are discoverable everywhere, even in the most sublime geniuses. Let us study this visible creation as we will; take the anatomy of the meanest animal; look at the smallest grain of corn that is planted in the earth, and the manner in which its germ produces and multiplies; observe attentively the rose-bud, how carefully it opens to the sun, and closes at his setting; and we shall see more skill and design than in all the works of man. What we call human art, is only a feeble imitation of the great art which we call the laws of nature, and which impiety has not been ashamed to call blind chance.

Can we be astonished that poets have animated all nature; that they have given wings to the winds, and darts to the sun; that they have painted rivers hastening to precipitate themselves into the sea; and trees that reach the clouds, to overcome the rays of the sun by the thickness of their foliage? These figures have been adopted, even in common conversation; so natural is it for man to feel the power and skill with which the universe is filled.

Poetry has only attributed to inanimate things, the design of the Creator. The language of the poets gave rise to the theology of the pagans; their theologians were poets. They imagined a power, a wisdom, in objects the most entirely

destitute of intelligence. With them, the rivers were gods, and the fountains were naiads; the woods and the mountains had their particular divinities; the flowers were subject to Flora, and the fruits to Pomona.

The more enlarged our minds are, when we contemplate nature, the more we discover of that inexhaustible wisdom which is the soul of the universe. Then do we see the Infinite Creator represented in all his works, as in a mirror, to the contemplation of his intelligent offspring.

EXERCISE CLXXXV.

CHARACTER OF FENELON.

Translated from Saint-Simon.

This prelate was a tall, spare man, of a good figure, the eyes full of fire and most expressive of sense and talent. I have never seen any thing like his countenance; and having once seen it, it was impossible to forget it. It was full of contraries. There were gravity and gallantry, seriousness and gayety; it was as appropriate to the man of learning as the bishop, to the bishop as the man; above all, there shone forth in it, as in all the rest of his person, an air of perfect grace, decorum, delicacy, mind, and, more than any thing, nobleness. It required an effort to take your eyes from him. All his portraits are speaking, without, however, catching the exact harmony which reigned in the original, or the various delicate shades of character collected in his face.

His manners corresponded with his appearance; his ease communicated itself to others; there were, moreover, an air and a good taste that are only acquired by mixing with the best society and the great world, which diffused themselves over all his conversation; along with which a natural eloquence, gentle yet flowery, an insinuating politeness, at the same time noble and discriminative; an elocution neat, easy and agreeable: every thing appeared, as it fell from him, clear and perspicuous; even matters which in other hands would have been thought embarrassed and obscure. He seemed never to wish to appear a wiser man than the one he was conversing with; he put himself within the reach of his auditor, without letting him perceive it, so that the effect was

like enchantment; and nobody could leave him, no one not try to return to him.

It was this rare talent, — and he had it to the highest pitch of perfection, — which all his life bound his friends to him, in spite of his disgrace, and which in their dispersion brought them together to talk of him, to regret him, to wish for him, to attach themselves closer and closer to him, as the Jews sigh for Jerusalem, and to pine for his return, as that unfortunate people sigh and wait for the coming of the Messiah. It was in the character of a species of prophet that he had acquired that power over his followers, which, though exercised in all sweetness and gentleness, yet could bear no resistance. If he had returned to court, or entered the council, which was his grand aim, he would not long have suffered his coadjutors to remain as companions. Once at anchor, once without need of the aid of others, it would have been soon dangerous not merely to resist him, but not to maintain a constant condition of suppleness and admiration towards him.

In the retirement of his diocese, he lived with the humble and industrious piety of a pastor, and with the magnificence and confidence of a man who felt no pain at renouncing what others might suppose him to regret. He had the art of keeping the world at its proper distance. No man ever had the passion of pleasing more than he: it extended to the servant as well as to the master; never did man carry it farther, or with a more constant, regular, and continued application; and, undoubtedly, that man never lived who succeeded more eminently.

Cambrai is a place of great resort and passage: nothing could equal the politeness, the discernment, the charming and agreeable manner, with which he received every body. At first he was shunned; he courted no one; gradually, and almost insensibly, the charm of his manner attracted a small body of friends. Under favour of this little crowd, several of those whom fear had kept away, were glad to come and sow seeds, to be reaped in other times. From one to another the fashion caught, and every body went. When the Duke of Burgundy began to show himself, the prelate's court was still further increased, and really became an effective one when the Duke became Dauphin. The number of persons whom he had welcomed, of those who had lodged with him, in passing through, the care he had taken of the sick, of the wounded, who on various occasions had been brought into

the city, had won the hearts of the troops. He was assiduous in his attendance on the hospitals, and among the officers, high and low; he would keep invalids at his palace for many months together, until they were perfectly reëstablished. While, in the character of a true pastor, he was vigilant in the care of their souls, and ready at the call of the meanest among them, and with his power of eloquence, and his knowledge of the human heart, so successful in gaining authority over their minds, he was not less attentive to their corporal wants. Subsistence and nutriment for the sick, delicacies for the fastidious, and even medicines, were brought from his abode, in quantities; and yet in all this was an order, a method, and a care that each thing was the best of its kind. At all consultations on critical cases he was sure to preside. It is absolutely incredible to what a point he became the idol of the soldiery, and how his name resounded into the very heart of the court.

His alms, his repeated episcopal visitations, many times in the year, which made him personally known in the remotest district of his diocese, his frequent preachings both in town and village, his facility of access, his humanity to the lowly, his politeness to others, the natural grace, which increased the value of every thing he said and did, made him adored by the people; and the priests, whose brother and father he called himself, wore him in their very hearts. And, with all this art and this passion for pleasing, there was nothing low, nothing common, affected, misplaced; he was always precisely on the right footing with every one. He was easy of access, and every claim upon him was met with a prompt and disinterested expedition; and all who held office under him, throughout his extensive diocese, seemed animated with the spirit of their principal.

EXERCISE CLXXXVI.

GERTRUDE'S RETREAT. *Campbell.*

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn;
And waters to their resting-place serene

Came freshening and reflecting all the scene:
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves.)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might, I ween,
Have guessed some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas opened by the wandering stream;
Both where at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam:
And, past those settlers' haunts, the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote lowed far from human home.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills the horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)
Like tumults heard from some far-distant town;
But, softening in approach, he left his gloom,
And murmured pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy-curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

It seemed as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pensive them o'ercast,
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone;)
Yet so becomingly the expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that looked from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods!—when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy;—
    To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his reverend head from all annoy:
    For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
    Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
    While boatmen carolled to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw;
And early fox appeared in momentary view.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
    Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore:
Tradition had not named its lonely spot;
    But here, methinks, might India's sons explore
    Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit:—rocks sublime
    To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens coloured all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed by time.

But high in amphitheatre above,
    His arms the everlasting aloe threw:
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
    As if with instinct living spirit grew,
    Rolling its verdant gulf of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,—
    Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew;—
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
    The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had strewn;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm,
    On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown;
    And aye that volume on her lap is thrown
Which every heart of human mould endears:
    With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

EXERCISE CLXXXVII.

THE FAMILY MEETING. *Charles Sprague.*

We are all here!
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother, —
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled, — we're all *at home;*
To-night let no cold stranger come:
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour; —
We're all, — all here.

We're *not* all here! —
Some are away, — the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in, and thinned our little band:
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day;
The quiet graveyard — some lie there;
And cruel Ocean has his share: —
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!
Even they, — the dead, — though dead, so dear.
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past:
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold;
They're round us as they were of old; —
We *are* all here.

We are all here!
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,—
You that I love with love so dear!
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead;
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
Oh! then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
"We're all,—all *here!*"

EXERCISE CLXXXVIII.

THE ACROPOLIS AND THE PARTHENON. *Cheever.*

The Acropolis of Athens! It is difficult to conceive the perpetual and vivid interest, with which the stranger wanders around its scenery, inhaling, at every step, the air of ancient Athenian glory. Even now it is an object which one would never be wearied with gazing at; and in its perfection it must have been a combination of natural beauty of situation with the highest magnificence of art, such as would renew the admiration of the mind with every day's examination. Its Propylæa, its Parthenon, and its other temples, in solemn, melancholy ruins, make it an altar of THE PAST, magnificent beyond description. How glorious must it have been in the freshness of its early unity, and the unbroken symmetry of all its outlines,—a vast white pile of fretted Pentelican marble, with every sculpture in the pediments and friezes of its temples breathing with life!

The Acropolis, before which we now stand, looks directly towards the port of the Piræus. Entering now the deep massive arched way which forms the only access to the citadel, we see beneath us on our right the remains of the Theatre of Herodes. Passing another dilapidated gateway, and presenting our passport, or permit, at the door of the cell of the keeper, a precaution, that, if it had been adopted at a much earlier period, would have saved the ruins of the Parthenon

from many a pilferer, we are conducted to the innermost gateway, through which, amidst broken pillars and pedestals lying in heaps around us, we pass upwards, directly in front of the grand ranges of columns, which constitute the centre of the Propylæa. A square marble tower, formerly crowned with an equestrian statue, rises on the north; and opposite on the south, the Temple of "Victory without Wings," is still visible, having been recently disinterred from the rubbish, and restored almost completely to its ancient proportions.

Here let us step back a little nearer to the brink of the massive western walls of the citadel; and, from this point, you will think it scarcely possible to conceive a design of purer majesty in architecture, than the remaining splendours of the Propylæa offer to the view. A huge square tower, erected by the Turks, at the southern wing, encumbers and disfigures the harmony of the picture; but originally it must have been a pile of surpassing magnificence and beauty.

By quoting a part of Col. Leake's accurate description of the plan and execution of this work under the administration of Pericles, you will have a better idea of the whole than I can otherwise convey. "The western end of the Acropolis," says this writer, "which furnished the only access to the summit of the hill, presented a breadth of only one hundred and sixty-eight feet, — an opening so narrow, that it appeared practicable to the artists of Pericles to fill up the space with a single building, which, in serving the main purpose of a gateway, should contribute at once to fortify and adorn the citadel. This work, — the greatest production of civil architecture in Athens, — which equalled the Parthenon in felicity of execution, and surpassed it in boldness and originality of design, — was begun 437 years before Christ, and completed in five years. The entire building, like others of the same kind, received the name of Propylæa from its forming a vestibule to the five gates or doors by which the citadel was entered."

The whole structure was entirely of Pentelican marble. There were six fluted Doric columns, in front; each five feet in diameter, and twenty-nine feet high. Behind this was a vestibule forty-three feet deep, with six Doric columns on each side. Marble beams, twenty-two feet long, covered the side-aisles. This vestibule leads to the five doors of the Propylæa; and through these you pass into the inner eastern portico, with its Doric colonnade.

"Here, above all places at Athens," says Mr. Wordsworth,

"the mind of the traveller enjoys an exquisite pleasure. It seems as if this portal had been spared in order that our imagination might send through it, as through a triumphal arch, all the glories of Athenian antiquity, in visible parade. In our visions of that spectacle, we would unseal the long Panathenaic frieze of Phidias, representing that spectacle, from its place on the marble walls of the Parthenon, in order that, endued with ideal life, it might move through this splendid avenue, as it originally did of old.

"It was this particular point in the localities of Athens, which was most admired by the Athenians themselves; nor is this surprising. Let us conceive such a restitution of this fabric as its surviving fragments will suggest; let us imagine it restored to its pristine beauty; let it rise once more in the full dignity of its youthful stature; let all the architectural decorations be fresh and perfect, let their moulding be again brilliant with their glowing tints of red and blue; let the coffers of its soffits be again spangled with stars, and the marble antæ be fringed over, as they were once, with their delicate embroidery of ivy leaf; let it be in such a lovely day as the present day of November; and then let the bronze valves of these five gates of the Propylæa, be suddenly flung open, and all the splendours of the interior of the Acropolis burst at once upon the view!

'But ye shall see! for the opening doors I hear of the Propylæa!
Shout, shout aloud of the view which appears of the old time-honoured Athenæ,
Wondrous in sight and famous in song, where the noble Demus abideth!'

ARISTOPHANES."

But let us pass upward, through this splendid portal, to the grand interior object of interest on the Acropolis, — the Parthenon in ruins. A little more than one hundred years ago, this perfect temple stood almost entire. The Turks, who possessed the citadel, kept their powder-magazine within its chambers; and the Venetians under Morosini, on the evening of the 20th of September, 1687, destroyed by a bomb, in five minutes, what time, and genius, and history, and poetry, had consecrated; and what time, and ignorance, and barbarism, and decay, had spared for thousands of years. And it might have stood for thousands of years longer; for its destruction

was effected by none of the common agents of Nature in her work of decay, but by elements which were not even known when the fabric was erected. The middle portion of the temple was entirely destroyed by the explosion; but the eastern and western portions, with their fronts, remain, though the cupidity of civilized spoilers has stripped them of their sculptured metopes, friezes and pediments. The British Museum has been enriched at the expense of the dead body of Greece; and a sentiment of deep indignation burns in the mind at the contemplation of these ruins. It seemed to me, while gazing upon them, and thinking with what sort of feelings a man could fix his scaling-ladders, and point the levers of his workmen to wrench off the exquisite sculptures with which the temple was adorned,—that the land-pirates, who strip the corpses cast ashore from shipwreck, show scarce a deeper insensibility to the sentiments of kindness and decency.

In part of the space of that portion of the Parthenon which was blown down by the explosion, a clumsy Turkish mosque was afterwards erected upon its marble pavement, and still remains, a barbarian deformity, between the eastern and western portions of the temple, surrounded by huge piles of columns, cornices, and blocks of marble; a great quantity of fragments of statues and sculptures have been collected from the ruins, and arranged within it as a sort of museum.

In spite of every injury, the beauty of the temple as it still stands, is wonderful; and the pleasure of gazing upon its majestic columns, and upon the lovely scenery on every side, from amidst its shattered piles, is very great. In this temple, as well as in that of Theseus and Jupiter Olympius, and also in the columns of the Propylæa, a singular effect of earthquakes is visible, showing at once the force of the shocks, and the solidity of fabrics which could have been thus moved by them and yet so little injured. The enormous grooved marble blocks in the pillars are not unfrequently wrenched round, notwithstanding the prodigious superincumbent weight, in such a manner that the corner of the groove in one lies directly in a line with the hollow or curve in the next. This is observable sometimes in the very middle of a column sixty feet high, and could have been produced by no other cause than the shock of an earthquake.

Many excavations have been made amidst the rubbish of the Acropolis, and will probably be continued as long as there is prospect of any new discoveries. It is made a question

among the literati of the modern city, whether any attempt ought to be made to restore the Parthenon with the fragments that lie in such immense piles around it: the preponderating opinion seems to be, that in its present situation it is an object of greater beauty and interest, than it ever could possess by any attempted restitution of the fabric. If the exquisite fragments of art pilfered from it could be snatched back from the spoilers, and replaced in their original beauty, then indeed, the effort would be desirable. But it would be difficult by any means to increase its power over the imagination, as a spectacle of decaying grandeur, and a memorial of past ages

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EXERCISE CLXXXIX.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER. *Willis.*

The wind bore on
The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion-notes
Rang sharply on the ear, at intervals;
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts
Returning from the battle, poured from far,
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.
They came, as earthly conquerors always come,
With blood and splendour, revelry and woe!
The stately horse treads proudly,—he hath trod
The brow of death as well. The chariot-wheels
Of warriors roll magnificently on,—
Their weight hath crushed the fallen. *Man* is there,—
Majestic, lordly man,—with his sublime
And elevated brow, and godlike frame;
Lifting his crest in triumph;—for his heel
Hath trod the dying, like a wine-press, down!

The mighty Jephthah led his warriors on
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set
And his stern lip curled slightly, as if praise
Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,
But free as India's leopard; and his mail,—
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear,—
Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.
His crest was Judah's kingliest; and the look

Of his dark, lofty eye, and bended brow,
Might quell the lion. He led on; but thoughts
Seemed gathering round which troubled him. The veins
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow;
And his proud lip was pressed as if with pain.
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill
He dared not meet, were there. His home was near;
And men were thronging, with that strange delight
They have in human passions, to observe
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.
He gazed intensely forward. The tall firs
Before his tent were motionless. The leaves
Of the sweet aloe, and the clustering vines,
Which half concealed his threshold, met his eye,—
Unchanged and beautiful; and one by one,
The balsam, with its sweet-distilling stems,
And the Circassian rose, and all the crowd
Of silent and familiar things, stole up
Like the recovered passages of dreams.
He strode on rapidly.—A moment more,
And he had reached his home; when, lo! there sprang
One with a bounding footstep, and a brow
Of light, to meet him.—Oh! how beautiful!—
Her dark eye flashing like a sun-lit gem,—
And her luxuriant hair!—'twas like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,
As if the sight had withered him. She threw
Her arms about his neck,—he heeded not.
She called him "Father;"—but he answered not.
She stood and gazed upon him.—Was he wroth?
There was no anger in that blood-shot eye.
Had sickness seized him? She unclasped his helm,
And laid her white hand gently on his brow,
And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like chords.—
The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands,
And spoke the name of God, in agony.
She knew that he was stricken, then; and rushed
Again into his arms; and, with a flood
Of tears she could not bridle, sobbed a prayer
That he would tell her of his wretchedness.
He told her;—and a momentary flush
Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul
Of Jephthah's daughter wakened; and she stood

Calmly and nobly up, and said 'twas well —
And she would die. * * * *
The sun had well-nigh set.
The fire was on the altar; and the priest
Of the High God was there. A wasted man
Was stretching out his withered hands to Heaven,
As if he would have prayed, but had no words; —
And she who was to die, — the calmest one
In Israel at that hour, — stood up alone,
And waited for the sun to set. Her face
Was pale, but very beautiful; her lip
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint
Was deeper; but her countenance was like
The majesty of angels!
The sun set; —
And she was dead, — but not by violence.

EXERCISE CXC.

SUBLIMITY OF WORDSWORTH. *Talfourd.*

To the consideration of Wordsworth's sublimities we come with trembling steps, and feel, as we approach, that we are entering upon holy ground. At first, indeed, he seems only to win and to allure us, to resign the most astonishing trophies of the poet, and humbly to indulge, among the beauties of the creation, the sweetest and the lowliest of human affections.

We soon, however, feel how faint an idea of his capacities we have entertained by classing him with the loveliest of descriptive poets, and how subservient the sweetest of his domestic pictures are to the grandeur of his lofty conceptions. He has enlarged the resources of the mind, and discovered new dignities in our species. The most searching eyes observe in his productions a depth of thought which they are unable to fathom, — eminences rising far into an imaginative glory which they cannot penetrate.

Above all others he has discerned and traced out the line by which the high qualities of intellectual greatness are intimately united with the most generous exertions, and the holiest principles of moral goodness. His perceptions of

truth, derived as they are from the intuitive feelings of his heart, are clear and unclouded, except by the shadows which are thrown from the vast creations of his fancy.

Set before him the meanest and most disgusting of all earthly objects, and he immediately traces the chain by which it is linked to the great harmonies of nature, — sweeps through the most beautiful and touching of all human feelings, in order to show their mysterious connection, — and at last enables us to perceive the union of all orders of animated being, and the universal workings of the Spirit that lives and breathes in them all.

His theories may rather be regarded as prophetic of what we may be in a loftier state of being, than as descriptive of what we are on earth. No man of feeling ever perused his nobler poems, for the first time, without finding that he breathed in a purer and more elevated region of poetical delight, than any which he had before explored. — *To feel, for the first time, a communion with his mind, is to discover loftier faculties in our own.*

EXERCISE CXCI.

ODE. *Wordsworth.*

[Immortality intimated by Recollections of Childhood.]

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose, —
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief;
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep, —
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep;
And all the earth is gay.
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity;
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday; —
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
Oh! evil day! if I were sullen,
While the Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning;
And the children are pulling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm;
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm: —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon, —
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?—
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own:
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind;
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pygmy size.
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart;
And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogue of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty prophet! seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

Oh! joy, that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble, like a guilty thing surprised!
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us,—cherish,—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet.
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

EXERCISE CXCII.

PORTIA'S DESCRIPTION OF HER WOOERS. *Shakspeare.*

Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. — But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband: — O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed; for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatinate.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An' if you will not have me, choose.* He hears merry tales, and smiles not. I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head, with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. — Defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. — But, he! — why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man. If a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry

him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an' the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you would refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determination;—which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets

Por. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray grant them a fair departure.

EXERCISE CXCIII.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT. *Coleridge.*

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud, — and hark, again! loud as before. —
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully. —
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood, —
This populous village! — Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on in life,
Inaudible as dreams! The thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion, in this hush of nature,
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live; —
Making it a companionable form,
To which the living spirit in our frame,
That loves not to behold a lifeless thing,
Transfuses its own pleasures, its own will.

* * * * * *

Dear babe! that sleepest, cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersèd vacancies,
And momentary pauses of the thought, —
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! — For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags; so shalt thou see and hear

The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.
Great universal Teacher! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.
Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing,
Betwixt the tufts of snow,* on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon

EXERCISE CXCIV.

CHARACTER OF HANNAH MORE. *Roberts.*

This eminent woman's love of her country, and her love of her species, were without any alloy of party feelings or prejudices. To her sound and correct understanding, liberty presented itself as including, among its essential constituents, loyalty, allegiance, security, and duty. Patriotism, in this view of it, should be placed in the front of her character, since it really took the lead of every other *temporal* object.

All the powers of her mind were devoted to the solid improvement of society. Her aims were all practical; and it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to name a writer who has laid before the public so copious a variety of original thoughts and reasonings, without any admixture of speculation or hypothesis. To keep within this tangible barrier, without contracting the range of her imagination, or denying to truth any advantage to which it is fairly entitled, of illus-

* The English robin retreats to the remotest seclusion, in summer, and is then exceedingly shy; but, in winter, it frequents the abodes of man, and enlivens the otherwise dreary season, with its delicate notes. In the stillness of a winter Sabbath morning, its voice is the only audible sound, in the suburbs and the villages.

tration or entertainment, is a secret in the art of composition with which few, if any, have been so well acquainted. Her indefatigable pen was ever at work; kept in motion by a principle of incessant activity, never to stop but with her pulse; never to need the refreshment of change; and never to be weary in well-doing.

Thus to do good and to distribute was no less the work of her head than of her hand; and the rich and the great were among the objects of her charity. The specific relief of which they stood in need, she was ever forward to supply; and as she had passed so many of her earliest years among them, she knew well their wants, and how to administer to them. She was a woman of business, in all the concerns of humanity, refined or common, special or general, and had a sort of righteous cunning in dealing with different cases; exposing without irritating, reproving without discouraging, probing without wounding; always placing duty upon its right motives, and showing the perversity of error, by bringing it into close comparison with the loveliest forms of truth and godliness.

It was the privilege of her intellect, to work successfully in the face of forbidding circumstances,—such as, in ordinary cases, repress vigour and slacken perseverance. In her early life, her powers of conversation led her into varied society, and principally into those assemblies where intellect is in the breath, and expires in evanescent displays, multiplying its ephemeral products to flutter and expire;—where a mind capable of things of lasting effect and extensive benefit, often lays out all its strength in thoughts that do but gild the fugitive hour, and fade from the memory, like the phantoms of a summer's cloud. Those who move amid such fascinations, are seldom extensive contributors to the treasury of human knowledge. It was therefore the more remarkable that Hannah More, during this part of her life, was actually accumulating, projecting, and accomplishing beneficial schemes and purposes; and as some rivers are said to pass through large receptacles of waters, without intermixture in their passage, and to roll onward, in their own course, till their destination is completed;—in some such manner did this single-minded woman travel through this gay medium without disturbance or diversion, till, in no long time, she gained a clear and uninterrupted current, dispensing beauty and fertility throughout her beneficent progress.

Of the works of her pen, we may in truth aver that they

have raised for her a monument which can never fail to remind her country of what it owes her. They are, for the most part, elevated above criticism by the noble purposes to which they were devoted, and by the decisive suffrages of the moral public.

There was hardly a period of her life which was not stamped with her intelligence. From her infantine days, books were her playthings; and her first discoveries were their own reward. The conscious capacity of doing good and making happy, seemed to possess her earliest thoughts, and to prompt her first wishes and efforts. That, setting out in such a course, and excited by the anticipations and predictions of all around her, she should set her first foot upon life's open stage, without art or enthusiasm, and with neither singularity of deportment nor conceit of superiority, — that she should carry with her the same consistency and sobriety of character, when her powers expanded, — and terminate her brilliant career, with a composure which infirmities could not disturb, and a beneficence which age could not contract, are truths which those who admire excellence, will delight in contemplating, and those who love their country, will desire to see displayed and detailed with fidelity.

EXERCISE CXCV.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS. *Hannah More.*

A young lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a siren; have her dressing-room decorated with her own drawing-tables, stands, flower-pots, screens, and cabinets: nay, she may dance like Sempronia herself; and yet we shall insist, that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications: they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree, may be done; but there are others, which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems

to be fully apprized of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance.

But, though a well-bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession; and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange, if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling?

The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be, therefore, trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. For though the arts which merely embellish life, must claim admiration; yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; — one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.

EXERCISE CXCVI.

DR. JOHNSON. *Madame D'Arblay.*

At an evening party at my father's, Dr. Johnson was announced. Every body rose to do him honour; and he returned the attention with the most formal courtesy. My father, then having welcomed him with the warmest respect, whispered to him that music was going forward; which he would

not, my father thinks, have found out; and placing him on the best seat vacant, told his daughters to go on with the duet; while Dr. Johnson, intently rolling towards them one eye,—for they say he does not see with the other,—made a grave nod, and gave a dignified motion with one hand, in silent approvance of the proceeding.

The doctor is indeed very ill-favoured! Yet he has naturally a noble figure; tall, stout, grand, and authoritative: but he stoops horribly; his back is quite round; his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers and twisting his hands; his vast body is in constant agitation, seesawing backwards and forwards; his feet are never a moment quiet; and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself quite voluntarily from its chair to the floor.

His dress, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on his *best-becomes*, for he was engaged to dine with a very fine party at Mrs. Montagu's, was as much out of the common road as his figure. He had a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-coloured coat, with gold buttons, (or, peradventure, brass,) but no ruffles to his doughty fists; and—not, I suppose, to be taken for a Blue, though going to the Blue Queen,—he had on very coarse black worsted stockings. He is shockingly near-sighted; a thousand times more so than either my father or myself. He did not even know Mrs. Thrale, till she held out her hand to him, which she did very engagingly.

When the duet was finished, my father introduced Miss Hester Burney to him, as an old acquaintance, to whom, when she was a little girl, he had presented his Idler. His answer to this was imprinting on her pretty face,—not a half touch of a courtly salute, but a good, real, substantial, and very loud kiss. Beyond this chaste embrace, his attention was not to be drawn off two minutes longer from the books, to which he now strided his way; for we had left the drawing-room for the library, on account of the piano-forte. He pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost brushing them with his eyelashes, from near examination. At last, fixing upon something that happened to hit his fancy, he took it down, and, standing aloof from the company, which he seemed clean and clear to forget, he began without further ceremony, and very composedly, to read to himself, and as intently as if he had been alone in his own study.

We were all excessively provoked; for we were languishing, fretting, expiring, to hear him talk,—not to see him read!—what could that do for us?

My sister then played another duet, accompanied by my father, to which Mrs. Thrale seemed very attentive; and all the rest quietly resigned. But Dr. Johnson had opened a volume of the British Encyclopedia, and was so deeply engaged, that the music, probably, never reached his ears. When it was over, Mrs. Thrale, in a laughing manner, said, "Pray, Dr. Burney, will you be so good as to tell me what that song was, and whose, which was sung last night at Bach's concert, and which you did not hear?" My father confessed himself by no means so able a diviner, not having had time to consult the stars, though he lived in the house of Sir Isaac Newton. But anxious to draw Dr. Johnson into conversation, he ventured to interrupt him with Mrs. Thrale's conjuring request relative to Bach's concert.

The doctor, comprehending his drift, good-naturedly put away his book, and, seesawing, with a very humorous smile, drolly repeated, "Bach, sir? Bach's concert? And pray, sir, who is Bach? Is he a piper?"

You may imagine what exclamations followed such a question. Mrs. Thrale gave a detailed account of the nature of the concert, and the fame of Mr. Bach; and the many charming performances she had heard, with all their varieties, in his rooms.

When there was a pause, "Pray, madam," said he, with the calmest gravity, "what is the expense for all this?" "Oh!" answered she, "the expense is,—much trouble and solicitation to obtain a subscriber's ticket,—or else, half-a-guinea." "Trouble and solicitation," he replied, "I will have nothing to do with!—but, if it be so fine,—I would be willing to give,"—he hesitated, and then finished with,—"eighteen pence,—ha! ha!" Chocolate being then brought, we returned to the drawing-room; and Dr. Johnson, when drawn away from the books, freely, and with social good-humour, gave himself up to conversation.

The intended dinner of Mrs. Montagu being mentioned, Dr. Johnson laughingly told us that he had received the most flattering note that he had ever read, or that any body else ever read, of invitation from that lady. "So have I, too," cried Mrs. Thrale. "So, if a note from Mrs. Montagu is to be boasted of, I beg mine may not be forgotten." "Your note, madam," cried Dr. Johnson, smiling, "can bear no

comparison with mine; for I am at the head of all philosophers — she says." "And I," returned Mrs. Thrale, "have all the muses in my train." "A fair battle!" cried my father; "come! compliment for compliment; and see who will hold out longest." "I am afraid for Mrs. Thrale," said Mr. Seward, "for I know that Mrs. Montagu exerts all her forces, when she sings the praises of Dr. Johnson." "Oh! yes!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "she has often praised him till he has been ready to faint." "Well," said my father, "you two ladies must get him fairly between you to-day, and see which can lay on the paint the thickest, Mrs. Montagu or Mrs. Thrale." "I had rather," said the doctor, very composedly, "go to Bach's concert!"

EXERCISE CXCVII.

WASHING-DAY. *Mrs. Barbauld.*

The Muses are turned gossips; they have lost
The buskined step, and the high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come then, domestic Muse,
In slipshod measure loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face:
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-Day.
Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowèd soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon; — for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort: — ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-armed washers come, and chase repose.
Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day: the very cat,
From the wet kitchen's seared and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour, — an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast-meal is soon despatched;
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
From that last evil, oh! preserve us, Heaven!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all

Remains of quiet: then expect to hear
Of sad disasters, — dirt and gravel-stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short, — and linen-horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm, while stretched upon the rack,
And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.
But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely-dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance; — ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious: should'st thou try
The 'customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crushed beneath the weight
Of coarse checked apron, — with impatient hand
Twitched off when showers impend: or crossing line
Shall mar thy musings, as the cold wet sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. — Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim,
On such a day, the hospitable rites!
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy
Shall he receive. Vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
Or tart, or pudding: — pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat; nor, though the husband try
Mending what can't be helped, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious: — the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.
I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me from them.
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences; jelly or creams,
Relic of costly suppers, and set by
For me their petted one; or buttered toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghost or witch, or murder, — so I went
And sheltered me beside the parlour fire:

There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watched from harm,
Anxiously fond; though oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravelled stockings, might have soured
One less indulgent. —
At intervals my mother's voice was heard,
Urging despatch: briskly the work went on,
All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.
Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow bowl
Of pipe amused me, blew and sent aloft
The floating bubbles; — little dreaming then
To see, Mongolfier! thy silken ball
Ride buoyant through the clouds, — so near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men. —
Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, have their bubbles;
And verse is one of them: — this most of all.

EXERCISE CXCVIII.

WOMAN, IN FRANCE. *Anon.*

A CHARACTERISTIC peculiarity in the private life of the French, is the influence exercised by women in matters of business. Women are entities in France! The law assigns them definite rights, and nature the inclination to maintain them. Their signature being indispensable in all family acts, they are consulted in the administration of matters which Englishwomen have as little the power as the inclination to control; and it rarely happens that the state of a man's law-suits, estates, funds, or speculations, is not better understood by his wife than by himself. Book-keeping, in retail trade, is invariably the province of the woman; a shopwoman or female clerk, presiding at the desk, and receiving the money, while a shopman measures out the riband, or enlarges on the texture of a Fernaux shawl! At the theatres, the box-openers are invariably of the feminine gender; and a thousand masculine avocations dependent on the exercise of shrewdness, are executed by females; while scrubbing and rubbing, bed-

making and broth-making, are assigned to the males. In Paris, as we once heard an Irish gentleman observe, the footmen are all housemaids.

It may be doubted, however, whether this exemption from hard labour is an enviable distinction. A woman never appears to less advantage than when raising her voice in pecuniary disputes; and the sharpness with which even the youngest and prettiest Frenchwoman looks after the main chance, is far from a becoming accomplishment. Instinctively versed in the pecuniary interests of life, they reduce every thing to the most matter-of-fact level: — love, matrimony, gallantry, — all is matter for arithmetic. A table of interest exceeds in importance the tables of the law; and, just as the chicken emerging from the egg, begins to peck about it, as if hatched only to fight and feed, the young and timid French bride, scarcely enlarged from the hands of the governess, starts forth full-armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, able and willing to defend her interests, to bargain, buy, sell, speculate at the Bourse, or discuss the clauses of a lease. A Frenchwoman is taught to regard life in the most positive point of view: there is not the slightest vein of poetry in her nature.

This love and knowledge of business, (which in the highest class of life assumes the shape of political intrigue,) may, perhaps, be, in some measure, attributable to the scantiness of the mental resources supplied them by education. — A Frenchwoman's measure of instruction rarely exceeds the useful; and the excess of accomplishments, and extensive acquirements in modern languages, which diversify the leisure of a well-born Englishwoman, are rarely bestowed on a French girl, unless for professional purposes. Unaddicted to literature, and circumscribed in household occupation, she finds no better employment for her leisure than the care and administration of the property in which she possesses an inalienable interest.

Frenchwomen marry young; their duties commence early in life; among the middling classes, their children are reared away from home, that maternal cares may not interfere with the active business of life; and constant practice, unsoftened by gentler motives, qualifies a French matron, at five-and-thirty, to overmaster Shylock himself in the items of a bargain!

Nor does the narrow scale of private fortunes admit, as in London, of a separate family residence, apart and at a distance from the house of business. The banker's counting-

house is usually next to his dining-room; and an attorney's office adjoins the *boudoir* of his lady; there is no Bedford Square, — no citizen's "pie," to secure the rich tradesman's fastidious family from the vulgar clamour of trade. The lady of the wholesale dealer of the Rue des Lombards or Rue St. Denis, delights, on the contrary, in the hurry and scuffle which offend the nerves of the fine lady of Bishopsgate or Cheapside.

It may be observed, however, that housewifery and activity in business, which in England are rarely separable from coarseness of manners, produce no such influence over a Frenchwoman. Business may render her unamiable, but rarely vulgar. After performing household duties, executed in an English family by servants alone, or presiding over business in England invariably assigned to a clerk, a Frenchwoman of the middle class walks, elegantly dressed, into her drawing-room, receives her company with good breeding, and converses with intelligence; while one of our countrywomen arriving out of the kitchen, would inevitably move and talk like a cook.

EXERCISE CXCIX.

ANNA MARIA PORTER. *Anon.*

Miss Anna Maria Porter, though a native of England was taken, an infant, to Scotland, where she was brought up. Her sister's, Miss Jane Porter's little domestic introductions to her works in "The Standard Novels," give several interesting anecdotes of the plan used in the culture of their minds there, by their mother, whose venerable name is not held in less respect, than that of any of the most revered of our British matrons; having shown in herself the best excellences of the female character, in a wife's, a widow's, a mother's duties fulfilled. She educated her children on these principles; and, though neither of her daughters took on herself the same train of woman's usual destiny, the pens of both have been devoted to instil, from the parental source, the precepts and example of such a character. But, perhaps, her youngest daughter, the subject of this memoir, executed her self-imposed task with a deeper insight, than her sister, into the female heart; and with a more intimate knowledge

of all the bearings of domestic affections, feelings, and mutual sensibilities to be cherished, or gently changed from weakness into strength, but in no instance to be designedly offended.

In painting these family pictures, Miss Anna Maria Porter's pen, we may venture to say, *was quite at home!* Her kind, delicate, and endearing spirit, delighted in all the fostering amenities, all the tendernesses, and elegant courtesies of life; and, most especially, those to be shown at the domestic hearth. Of such were the wives, the mothers, the daughters, the sisters, the friends, in her novels; from that sweet tale of her early youth, "The Hungarian Brothers," to her yet more admired "Barony," the last of her works.

Between those novels, her prolific genius, united with her earnest love of labouring in this "Eden garden of heaven's own flowers" for the bosoms of her young contemporaries, made her pass away her own life's spring and summer, in the production of many engaging and instructive volumes of a similar character. "Don Sebastian" followed "The Hungarian Brothers" in order of time. And in the portrait of Cara Azak, the faithful wife of the hero, we have a picture, which several amiable and happy women we know, have since acknowledged to have been the model whence they first sketched the line to secure their own connubial bliss. "The Recluse of Norway," gives us sisterly, unselfish, affection, "in honour preferring each other!" "The Village of Mariendorpt," shows the perfection of filial duty. But how can we name in distinctions, or rather, how divide a spirit that with one great principle pervades them all? — a spirit never weary to promote religious motives, blameless moral conduct, and the forbearing, cherishing love, which should ever abide in the human heart, with regard to all its relations, in this probationary existence.

But we must not leave this part of the subject, without noticing her accurate description of fashionable manners, — delightfully amusing, when found innocently gay; but in most striking warning, when they lead to pining regrets, misery, and, too frequently, to ruin. Her "Honor O'Hara," and especially her tale called "Coming Out," need not our criticism, to show their value as beacons in this way. Miss A. M. Porter was a sweet poetess: many specimens grace her novels; and some of them have not less sweet airs adapted to them by some of our best composers.

The year after the publication of "The Barony," the

venerable and beloved mother of our authoress died. From that period, Miss Anna Maria Porter's health, always fragile, became more so; and her sister, with a natural anxiety, which held her as one of the last of her treasures on earth, in the course of a few months afterwards, took her from their home at Esher in Surrey, to begin a little tour for change of scene and air. During March and April, they were in London: and there, many friends of past times renewed the pleasure of meeting one again, in their dear Anna Maria, whose attaching social qualities were ever uppermost in the minds which knew her best; — so much in true value, is real worth of heart beyond even first-rate talents, though possessed by the same beloved person. Vanity had no place in her character. She thought humbly of her own talents; and still more humbly of the unobtrusive tenor of a life, which, in the retirement of her village home, she had long dedicated to the Christian's silent walk of "charity with all human beings, in thought, word, and deed!"

In the course of their purposed tour, the sisters came to Bristol on the 28th of May; where their brother, Dr. Porter, resides as a physician. Miss A. M. Porter was taken ill of a fever on the 3d of June, which, in spite of his utmost skill, and that of another professional gentleman, terminated her earthly life on the 21st of the same month. But she closed it in the spirit of that life's career; — an example to the "lowly in heart!" and to those who have a faithful trust in the Divine Promise, that such "shall see God!"

EXERCISE CC.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE AND THOSE OF ENGLAND.

[*Translated from Mirabeau.*]

Women are a subject upon which so much has been said and written, by so many men of abilities, that it is not easy to imagine a new light to show them in; or to place them in an attitude in which they have not already been placed. But, talking of a nation, if one did not say something about so considerable a part of it, the subject would appear mutilated and imperfect. As "brevity is the soul of wit," I shall be brief; and I shall only touch on the principal points

in which the women of France differ from those of other countries.

When a French lady comes into a room, the first thing that strikes you, is, that she walks better, carries herself better, has her head and feet better dressed, her clothes better fancied and better put on, than any woman you have ever seen.

When she talks, she is the art of pleasing personified. Her eyes, her lips, her words, her gestures, are all prepossessing. Her language is the language of amiableness; her accents are the accents of grace; she embellishes a trifle, interests upon nothing; she softens a contradiction; she takes off the insipidness of a compliment by turning it elegantly; and when she has a mind, she sharpens and polishes the point of an epigram, better than all the women in the world.

Her eyes sparkle with spirit; the most delightful sallies flash from her fancy; in telling a story, she is inimitable; the motions of her body, and the accents of her tongue, are equally genteel and easy; an equable flow of sprightliness keeps her constantly good-humoured and cheerful; and the only objects of her life are to please and be pleased.

Her vivacity may sometimes approach to folly; but perhaps, it is not in her moments of folly that she is least interesting and agreeable.

Englishwomen have many points of superiority over the French: the French are superior to them in many others. I have mentioned some of these points in other places. Here I shall only say, there is a particular idea, in which no woman in the world can compare with a Frenchwoman; it is in the power of intellectual excitement. She will draw wit out of a fool. She strikes, with such address, the chords of self-love, that she gives unexpected vigour and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appeared non-electric.

I have mentioned here the women of England; and I have done wrong. — I did not intend it when I began the letter. — They came into my mind, as the only women in the world worthy of being compared with those of France. To settle the respective claims of the fair sex in these two countries, requires an abler pen than mine. I shall not dare to examine it, even in a single point, nor presume to determine, whether, in the important article of beauty, form and colour are to be preferred to expression and grace; or whether grace and expression are to be considered as preferable to complexion and shape. I shall not examine whether the *piquant* of

France is to be thought superior to the *touchant* of England; or whether deep sensibility deserves to be preferred to animation and wit. So important a subject requires a volume. I shall only venture to give a tract.

If a goddess could be supposed to be found, compounded of Juno and Minerva, that goddess would be the emblem of the women of this country. Venus, as she is, with all her amiableness and imperfections, may stand, justly enough, for an emblem of Frenchwomen. I have decided the question without intending it; for I have given the preference to the women of England.

EXERCISE CCI.

INFLUENCE OF POETRY ON WOMEN. *Mrs. Ellis.*

It is the taste of the present times to invest the material with an immeasurable extent of importance beyond the ideal. It is the tendency of modern education, to instil into the youthful mind the necessity of knowing, rather than the advantage of feeling. And, to a certain extent, "knowledge is power;" but neither is knowledge all that we live for, nor power all that we enjoy. There are deep mysteries in the book of nature which all can feel, but none will ever understand, until the veil of mortality shall be withdrawn. There are stirrings in the heart of man, which constitute the very essence of his being, and which power can neither satisfy nor subdue. Yet this mystery reveals more truly than the clearest proofs, or mightiest deductions of science, that a master-hand has been for ages, and is still at work, above, beneath, and around us; and this moving principle is forever reminding us, that, in our nature, we inherit the germs of a future existence, over which time has no influence, and the grave no victory.

If, then, for man it be absolutely necessary that he should sacrifice the poetry of his nature for the realities of material and animal existence; for woman there is no excuse,—for woman, whose whole life, from the cradle to the grave, is one of feeling, rather than of action; whose highest duty is so often to suffer, and be still; whose deepest enjoyments are all relative; who has nothing, and is nothing, of herself; whose experience, if unparticipated, is a total blank; yet, whose world of interest is wide as the realm of humanity,

boundless as the ocean of life, and enduring as eternity! For woman, who, in her inexhaustible sympathies, can live only in the existence of another, and whose very smiles and tears are not exclusively her own, — for woman to cast away the love of poetry, is to pervert from their natural course the sweetest and loveliest tendencies of a truly feminine mind, to destroy the brightest charm which can adorn her intellectual character, to blight the fairest rose in her wreath of youthful beauty.

A woman without poetry, is like a landscape without sunshine. We see every object as distinctly as when the sunshine is upon it; but the beauty of the whole is wanting: — the atmospheric tints, the harmony of earth and sky, we look for in vain; and we feel that though the actual substance of hill and dale, of wood and water, are the same, the spirituality of the scene is gone.

A woman without poetry! the idea is a paradox; for what single object has ever been found so fraught with poetical associations, as woman herself? "Woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire."

It is good, and therefore it must be useful, to see and to feel that the all-wise Creator has set the stamp of degradation only upon those *things which perish in the using;* but that all those which enlarge and elevate the soul, all which afford us the highest and purest enjoyment, from the loftiest range of sublimity, to the softest emotions of tenderness and love, are, and must be, immortal. Yes, the mountains may be overthrown, and the heavens themselves may melt away; but all the ideas with which they inspired us, — their vastness and their grandeur, will remain. Every flower might fade from the garden of earth; but would beauty, as an essence, therefore cease to exist? Even love might fail us here. Alas! how often does it fail us at our utmost need! But the principle of love is the same; and there is no human heart so callous as not to respond to the language of the poet, when he says —

"They sin who tell us love can die. . . . .
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, — to heaven returneth."

THE END.

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